This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

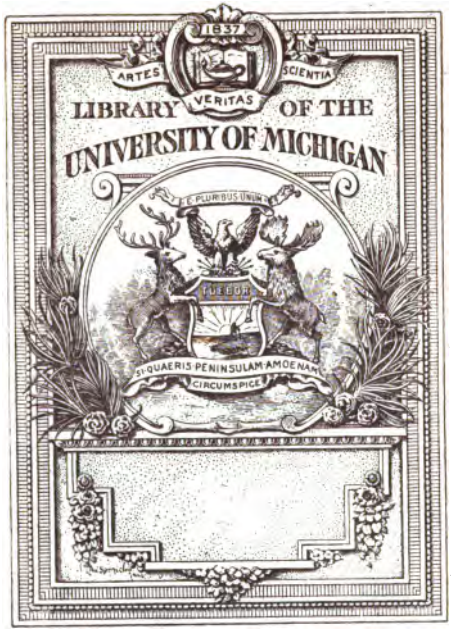
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 3 9015 00394 532 9
University of Michigan - BUHR



THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

820.8
C44p

'Within a fortnight, to his own surprise, she was able to hunt and ·t partridges and rabbits.'—VOL. XXIII., *page* 124.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
1854.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XXIII.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS, LONDON,
AND EDINBURGH.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
COMICALITIES OF NATURE,	1
SLAVE-HUNTS IN EGYPT,	9
TWO OPINIONS, OR WHICH IS BEST?	17
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION,	22
ROMANTIC LIFE OF A TURKISH PRINCE,	32
CATACOMBS OF PARIS,	38
THE TWO MISS SMITHS: A TRUE STORY,	44
RICHARD BROTHERS, THE MAD PROPHET,	57
LINES ON OPENING A CASKET (VERSES),	63
COUNT CAGLIOSTRO,	64
THE BRONZE HORSE: A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND,	71
AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH,	84
THE MOCK-KING OF MUNSTER,	89
FAMILY MANAGEMENT: A TALE,	93
THE DULNESS OF HIGH LIFE,	107
THE CANADIAN LUMBERER,	109
STRANGE TRAITS OF RECENT TIMES,	113
ADVENTURE OF THE SAMMONS,	118
EDUCABILITY OF ANIMALS,	122
THE FORTUNES OF A GERMAN BOY,	132
THE EARLY SETTLERS (VERSES),	140
ANECDOTES RESPECTING A TRAIT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER,	141
THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON,	149
TERRIBLE INCIDENT AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,	156
TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT,	159
CHILDREN OF THE WILDS,	167
A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID,	175
THE FUNERAL OF LOUGH ERNE,	180

299834

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

COMICALITIES OF NATURE.

THERE are some objects in animated creation which irresistibly provoke a smile. It is different with inanimate nature, which is variously beautiful, sublime, tame, desolate, wild, or whatever else, but always respectable. There is nothing frisky in the characters of mountains or precipices, plains, lakes, rivers, or seas—unless, indeed, we are to make an exception for some little *burns* in our own northern land, which the imagination may very readily suppose to be of a tricksy, gambolsome humour, seeing with what deft antics they tumble and trip along their pebbly way, as if to amuse the gowans that ogle them as they pass, from the fairy befooted sward. But, upon the whole, inorganic creation is not at all funny. Animated nature, on the contrary, presents to us an immense deal that we cannot help feeling to be so.

To begin with the next creatures below ourselves—there are the monkeys, whose whole appearance and movements are grotesque. Who could ever look in the face of one of these animals without that same stirring of the risible faculties which we experience in perusing a caricature or parody, or witnessing a pantomime? The

wretch never laughs itself, but its every gesture is provocative of mirth in us. See it taking care of one of its young, or allaying some temporary irritability in one of its sides, or inspecting any suspicious-looking morsel which may have been given to it, and the perfect whimsicality of the creature must be acknowledged. So thoroughly is this the case, that no one could ever speak of a monkey gravely; the name is never mentioned without a smile or a laugh. The appearance of the sloth is ludicrous, but in a different way. 'There,' remarks Cuvier, 'nature seems to have amused herself with producing something imperfect and grotesque.' The mirth excited by this animal is of the derisive kind. We smile to see a miserable-looking creature crawling so abjectly, unable to use its fore-legs for support, and only able to move when it can get something to lay hold of whereby to pull itself along. The sloth may be, as later naturalists allege, fully accomplished for all the ends of its being; yet it is not less true that, constituted as we are, we cannot help smiling at an object which strikes our minds as so uncouth.

So, also, the peculiar feature of the marsupial tribes is no doubt appropriate to the circumstances in which they live. Yet is it in the power of any human being to think of that feature with the same feelings as those with which, for instance, he would regard the gracile limb of the antelope, or the shaggy mane of the lion? To think of a creature having a pouch in which to carry her young family, and from which they may occasionally be seen peeping like so many juvenile bipeds from a huckster's panniers, is surely a most whimsical idea. Think of what a monstrous crime pocket-picking must appear to a female kangaroo with a charge of children! Australia presents another good living joke in her celebrated ornithorhynchus, where we see a creature like a rat, but a good deal larger, furnished with a duck's bill and web-feet—an association exactly of the same character with those which human conceit has occasionally formed for emblematical devices, or in the way of buffoonery.

Amongst the feathered tribes there are also numerous traces of comicality. The choler of the turkey-cock never fails to excite mirth. Domesticated ravens come to enter into the humours of the families they live with, and sometimes prove amazingly funny. The whole race of parrots is amusing. Not altogether mechanical is that power they have of repeating droll expressions, under the instruction of human masters and mistresses. By timing their jokes, they often shew that they enjoy them. This tribe, as well as the monkeys and mocking-birds, is unquestionably possessed of that same power of imitation which men employ to the excitement of mirth in mimicry and comic theatricals. The mocking-bird is the very Monsieur Alexandre of American ornithology. It can simulate the cry of almost all birds, and the name we give it expresses the purposes for which it employs the gift. One of its favourite waggeries, as is well known, is to gather other birds near it by imitating their cries, and then to disperse them, like a set of school-boys at the approach of the master, by uttering the cry of the bird of which they stand most in fear.

There are many whimsical things in the vegetable world, though the British Flora is perhaps a more serious goddess than some of her foreign sisters. If we go abroad, we shall find many quaint things in this department of nature. The *Broussonetia papyrifera* of Japan and India, from which the article called India paper is made, has leaves all different in form, and each of which seems as if it had had a piece rent out of it, and as if it had been afterwards sewed up again to repair the damage. Here there is as complete an appearance of a familiar human action being imitated in nature, as there is in the junction of the duck's bill to the water-rat's body in the ornithorhynchus. There is exactly that disarrangement of the fibres of the leaf, and that appearance of puckering at the seam, which would be seen in a piece of checkered cloth, worn by a mendicant, which, having had a narrow section taken out of it, had been hastily *based* together without any regard to the joining of the checkers or to

smoothness of surface. The well-known fly-trap strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaf stands temptingly open; a poor fly pops in for shelter or food; no sooner has it set its foot on the bottom, than some sensitive fibres are affected, and the cilia at the top close in upon the intruder, impounding him as effectually as if a boy had taken him and closed him up in a box. The doings of a human economy are also curiously coincident with those of the pitcher-plant of the East. To the foot-stalk of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a *pitcher*, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or *hoop*, and covered with a *lid* neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of *hinge* or strong fibre, which, passing over the *handle*, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction is probably occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water having gradually absorbed through the handle in the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.*

There are some plants, the flowers of which bear curious, if not ludicrous resemblances to other objects. The natural order *Orchidaceæ* are remarkable for this property. The flower of the *Oncidium papilio* presents an extraordinary resemblance to a tortoise-shell butterfly,

* This description of the pitcher-plant is from Barrow's *Cochin China*.

as that of the *Phalænopsis amabilis* does to a white one. *Peristeria pendula* looks like a dove crouching in its nest; and *Coryanthes micrantha* resembles a skeleton's head, with the vertebræ of the neck, finished off with a pair of bat's wings! * The flower of the *bee orchis* is like a piece of honeycomb, and, strange to say, the bees delight in it. Then there is the *snap-dragon*, the corolla of which is cleft and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. If, in like manner, the two petals or nectaries of another well-known plant are pinched, they peep from under the coloured calyx, like two great eyes looking out under the cowl of a monk; hence its name of monk's-hood. The flower of the cock's-comb and seed-pod of the *Mostynia proboscidea* bear equally curious resemblances to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of *Medicago* have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee-hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous natural object.

A certain grotesqueness of form belongs to the whole order of *Cactaceæ*. The *Cactus senilis* would arrest the most unobservant eye in an exhibition of plants, by the ludicrous peculiarity from which it derives its name. Being simply a kind of stump, covered with long white streaming hair, it exactly resembles the head of an old man! In its native country, this cactus puts on considerably different, but not less ludicrous appearances. It there grows to the height of ten or twelve, sometimes even to twenty or thirty, feet, and when it approaches a flowering state, a circlet of short brown fur appears round the summit, which gradually increases till it takes the very form and appearance of a lady's fur muff! Mr Lambert, the president of the Linnæan Society, has preserved in glass-cases, in his drawing-room, two specimens taken from full plants; and a person who has seen

* There is a figure of this flower in the *Botanical Register*, vol. xxii., but it gives no idea of the horrible grotesque of the living plant.

them reports to us, that one in particular, about eighteen inches high, precisely looks like an old sable muff. The flowers of the *Cactus senilis* are crimson, and are produced in a ring. The reader may, therefore, judge what a curious figure our old gentleman-plant cuts in his native woods, with his body all covered with long white hair, surmounted by a black muff, and above all a wreath of crimson flowers.

Our minds naturally recognise the tall straight stems of the beech and elm as elegant objects. The trunk of the oak is thick, but it conveys the idea of manly robustness and vigour. Most flowering-plants in this country have elegant stalks, to which the flower parts are in general neatly and fittingly joined. We never think of smiling mirthfully at any of these objects, but, on the contrary, are disposed to regard them with a musing and serious admiration. How different are these cactuses, with their incomprehensible lumpy angular stems, masses of green vegetable matter, decorated quaintly along the edges with prickles, while here and there a flower sticks out, looking as oddly placed as would a man's head if it projected from his side or stuck upon his knee! It is the *Cactus speciosissimus*, which is so particularly liable to this description. To the dark crimson flowers which ornament its stem, succeeds the fruit, a thing which one would at first suppose to be an egg, till tasting it he would imagine it a gooseberry! In their native country, they rise thirty or forty feet high, without a single branch or a single leaf, and it is generally upon the tops of mountains that they grow. Pæping, a German botanical traveller in Brazil, says that, in that country, a hill top bristling with the *Cactus speciosissimus* resembles nothing so much as a hog's back!

Then we have the creeping cereus (*Cereus flagelliformis*) which looks like a number of cats' tails tied together, and hung over a flower-pot, with a few crimson flowers stuck into them irregularly. The spines with which these hanging stems are completely covered are what give them the cats-tail appearance; they have no leaves, but the

tails are sometimes forked. The leaf cactus (*Epiphyllum phyllanthoides*) is of totally different but equally quaint form, the stems appearing to consist of a series of leaves stuck into each other, and having notches in the sides from which spring the flowers. The porcupine cactus (*Echinocactus*) has a round ball-like stem, often with projecting angles like a lady's reticule, covered with hard sharp spines. The flowers of this genus appear thrown carelessly on the stem, and not to belong to it. We might expatiate upon the eccentricities of this order of plants for half a day, but shall content ourselves with adverting to that crowning conceit manifested by one of the family, of blowing in the middle of the night—emblem apt and true of a certain class of whimsical mortals.

Every one has heard of *lusus naturæ*—sports of nature—things which she was supposed to produce in the way of freak, and as exceptions from her ordinary laws. Fossil shells, for example, were considered as *lusus naturæ*, no one being able to understand how, if they had been originally real shells of marine molluscs, they could ever have got into those deep-seated rocks where they were found imbedded. It is now believed that there are no such things as *lusus naturæ*, every one of her organic creations being formed after a distinct type, and designed for a particular purpose in creation, just as there is no character used in a printed book but what there is a type for in the compositor's case, and is liable to appear accordingly in other printed books of the same language. The true sports of nature are to be seen in the many grotesque forms of her legitimate and recognised children, animals and plants, and in the whimsical powers and properties which she has assigned to many of at least the former class. With regard to grotesque forms in plants and animals, it may be said that these things are perhaps not absolutely grotesque, and that it is only in consequence of some law of our minds that we think them so. This, we conceive, may be the case without in the least detracting from the force of what has been said; for how can we judge of anything but by virtue of and in

accordance with the habits of our minds? Undoubtedly, if the cheek of the fair young maiden affects us with the sense of beauty, as truly does the figure of the Barbary ape affect us with the sense of comicality. So, also, of the powers and properties of many animals. The chatter of the parrot, the strut and crow of the cock, the wretched bray of the ass, the capers of the young goat, and the pranks of the kitten, all affect us with the same risibility as the humour of a Mathews or the wit of a Sheridan. To come finally to man, he has been endowed with both the power of creating mirth and the power of enjoying it. He has a faculty of the ludicrous in his mental organisation, and muscles in the face whereby to express the sensation in its well-known form of laughter. Some are born with such a predominance of the ludicrous in their nature, and such wonderful powers of awakening risibility in their fellow-creatures, as to seem to have been mainly designed, as far as the worldly utility of their existence is concerned, for this purpose. This is a class of men particularly apt at perceiving the comicalities of the lower animal and vegetable worlds. While others see only what is painful and melancholy in the scene around them, they are conscious only of what is merry and ridiculous, and spend the part of their lives that is devoted to common sensation in a constant flow of self-generated humour.

We would fain, from all that has been said, establish the importance of the comical in the mundane economy. It seems to us that it cannot be necessarily a reprehensible frivolity—to however absurd purposes it may be occasionally perverted—when we see traces of it springing directly from the common Origin of all things. Time and place may be necessary for its proper development amongst assembled human beings, but this is no more than what may be said of all things. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Man, it is true, in his blind zeal for what his higher sentiments dictate, has sometimes acted as if to smile were a sin. He has, strange to say, thought that an invariable gloom and sadness was the

proper habit of mind in which to live, as being more agreeable to the Deity. But when we look into the book of Nature, we see these ideas completely contradicted. We there find types of being which must have been grotesque and whimsical in their forms, since long before there was such a thing as the human mind to regard them either in one light or another. We see jocularities and merriments in animals which existed long before man, and to which no moral error can be imputed. Finally, we see man himself organised so thoroughly for mirth, that his very health is liable to be improved by it. Well, indeed, might Grecian imagination include Thalia amongst the children of Jove.

SLAVE-HUNTS IN EGYPT.

THE publication of a work, entitled *Egypt and Mohammed Ali*, in 1841, by Dr R. R. Madden, has brought prominently into notice a variety of circumstances connected with the legalised system of slavery in Egypt, as well as the manner in which it is supported by the practice of hunting down and carrying off the unfortunate inhabitants of Nubia and Abyssinia. As little is popularly known on the subject, we propose, with the assistance of facts gleaned from the work of this intrepid and philanthropic writer, to bring it before our readers.

In all the undertakings of Mohammed Ali, with the ostensible view of civilising the nation of which he was the ruler, he appeared to be animated by one prevailing sentiment, and that was, the desire to serve his own selfish purposes, and yet deceive the people of Europe, who, he was fully aware, had an eye to his public actions. In accomplishing this object, he had, by the aid of French tacticians, been eminently successful. The trick of his highness was generally well managed: it consisted in issuing orders of the most liberal nature respecting any matter

of serious complaint, for which he received a great deal of praise, but which orders, except in particular instances, he took good care should never be carried into execution. Some years ago, when on an expedition into Eastern Africa, he found it his interest to be very much shocked with the practice of capturing slaves for sale within his dominions, and issued an immediate order that this barbarous trade should be prohibited. So pleasing a circumstance gave much satisfaction in England, and the Anti-slavery Convention held in London sent an address applauding his generous and humane conduct. Dr Madden was the bearer of this document to his highness; but, greatly to his surprise, he found, on its presentation (August 1840), that the pacha had taken no step whatever to give effect to those orders for which he was now congratulated. The slave-hunts and slave-sales went on the same as ever.

Our author was much shocked to find the Egyptian despot so much less a man of humanity than English philanthropy had supposed, and he took leave to present to him a very bold address, in which he stated that there were 300 slaves for sale at that moment in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria; that the number sold in the preceding twelve months was above 10,000; and that the government not only permitted, but practised, the horrible traffic, the pacha's soldiers being regularly employed in seizing slaves in Nubia, and a tax upon their exportation being one of the resources of his treasury. Mohammed Ali equivocated, and threw the blame upon the law and the sultan; but his issuing licences to slave-merchants was in itself sufficient to establish his guilt. The particulars which Dr Madden gives of the mutilation of children for certain purposes makes the flesh thrill with horror; and his description of slave-hunting in Nubia presents a picture of oppression which must stamp this plausible tyrant with everlasting infamy.

The number of persons carried off from the Nubian mountains between 1825 and 1839, omitting the thousands who were captured by the Bak[illegible] to at least

100,000. As soon as the rainy season is over, the capturing excursion, called Gasna, commences, and the necessary number of camels, one for each soldier, and others for arms, ammunition, and tents, is demanded. The soldiers seize all that comes in their way, and in a few days all that is necessary is obtained. The capturing expedition consists of from 1000 to 2000 regular foot soldiers; 400 to 800 Mograbini (Bedouins on horseback) armed with guns and pistols; 300 to 500 of the militia (half-naked savages) on dromedaries, with shields and spears; and 1000 more on foot, with bucklers and small lances. 'As soon as everything is ready, the march begins. They usually take from two to four field-pieces, and only sufficient bread for the first eight days. Oxen, sheep, and other cattle, are generally taken by force before at Cordofan, although the tax upon cattle may have been paid. When they meet with a flock, either feeding or at the watering-places, they steal the cattle, and do not care whether it belongs to one or more persons: they make no reparation for necessary things, whoever may be the sufferer, and no objection or complaint is listened to, as the governor himself is present.

'As soon as they arrive at the first mountains in Nubia, the inhabitants are asked to give the appointed number of slaves as their customary tribute. This is usually done with readiness; for these people live so near Cordofan, and are well aware that, by an obstinate refusal, they expose themselves to far greater sufferings. If the slaves are given without resistance, the inhabitants of that mountain are preserved from the horrors of an open attack; but as the food of the soldiers begins to fail about that time, the poor people are obliged to procure the necessary provisions as well as the specified number of slaves, and the Turks do not consider whether the harvest has been good or bad. All that is not freely given, the soldiers take by force. Like so many blood-hounds, they know how to discover the hidden stores, and frequently leave these unfortunate people scarcely a loaf for the next day. They then proceed on to the more distant mountains:

here they consider themselves to be in the land of an enemy; they encamp near the mountain which they intend to take by storm the following day, or immediately, if it is practicable. But before the attack commences, they endeavour to settle the affair amicably; a messenger is sent to the sheik, in order to invite him to come to the camp, and to bring with him the requisite number of slaves. If the chief agrees with his subjects to the proposal, in order to prevent all further bloodshed, or if he finds his means inadequate to attempt resistance, he readily gives the appointed number of slaves. The sheik then proceeds to procure the number he has promised; and this is not difficult, for many volunteers offer themselves for their brethren, and are ready to subject themselves to all the horrors of slavery, in order to free those they love.

'Here the most heart-rending scenes may be witnessed; for who is willing to separate himself from his home, from his parents, brothers and sisters, and relations?—who likes to forsake the cottage that has sheltered him from his infancy, and where he has spent so many happy hours in the society of those by whom he is beloved?—who likes to go forth to meet a horrible futurity, which promises nothing but misery, cruelty, and, what is perhaps most desirable, death?—and yet they feel the necessity that one of them should suffer in order to exempt the rest; the father may frequently be seen disputing with his son, the brother with his brother, as to which of them is to deliver himself freely into slavery, for every one wishes to save his affectionate and endeared relative.

'The anticipation of falling into the hands of the unfeeling Turks, where nothing but misery and torments await them, to which they must submit—the prospect of being obliged to forsake all that is dear to them, and that for ever—overpowers them. They bedew the cheeks of those they love with their tears, while they press the last kiss, and take the last farewell; they then deliver themselves into the hands of their unfeeling, hardened

tormentors. Sometimes they are obliged to be torn by force from the embraces of their friends and relations. The sheik generally receives a dress as a present for his ready services.

'But there are very few mountains that submit to such a demand. Most villages which are advantageously situated, and lie near steep precipices or inaccessible heights, that can be ascended only with difficulty, defend themselves most valiantly, and fight for the rights of liberty with a courage, perseverance, and sacrifice, of which history furnishes us with few examples. Very few flee at the approach of their enemies, although they might take refuge in the high mountains with all their goods, especially as they receive timely information of the arrival of the soldiers; but they consider such flights cowardly and shameful, and prefer to die fighting for their liberty.

'If the sheik does not yield to the demand, an attack is made upon the village. The cavalry and bearers of lances surround the whole mountain, and the infantry endeavour to climb the heights. Formerly, they fired with cannon upon the villages and those places where the negroes were assembled, but, on account of the want of skill of the artillerymen, few shots, if any, took effect: the negroes became indifferent to this prelude, and were only stimulated to a more obstinate resistance. The thundering of the cannon at first caused more consternation than their effects, but the fears of the negroes ceased as soon as they became accustomed to it. Before the attack commences, all avenues to the village are blocked up with large stones or other impediments; the village is provided with water for several days; the cattle and other property taken up to the mountain; in short, nothing necessary for a proper defence is neglected. The men, armed only with lances, occupy every spot which may be defended, and even the women do not remain inactive; they either take part in the battle personally, or encourage their husbands by their cries and lamentations, and provide them with arms: in short, all are active, except

the sick and aged. The points of their wooden lances are first dipped into a poison which is standing by them in an earthen vessel, and which is prepared from the juice of a certain plant. The poison is of a whitish colour, and looks like milk which has been standing; the nature of the plant, and the manner in which the poison is prepared, is still a secret, and generally known only to one family in the village, who will not on any account make it known to others.

'As soon as the signal is given for the attack, the infantry sound the alarm, and an assault is made upon the mountain. Thousands of lances, large stones, and pieces of wood, are then thrown at the assailants; behind every large stone a negro is concealed, who either throws his poisoned lance at the enemy, or waits for the moment when his opponent approaches the spot of his concealment, when he pierces him with his lance. The soldiers, who are only able to climb up the steep heights with great difficulty, are obliged to sling their guns over their backs, in order to have the use of their hands when climbing, and, consequently, are often in the power of the negroes before they are able to discover them. But nothing deters these robbers. Animated with avarice and revenge, they mind no impediment, not even death itself. One after another treads upon the corpse of his comrade, and thinks only of robbery and murder, and the village is at last taken, in spite of the most desperate resistance. And then the revenge is horrible. Neither the aged nor sick people are spared, women, and even children in their mothers' womb, fall a sacrifice to their fury; the huts are plundered, the little possession of the unfortunate inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and all that fall alive into the hands of the robbers, are led as slaves into the camp. When the negroes see that their resistance is no longer of any avail, they frequently prefer death to slavery; and if they are not prevented, you may see the father rip up first the stomach of his wife, then of his children, and then his own, that they may not fall alive into the hands of the enemy. Others endeavour to save

themselves by creeping into holes, and remain there for several days without nourishment, where there is frequently only room sufficient to allow them to lie on their backs, and in that situation they sometimes remain for eight days. They have assured me, that if they can overcome the first three days, they may, with a little effort, continue full eight days without food. But even from these hiding-places, the unfeeling barbarians know how to draw them, or they make use of means to destroy them: provided with combustibles, such as pitch, brimstone, &c., the soldiers try to kindle a fire before the entrance of the holes, and by forcing the stinking smoke up the holes, the poor creatures are forced to creep out, and to surrender themselves to their enemies, or they are suffocated with the smoke.

'After the Turks have done all in their power to capture the living, they lead these unfortunate people into the camp: they then plunder the huts and the cattle, and several hundred soldiers are engaged in searching the mountain in every direction, in order to steal the hidden harvest, that the rest of the negroes, who were fortunate enough to escape, and have hid themselves in inaccessible caves, should not find anything on their return to nourish and continue their life.

'As soon as they have obtained about 500 or 600 slaves, they are sent to Lobeid, with an escort of country-people, and about fifty soldiers, under the command of an officer. In order to prevent escape, a sheba is hung round the necks of the adults. A sheba is a young tree, about eight feet long and two inches thick, and which has a fork at the top: it is so tied to the neck of the poor creature, that the trunk of the tree hangs down in the front, and the fork closed behind the neck with a cross piece of timber, or tied together with strips cut out of a fresh skin; and in this situation, the slave, in order to be able to walk at all, is obliged to take the tree into his hands, and to carry it before him. But none can endure this very long, and to render it easier, the one in advance takes the tree of the man behind him on his shoulder. It

is impossible for them to get their head free, and it frequently happens that they have their necks wounded, which is followed by an inflammation, and sometimes even by death.

'Boys, between ten and fifteen years of age, who cannot bear such a sheba, are tied together, two and two, with wooden clasps on their hands; this is done by placing the wood on the right arm of one, and on the left of another, above the wrist, and then lacing it tightly. Other boys are tied together, by two and two, with leather strings. Boys under the above-mentioned ages, as well as girls, women, and aged persons, are allowed to walk at liberty. Many a mother carries her sucking babe, of a few days old, in her arms; others have to carry on their backs, or in their arms, two or three of their children, as they are too young and feeble to walk by themselves. Old people, tottering with their staves, the sick and wounded, walk, surrounded by their daughters, wives, or relations, and are assisted and even carried occasionally by them. If one of these unfortunate persons remains behind the line but one step, he is immediately forced to proceed by blows from the but-ends of the guns, or by stripes of the whip; and if they even then should not be able to move on, from ten to twelve of them are tied with their hands to a cord, one end of which is fastened to the pommel of a camel, and the dying thus dragged along. No pity is shewn to those who sink down; they are not released, but dragged along with the rest, even if one should die before they arrive at the appointed halting-place. Before the caravan halts, no refreshment, either of food or drink, is given to the debilitated negroes; the unfeeling Turks have no compassion—even if a drop of water should be sufficient to refresh the feeble, it is not given to him, but he is left to perish.'

TWO OPINIONS, OR WHICH IS BEST?

In my native town in Lincolnshire, there resided a medical gentleman named Albright, and a worthy divine whom I must take leave to name Dr Doubtmuch: two beings more opposite in the cast of their minds could not be conceived. My father, bless him! being an easy sort of a man, allowed me to choose my own future profession, but requested that I would consult these two gentlemen, as he calculated that, in all probability, their difference of character would give me an excellent idea of the world, and some useful hints for my future guidance in it.

Unfortunately for my peace of mind, I met Mr Albright just as I was going to the house of Dr Doubtmuch, and related to him my plan, which was to become a teacher of experimental philosophy, that being, in my opinion, less laborious and more profitable than any of the three learned professions, and more gentlemanly than trade. Mr Albright stared as if he considered me an intellectual prodigy; and then exclaimed, in an enthusiastic manner: 'Admirable plan! Pray, my dear Mr Weathercock, is it your whole and sole suggestion?—for really, sir,' he continued, 'it shews a greatness of mind, a profundity of thought, and a brightness of idea, that is truly surprising for so young a man.' This hyperbole, which he used upon all occasions, was a delicious dose to my vanity. I was always lean and upright, like a hop-pole; but this extraordinary jargon made me seem to grow some inches higher.

Mr Albright was a smart bustling little man, with reddish hair, light-gray eyes, and a murky, yellowish complexion. He was usually dressed in a dark-green surtout, broad white-corded small-clothes, top-boots, a riding-whip under his arm, and his hat placed rather backwards, so as to make the most of his small head. He affected an appearance of great professional practice,

until he ultimately made a very lucrative one. Whilst standing with me in the street, he bowed to every respectable person, even if they were merely passing strangers; for, as he observed at the time: 'If they are not patients now, they may be, you know—ha! ha! ha!' This was the kind of man whose praise had quite intoxicated me; for, if I had not been blinded by my own excessive vanity, his glaring and palpable superficiality would have been apparent to me. But, in order to let you see the whole of Mr Albright's character, I must tell you that, before he left me on this memorable occasion, he told me 'to take a large house in the vicinity of London, to publish an elementary treatise, no matter whether it contained a single original thought, and in this way obtain a reputation and a large fortune; and,' said the little man, 'I'll stake my ruby ring to a nut-shell, that you will become a popular lecturer, and gain an imperishable fame!' Such verbiage seemed, at the time, like spicy and fragrant zephyrs to my excited feelings, and I inhaled and relished the dose for its honeyed sweetness. The quantity was so potent, that it acted on my heart and brain, until my imagination revelled in all the anticipated joy of a well-lighted theatre, with crowded benches, and mine ears were greeted with the rapturous applauses of my ideal auditors. My good fortune seemed such a matter of certainty, that I did not bestow another thought on the worthy Dr Doubtmuch; and I should have declined asking his opinion, had not my good father urged me to do so; for, as he remarked, 'the antiphlogistic treatment of my reverend friend will allay your feverish symptoms, Tom, and restore you to a state of common sense.'

As the peculiar character of Dr Doubtmuch will be developed in relating my interview with that gentleman, it may be as well now to advert to some minor points of it, and give some general idea of his personal appearance. Dr Doubtmuch was a very tall and stout man, with a ponderous head, and features exceedingly well defined; his mouth pouted out some inches beyond his

fat double chin; his Bardolph nose had a most prolific appearance; and this noble member was overlooked by two full staring eyes, protected by very bushy eyebrows, overhanging them like the gable-end of a thickly thatched roof. Nature seemed determined to make this specimen of her handiwork quite symmetrical, although he was much above all ordinary sized men. If the doctor stored his capacious head with intellectual matter, he did not forget to nourish his bodily organs. He had a great capacity for all things, whether consisting of the spiritual, subtile, immaterial properties of thought, or the substantial articles for eating and drinking. His walk every morning seldom extended beyond the market-place, where, with the nicest discrimination, he selected the dainties of the season for his dinner. He would then return and shut himself up in his study; and was surly and rude if intruded upon by any one. Persons desirous of having his advice, or to ask him some pecuniary favour, never ventured to visit him until an hour or two after dinner, when his better feelings were thawed and warmed into a state of cheerfulness by the many good things of which he had recently partaken. At such times he would be all civility to those who called upon him.

On the memorable evening on which I paid him a visit, he was sitting in a great arm-chair, and had been seemingly drinking more than his usual quantity, for he stared as if all did not appear quite clear before him; besides which, his tongue seemed rather too heavy to move, for he pointed to a chair, and nodded to me to occupy it. But I remained quite silent, until he asked me very laconically: 'What do you want, Mr Weathercock?' I then did my tale unfold; to which he listened with seeming attention, until I unfortunately said, 'that Mr Albright admired my plan very much.' At the mention of Albright's name, the eyes of the old doctor flashed with indignation; and, bending his head forward, like one who fancies he does not hear correctly, he bawled out with a stentorian voice: 'WHAT!' Had it been a clap of

thunder bursting over his house, or a musket-ball suddenly whizzing past my head, I could not have been more effectually startled from my seat than I was at the enraged 'WHAT!' I actually felt a spasmodic action of the heart; and, when I recovered from the stupor it induced, I perceived an expression of extreme contempt written on the features of my censor. Yet I did not venture to say anything, but looked rather timidly at him, and encountered his large full eyes, when he said, in an irritated tone: 'Why, that puppy Albright will ruin you, Tom! I doubt much whether the fool knows the exact meaning of experimental philosophy.' I then ventured to assure him that my friend Mr Albright was a scientific man, and practised in medicine and surgery. He replied, sneeringly: 'You assure me, do you? Why, I doubt much, sir, whether you are competent to judge, or to give an opinion on the subject.' These uncourteous remarks quite nettled me; so, taking up my hat, I pertly told him, that as my friends thought I possessed talent, it behoved me to try whose judgment was most correct. The worthy doctor looked at me with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger; and, pointing to the chair, bade me, in an authoritative manner, to be seated—an order which I could not help obeying. After a short pause he said: 'It is out of respect to your family, Mr Weathercock, that I am induced to point out to you the absurdity of your speculation. For, sir, I doubt much whether, in a country so commercial as England, where the people are devoted to the mere acquisition of wealth, and the fortunate winners so fond of show and dress, even if you had the greatest talent for philosophical teaching, you would get a class to pay more than current expenses. You would, therefore, be sure to get into debt, compromise your respectability, and lose all relish for more certain means of getting money to pay your way as an honest upright man. It is a mistaken notion, my good sir, to think all *respectability* is confined to professions; for in very few instances do we find that professional pursuits are so lucrative as trade. Yet some would rather starve to be

gentlemen, even at the hazard of integrity and independence, than be guilty of exercising some mechanical or handicraft occupation. They would think it a compromise of their gentility to go behind a counter; and yet they must often pander to the whims of a rich shopkeeper, and either keep their opinions to themselves, or be literally "all things to all men." Therefore, Tom, if in opposition to the experience of observing persons, you follow the whimsical fancies of your own morbid imagination, it needs not the gift of prophecy to foretell the consequences. You will fritter away the greater part of your life in catching at unsubstantial shadows; your latter days will be cheerless and miserable; and your bosom companions will be poverty and disappointment, as they generally are the associates of the visionary adventurer.' I sat quite motionless during the delivery of this powerful lecture, and I felt that the doctor, like a divine oracle, had pronounced my certain doom, if I persisted in my original design. Yet I could not reply to him, for a sickly faintness came over me, cold drops of perspiration trickled down my aching forehead, and my whole body seemed enveloped in a chilly, deathlike dampness, as if life was oozing away. It was not till some minutes had elapsed that I felt myself able to rise and take my leave.

Subsequent deliberation convinced me that the opinion of Dr Doubtmuch was the most prudent; and I resolved to follow it, though still grieving over the downfall of my once brilliant hopes. I selected a particular line of business connected with medicine, and gave it my undivided attention for a series of years. Ere life had passed its prime, I possessed a competency, with which I retired, and devoted myself to those scientific pursuits, which, if pursued in poverty, would undoubtedly have ended in the loss of my independence. I allow myself to be occasionally tempted to give a few lectures, in amateur fashion, to the good folk of the little town near which I dwell, and generally secure a fair modicum of applause. When, after these exhibitions, I descend from the rostrum, my respectable neighbours, ladies as well as gentlemen,

flock about me, shake hands, and assure me they have had a great deal of pleasure in listening to my excellent lecture, &c. I more than suspect that it is pleasanter to be a lecturer on experimental philosophy as a gentleman of independent means, than as a young fellow seeking to make his bread and establish himself in the world.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

[THE following graphic account of the Exhibition of Madame Tussaud, was communicated from a lady on a visit to London, to her niece in the country. It is only necessary to say that, since it was written, Madame Tussaud has died at a good old age; the exhibition bearing her name, however, continues to be one of the most attractive sights in the metropolis.]

I arrived in London a few days ago, after a long and amusing tour with your uncle on the continent; and having much to do in a very limited time, before coming home to Scotland, it was only yesterday that I could begin to look about me, or visit any of the interesting sights in this wonderfully large town. By the kindness of Mr ——, I was conducted to several public buildings in the early part of the day; but none of these afforded me so much pleasure as an exhibition to which I was taken in the evening—I mean the very curious wax-work at the Bazaar in Baker Street, the proprietor of which is Madame Tussaud.

Madame Tussaud, you must understand, is an elderly French lady, who, in the early part of her life, figured in the higher circles of Paris at the time of the Revolution. She was the niece and adopted daughter of M. Curtius, a Swiss medical gentleman, who was famous for his skill in modelling figures in wax; so much so, that the royal family of France invited him to Paris, where he was greatly patronised. His young niece becoming a pro-

ficient in wax-modelling under his kind directions, she also attained eminence in the art, and was employed at the royal palace to teach it to the Princess Elizabeth—a lady of amiable manners, who, with thousands of other persons equally worthy and unfortunate, perished during the revolutionary disorders. Under such respectable auspices, Madame Tussaud gained an entrance into the best society, and became personally acquainted with almost all the distinguished men of the day. When the revolution broke out, she was among the few connected with the aristocracy who were spared, and this she owed to her skill as an *artiste:* you see how much good may sometimes come of learning a useful art, which may either *embellish* life in prosperity or *support* it in the day of hard adversity. Well, Madame Tussaud was spared from the guillotine, because she was required by the revolutionary leaders to immortalise them by her craft. She made figures in wax of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and a great many other worthies, dressing them of course in the new fashion of the period, called the costume of the *sans culottes.* She was also on many occasions employed to take models of heads which had been severed on the scaffold; the leaders of the Terrorists, as they were called, not interfering to prevent her performing this melancholy task. By these and other means, Madame Tussaud was enabled to form a large and valuable collection of models of the most remarkable individuals in France—royalists, revolutionists, generals, men of science and literature, and also ladies of distinction. With this collection she afterwards came to England, where she was permitted by many distinguished personages to take models of them in wax; and here at last we find her, now advanced in years, exhibiting her unrivalled collection in one of the fashionable streets in the west end of London.

The Exhibition is open during the day; but we had heard that the effect was much finer at night, and preferred seeing it under its best aspect. Externally, there is nothing to indicate the singular scene which is going on within; and, on entering, you find yourself in an elegant,

well-lighted lobby, surrounded by statues. A double staircase—that is, a flight of stairs leading from each side of the lobby—unites on a landing at the top, from which, by a door panelled with mirrors, you gain entrance to a beautiful outer apartment, tastefully laid out with ornaments of various kinds—mirrors, vases, &c. The walls, doors, &c., being of white decorated with gold, have a lightness and elegance, the effect of which is very pleasing. At one side of the door, on entering, before a small table, sits the venerable proprietor, neatly dressed in black, bowing to the company as they come in or out. Here the money is taken; and you advance through a passage, tastefully decorated with white and gold, to the principal room. But here, my dear Jane, I regret my utter inability to convey to you, as distinctly as I could wish, the extraordinary appearance of things on entering. Imagine a room about a hundred feet long (perhaps more), and lofty in proportion, the walls hung with scarlet cloth, which, before reaching the ceiling, is terminated by a ledge running round the whole room; on this ledge are placed, at regular intervals, elegant vases, gilt, with a thick garland of gilt flowers festooned from vase to vase. Over the doorway is a gallery splendidly gilt, filled with musicians, who play on various instruments. All the pillars and doors are of white and gilt, which lightens the effect produced by the scarlet walls. The whole place is brilliantly illuminated with gas, issuing from numerous lustres depending from the roof. With all this grandeur, take into account the crowd of figures, animate and inanimate, with which the apartment was filled—some in groups, some standing as if in doubt whether the objects before them were of flesh and blood, or merely artificial; every countenance impressed with the feeling of gratified wonder, and looking as if under the influence of a dream.

The first figure, on the right-hand side of the door, represents the inventor of the Infernal Machine, Fieschi—the person, you know, who attempted to destroy the King of the French; and as the head and eyes move in a manner perfectly natural, you are at first startled at being

brought so immediately in contact with a person of character so infamous, and who appears to be in the act of discharging his terrific instrument of death, consisting of twenty-five gun-barrels, loaded with several inches of gunpowder, besides ball and slugs; but as there are so many pleasing and attractive objects courting the attention at every step, I shall not linger beside one which is only calculated to awaken feelings of horror. Near to this first figure, forming a delightful contrast to the French assassin, is the modelled figure of an infant asleep, a beautiful emblem of innocence and simplicity. It is told of this infant, that, in the year 1796, the Seine overflowed its banks, when the child was washed away in its cradle, but was rescued by some person who saw it floating down the stream. Bonaparte, having heard of the circumstance, had the child, who was a boy, taken care of till he was a proper age, when he had him placed at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and ultimately provided for him in the army. Again, in contradistinction to this, stands the figure of Edward Oxford, who lately gained an undesirable notoriety in consequence of his insane attempt to shoot the Queen, as she was driving in the Park. There is not anything particular in his appearance. He looks like a genteelish young man, who would not attract any attention but for his crime. The next group, which is to be regarded with a much greater degree of interest, represents Louis XVI. of France, his unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin. One is led to imagine that these must be true likenesses of the originals, from the circumstance of their having been exhibited at La Petit Trianon at Versailles, where they must have been visited by many who could judge of the correctness of the resemblances. They were taken from life in 1790. They are dressed in the costume of the period, and are represented as sitting on a sofa, or chair of state, the Dauphin standing beside them. His figure or face must have been taken subsequent to 1790, as he was not born till 1785, and here looks at least eight or ten years of age.

Near this group, on the same side of the room, are

Louis Philippe, and the present Emperor of Russia. The King of the French, who is dressed in the uniform of the National Guards, is a decided likeness. This figure, and that of the Emperor of Russia, were taken from life. Again, amongst the crowned heads may be noticed Henry IV. of France, in a suit of chevalier armour, and Charles II. of England, also wearing a suit of magnificent armour. On the right-hand side, the attention is arrested by the majestic figure of Mrs Siddons, in the dress and attitude of Queen Catherine, in the play of *Henry VIII.*; and near her is her celebrated brother, John Kemble, in the character of Hamlet. The faces of both are fine and singularly expressive—such countenances as one looks for in vain in the everyday world. At a little distance, in a sitting attitude, is Shakspeare, but for whom, it is possible, the talents of the last-mentioned personages might not have been brought so conspicuously forward.

On this side of the room, in the centre, we are gratified with a representation of the marriage group of the Queen; Prince Albert is in the act of holding the ring, preparatory to placing it on the finger of Her Majesty, while the Archbishop of Canterbury is performing his part of the ceremony with a look of great solemnity. The Queen is dressed in white satin, with a beautiful lace robe over it, and a train bordered with orange-flowers. A wreath of the orange-blossom encircles her head, from the back of which a white lace veil is arranged with great elegance. Across the breast Her Majesty wears the order of the Garter. Prince Albert is dressed in a field-marshal's uniform—scarlet coat, &c., with the order of the Garter round his leg, over stockings of white silk.

On this side, also, there is Lord Byron, as if conversing with Sir Walter Scott, whose likeness was taken by Madame Tussaud while in Edinburgh in 1828. There is a substantial respectability in Sir Walter's appearance, which, on a first glance, almost leads one to suppose that he is out of place, the scene around being one of intense brilliancy and glitter. He is dressed in a plain suit of black. Lord Byron's, I should suppose, is not

what might be considered a fine likeness. The face is not so expressive or intellectual in its character as one is led to expect, in seeing a representation of this distinguished poet. His dress is partly concealed by a cloak thrown over his shoulders. The face is modelled from a bust of Lord Byron, executed in Italy while he resided there. Another group, comprising the king of Hanover, Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Daniel O'Connell, occupies a position on this side of the room; as also the Earl of Leicester, a fine venerable-looking personage, Earl Spencer, and Lord Durham. At the upper end of the room is a fine commanding figure of the king of the Belgians, taken from life in 1817; and at a little distance apart is Queen Caroline, in a court-dress of black velvet, and a hat with white feathers. This brings us to the upper end of the room, where a still more gorgeous scene opens up, shewing a spacious recess or anteroom, the whole of which is seen at one glance, magnificently fitted up. The walls are hung, in the richest manner, with crimson silk velvet, and the floor laid with crimson; the whole got up in the most tasteful and superb style.

The sole occupant of this grand apartment is his late majesty George IV., in his coronation robes. The figure is said to have been modelled from life; the attitude is at once easy and commanding. The king is decorated with the order of the Bath, the order of the Garter, and the Guelphic order. The principal robe, which is the identical one worn at the procession to Westminster Abbey on the day of the coronation, measures seven yards in length by three in width; is of crimson velvet, splendidly embroidered with gold; and, with the parliamentary robe, and the imperial robe, which is of purple velvet, both of which are also exhibited, contains 567 feet of velvet and embroidery, and cost, along with the ermine lining, L.18,000! The throne is also introduced on which the king received the allied monarchs. The crown, orb, and sceptre, which are arranged on a table, are correct copies of those used at the coronation. The jewels of

course are imitation, but so dazzlingly brilliant, that it would take a good judge to discover the deception. After looking on this, and turning to the comparatively humble figure of Queen Caroline, the effect is painful. She is, as it were, standing a spectator of that splendour in which she was not allowed to participate. Beyond this opening, on the other side, is the Princess Charlotte, in a velvet dress, taken from a bust for which her royal highness sat on the day of her marriage. Near to this is the late Duke of York, in the robes of the order of the Garter, said to have been taken from life.

A fantastically dressed figure of Baron Swedenborg next attracts the attention. The costume is that of a senator of Sweden. This individual, you perhaps have heard, was the founder of a small religious sect of extraordinary opinions. The next objects of consequence are his late majesty William IV., in an admiral's uniform, remarkably well executed; and Queen Adelaide, in a court-dress of dark silk velvet, her countenance more distinguished for gentleness and mildness of expression than queenly dignity.

A little further on is another of the royal brothers, the late Duke of Kent, in the robes and orders of the Bath and Garter; but the most conspicuous group on this side of the room exhibits a cluster of six persons, arranged with good effect. The centre figure represents Mary Queen of Scots, in a sitting attitude, enduring the withering and bitter rebukes of her censor, John Knox, who is backed by John Calvin and Martin Luther, in their black gowns and bands, with black caps. The introduction of these two latter gentlemen is not in accordance with historical facts, but they add to the effect *pictorially*. On the other side of Mary are figures of Queen Elizabeth and her father, Henry VIII. Henry, I must observe, is not in the least like the bluff Harry with whose face every one is familiar —it is the only failure in the room. The dress is quite correct, but the resemblance is not in the least like the portraits of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth does not appear to advantage by the side of her beautiful victim,

Mary; her dress, however, is very good. Mary is dressed in a robe of black velvet, with a profusion of splendid old white lace—her look expresses patient submission.

On this side of the room there is a figure of Voltaire, as if addressing an old coquette, in the dress of the period —high-heeled shoes, powdered wig, ruffles, and buckram. A little further on is a group of eminent personages, the most striking of whom is Mohammed Ali, in a Turkish costume, and which includes Lord Palmerston; Commodore Napier, in the uniform of an admiral; Joseph Hume, M.P., Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, the three last-named gentlemen said to have been taken from life. Here we have Paganini playing on his violin, and near him a fine figure of the late Princess Augusta, in a splendid court-dress of velvet and white satin, with a fine set of brilliants. Nearer to the door is an interesting figure of Madame Malibran, in a black velvet dress and black lace scarf; and underneath the pedestal on which she is placed, there is a humorous figure of Mr Liston, in the character of Paul Pry, with his everlasting umbrella under his arm; and beside him, sitting at a desk as if writing, with the pen in his hand, is Frost, the Chartist leader. It was some time before I discovered that this was not a real person—I thought him a check-taker, or some official connected with the establishment.

I must now turn your attention to the middle of the spacious room. We have been all this time pushing our way along the sides; the crowd has become more dense, and it is only by manœuvring that we can make our way along. The centre is occupied by two distinct groups, both of them interesting in no small degree. The first represents the most celebrated characters of the late war, with the members of the Holy Alliance. Opposite, on a raised platform, is a pedestal, surmounted by an eagle, the favourite emblem of Napoleon, who is standing at a little distance pointing towards it. Behind him stands Marshal Ney. On the floor, by the side of Napoleon, are the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and the Marquis of Anglesea. At the foot of the pedestal is seated the

emperor of Austria, in the white coat and uniform of the Austrian guards. His face is singularly mild and benevolent in its expression. Behind the emperor are the king of Prussia and Marshal Blucher. The emperor of Russia, in the uniform of the Russian guards, occupies a conspicuous place, and is understood to be offering, on behalf of the allied monarchs, the kingdom of France to Napoleon. Next to the pedestal behind is Murat, king of Naples; and between him and Ney is Roustan, a favourite Mameluke, in an Egyptian costume, who is said to have saved Napoleon's life while in Egypt.

On the floor, on this side, is Prince Talleyrand, as if conversing with Bernadotte, king of Sweden; and next to him is Lord Nelson, in an admiral's uniform, from a cast taken from his face. Napoleon is dressed in the uniform of a chasseur of the Guard—a white kind of surtout-coat, with long boots—and bears the star of the Legion of Honour. His face is said to have been taken from life in 1815. This is a striking group altogether; bringing before you, as if living and breathing, those celebrated men with whose names every one is more or less acquainted. I know, my dear Jane, that your love of history will have enabled you, long ere this, to become familiar with not only their names, but with the parts which they played in the great transactions of their time.

Between this and the next group stands a figure of Madame Tussaud herself, dressed in a neat black silk cloak and bonnet. This is a capital deception. You would not for a moment suppose the figure to be artificial, did you not, perhaps, in the crowd, come up against it rather rudely; and having turned to apologise, you see that the eye is fixed as if looking upon a female who appears reclining on a couch asleep. There is a black lace veil thrown over the latter figure; and, to your amazement, you see the chest heaving, as if breathing gently in sleep. This is ingeniously contrived by springs, but looks so perfectly natural, that you can scarcely turn away. This sleeping beauty represents a young French-

woman, who was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body-guard of Louis XVI., killed in defending the palace of the Tuileries, in the attack of August 1792. This lady was so unfortunate as to incur the vengeance of Robespierre, was condemned by him to the guillotine, and perished at the age of twenty-two.

The second group exhibits the coronation of the Queen, who is seated on a throne in her crimson velvet robes. The crown has just been placed on her head by the archbishop of Canterbury, who is standing behind, as if imploring a blessing. The Queen is holding in her hand the orb and sceptre, the insignia of royalty. The archbishop is supported by the archbishop of York on his right, and the bishop of London on his left hand. Next the Queen, on the right, stands the Duke of Cambridge; then the Duchess of Kent, in a full coronation robe of velvet: next in order stands Lord Melbourne; next to his lordship is the Duke of Newcastle; and last, on this side, is Lord Lyndhurst, all robed as peers. At the other side of her Majesty is the Duke of Sussex, wearing the robes of a peer, and the collar of the Bath and star of St Andrew; next to him is Earl Grey; then the Duke of Sutherland—all of these being also in their robes; Earl Mulgrave comes next, followed by the Marquis of Londonderry, in the uniform of the 4th Hussars, wearing the order of the Guelph; and lastly, the Duke of Devonshire, in a court-dress, wearing the order of the Garter.

At the upper end, overlooking this scene, are three female figures, raised on pedestals, representing the three kingdoms, holding the appropriate emblems of the three countries—England, Ireland, and Scotland. They are dressed fancifully with helmets and white plumes.

There is one figure more, which I had almost forgotten, and he is not the least celebrated person in the room; this is Mr Cobbett, who is sitting on a form, as if admiring the scene around him. He is dressed in a plain gray suit, with his hat on. He wears spectacles, and holds a snuff-box in his hand, as if inviting his neighbours to partake. His head moves from side to side, and you

might sit by him for an hour without discovering that he was not like yourself—a visitor. This, my dear Jane, closes my rambling account of Madame Tussaud's famed Exhibition, which you must not allow yourself to associate in your mind with those tawdry and tinselled spectacles which are often to be seen in provincial towns: there is nothing paltry or mean, or got-up looking about it, but, on the contrary, everything bears evidence of the excellent judgment and liberality of the indefatigable conductor, Madame Tussaud, who, I believe, changes the linen, laces, &c., every week or two, so that they are all beautifully clean and neat. Nor is there that stiffness or awkwardness in the figures that one might expect in things so purely artificial, the face and hands only being composed of wax, the rest of the person, I believe, is stuffed so as to resemble nature as closely as possible. Besides the apartments I have mentioned, there is a room which is shewn separately, an extra charge being made for admission. This apartment is allotted to such personages as Burke, Robespierre, Courvoisier, &c.; but as the contemplation of these gentlemen could not be productive of anything but horror, I thought it a pity to destroy the very pleasing impression which was left by the more interesting exhibition in the large saloon, and so I passed them over.

ROMANTIC LIFE OF A TURKISH PRINCE.

THE romantic history of the captive James I. of Scotland finds more than a parallel in that of a Turkish prince who lived at the end of the same century (the fifteenth), and whose captivity ended less fortunately. The individual in question was the Prince Dschem, or Zizim, brother of the Sultan Bajazet II. On the death of their father, Mohammed II., these two princes contested the throne, and Dschem, though adored by the people, was

defeated. He resolved to seek protection among the princes of Christendom, and for this purpose sailed in the state-galley of the Knights of St John to Rhodes,* where he was received in great pomp by the grand-master and the assembled chapter of the order. The whole city was adorned as for a festival; singers went before him, and every roof and terrace was crowded to behold the royal refugee. Hunting-parties, tournaments, banquets, with music, occupied his time, till at length the fears of the grand-master lest the dagger or poison should deprive him of this precious deposit, or lest the order should be embarrassed by the demand of his surrender, or perhaps less honourable motives, made the knights determine to send him to a safe distance—to one of the foundations of their order in France. An advantageous treaty was first concluded with Dschem, insuring valuable privileges to the Knights of St John in case of his succession to the Ottoman throne. As Prince Dschem sailed out of the harbour towards France, the ambassadors of the order, on their mission to Bajazet, passed over to the coast of Asia. A treaty was concluded with the sultan, who bound himself to the annual payment of 45,000 ducats, as long as his brother should remain in the *friendly* custody of the Knights of St John. After a long voyage, during which he ran some danger of being seized by a Neapolitan vessel, the Turkish prince arrived at Nice. There he remained four months, in expectation of the return of a messenger whom he had despatched to the king of France. His only adventure there was, that he with difficulty rescued his favourite from the hands of justice, for some crime which the Turkish historians do not name. He revenged himself for his forcible detention in Nice by a Turkish epigram on the city. From Nice the guest, or rather the prisoner of the knights, was transported to Chambery, thence to Roussillon, where there was a foundation of the order. Here he

* In what follows, we avail ourselves of an abridgment of the narrative of the learned Von Hammer, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 99.

excited the interest of the Duke of Savoy, who promised his endeavours to deliver him from the hands of the knights. After some days, he was embarked on the Isere, and by the Rhone conveyed to Puy. Here the knights began to think it politic, like Goneril in *King Lear*, 'to disquantity the train' of their guest: of his few followers, twenty-nine were forcibly seized by a body of armed men, carried off, and shipped back to Rhodes. Bajazet had offered a bribe even more tempting than his ducats to the pious cupidity of the order; it remained to be seen whether their superstition would grant what their rapacity had refused. It was no less than the right hand of John the Baptist, the patron saint of their order —a significant hint, that so inestimable a gift could not be better repaid than by yielding to the sultan his right hand, his brother, of whom he had been thus unfairly deprived. Though not delivered into the hands of his brother, the captive prince, now separated from all his followers but two, was transferred from castle to castle; in one of these the beauty of a Christian mistress beguiled his solitary hours. In vain the greatest sovereigns of Europe—the kings of France, Hungary, Naples, and the pope—negotiated with the grand-master for his deliverance; the subtle policy of D'Aubusson [the grand-master] still protracted his imprisonment, and he is accused by the Turkish historians of fraudulently obtaining from the mother and the wife of Dschem, who were still hospitably maintained by the sultan of Egypt, 20,000 ducats, under the pretext of fitting out ships for his voyage. He is even charged with having obtained the seal and signature of the captive to blank papers, for the purpose of carrying on this dishonourable transaction.

The sovereigns of Europe, in the meantime, the pope, and the king of Naples, who had interested themselves in the restoration of the Turkish prince to liberty, began to quarrel, most likely for the possession of the prize; and, apprehensive that he should escape or be rescued by violence from his custody, the grand-master kept him in still closer imprisonment. He was confined in a strong

tower built for the purpose, with seven floors, the lowest the cellar, then the kitchen, then the rooms for the servants, the fourth and fifth for the dwelling-room and bed-chamber of the prince, the upper for the knights who were on guard. Dschem began to meditate on means of escape; but his deliverance from the custody of the knights was effected at length by the intervention of Charles VIII. of France; yet this deliverance was only a change of prison. Hussein Bey, the ambassador of Bajazet, had endeavoured to purchase the surrender of the fugitive to the sultan by a magnificent present, not of gold or precious stones, but of relics. The trade, however, in the latter had been rather blown upon; so many forged relics were abroad, that they could not be trusted coming from that misbelieving quarter. Charles refused to see the Turkish ambassador, and gave his support to the pretensions of the pope, that the royal infidel should be placed in his hands, to be employed for the common good of Christianity. Yet a guard of French knights were to watch over his personal security; and the pope bound himself in a penalty of 10,000 ducats if, without the knowledge of the king of France, he should give up the captive to any other monarch. The order received great privileges and advantages in compensation for the annual 45,000 ducats paid by Bajazet; and the grand-master, for this violation of all honour, truth, and justice, obtained a cardinal's hat—a reward, as our author observes, however unusual on the head of a warrior, yet not unbecoming one who had shewn so much more of the subtle and intriguing policy of a monk, than the frank magnanimity of a Christian knight.

Thus, in the seventh year of his captivity, Dschem was given over from the custody of the order to that of the pope. He left the seven-floored tower, embarked at Toulon, landed at Civita Vecchia, was received with great pomp in Rome, and lodged in the Vatican. The day after his arrival, he had his first audience of the pope, but no efforts of the master of the papal ceremonial could induce the young Mohammedan to uncover his

head or bow his knee. With his turban on his head, he advanced direct towards the pope, kissed him, and afterwards the cardinals, on the shoulder. He conducted himself throughout with the same haughty independence: he demanded and obtained a private interview, in which he dwelt with so much pathetic force on his long imprisonment, his separation from his mother, his wife, and his children, that the pope was moved to mingle his tears with those of the prince. The pontiff eluded the request of Dschem, that he should be permitted to return to the protection of the sultan of Egypt; intimated that his presence might be required with greater advantage on the Hungarian frontier; and suggested, as a preliminary step, his conversion to Christianity. The captive boldly declared that he would not abandon his faith for the Ottoman Empire, not even for the sovereignty of the world. The ambassador of the Egyptian sultan treated the Turkish prince with the highest respect, and relieved his pressing necessities. That of Bajazet attempted (at least such was the report of the times) a shorter way of allaying the fears and sparing the cost of his master. An Italian confessed upon the rack that he had been employed to poison both the Turkish prince and the pope himself. So lingered on his weary imprisonment, till he offered, through the ambassadors from the Porte, to submit himself to the will of his brother. At the death of Innocent VIII., the prince was committed to closer custody in the Castle of St Angelo; Sismondi observes, as an important part of the inheritance of the future pope. This pope, Alexander VI., was not likely to neglect any opportunity of turning his inheritance to the best account. He sent an ambassador to Constantinople to negotiate with Bajazet. The sultan was to pay 40,000 ducats yearly for the safe custody, or 300,000 at once for the murder of his brother. Bajazet was so delighted with the friendly disposition of Alexander, that he did not scruple to recommend to the head of Christendom the ambassador, George Bocciardo, for a cardinal's hat!

In the meantime, Charles VII. made his descent into

Italy. Alexander, with his prisoner, took refuge in the Castle of St Angelo. Charles demanded the possession of Prince Dschem as one of the conditions of the treaty. An interview took place between the pope, the French king, and the Turkish prince. Alexander, for the first time, addressing the prince as a royal personage, asked if he was willing to accompany the king of France.

Dschem replied with dignity and feeling: 'I have never been treated as a prince, but as a prisoner. The king may take me, if he will, or I am ready to remain in my captivity.'

The pope answered with some sense of shame: 'Heaven forbid that you be considered as a prisoner; you are both sovereign princes, and I stand between you as an interpreter.'

He was surrendered to Charles, accompanied him to Naples, and witnessed some of the bloody scenes which prepared the subjugation of that kingdom. But the faith and honour of the pope were pledged to Bajazet. The Turkish gold must be bought at the covenanted price. In what manner appears uncertain, but a slow poison was administered by Italian art; and when he arrived at Naples, the unhappy prince was in a dying state. He could not read the letter of his mother from Egypt. 'Oh my God!' he said, 'if the enemies of the faith would make use of me to further their destructive views against the true believers, suffer me not to live to that day, but take me at once to thyself!' The king of France paid the greatest respect to his remains; they were sent to his mother in Egypt, but by some strange accident found their way to Constantinople. Prince Dschem was buried at Brusa, in the tomb of Amurath II. Thus ended the adventurous life of this Turkish prince [1495], in his thirty-sixth year, after thirteen years of captivity.

Dschem, like the captive Scottish prince to whom we have compared him, was accustomed to solace his weary hours with poetry; and his compositions were long popular in Turkey.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

THE origin of the great catacombs, or receptacles for the dead, attached to the French capital, is in every point of view curious and interesting. Previously to the latter end of last century, the burial-places of the city were in a condition at once disgusting and destructive to human health. One of the early French kings had bestowed a piece of the royal suburban grounds on the inhabitants as a place of interment; and this spot, the site subsequently of the Church of the Innocents, continued for nine or ten centuries to serve as the sole or principal receptacle for the dead in Paris. Not only was this the case, but the cemetery was also applied to its purposes in a manner unusually dangerous. Large pits were formed, each about thirty feet deep and twenty feet square, and into these coffins were lowered, one tire above another, without any intervening earth, until the pits were filled. Each was then covered with a thin layer of soil. The common number of bodies cast into every excavation amounted to from 1200 to 1500; and, in the thirty years preceding 1780, nearly 90,000 bodies had been thus deposited in the charnel-holes of the Innocents. Once in every thirty or forty years, it had been customary to execute the frightful task of opening and emptying these pits; but, in the case of great numbers of the older ones, this task had long ceased to be fulfilled, and they accordingly remained unmoved, though so choked up with the matter of corruption as to rise above the level of the adjoining streets, and seriously to affect the air in the ground-flats of the houses. It was supposed that, from the time of Philip Augustus, more than 1,200,000 bodies in all had been interred in the cemetery of the Innocents; and as the mouldering bones, even when the pits were cleaned out, were merely conveyed to an arched gallery surrounding the burial-ground, it might be said that some portion of all that had ever lain there still remained.

When all men of science and sense were beginning to recognise the necessity of remedying this evil, another cause of peril and alarm chanced to agitate the city of Paris; but, fortunately, the one was found capable of serving as a remedy for the other. Quarries of stone had been opened in the immediate vicinity of Paris at an early period of its history, and had been wrought to a large extent in the course of successive ages, to supply materials for the increasing city. In consequence, a vague notion existed among the inhabitants, that the city was considerably undermined. Little attention was paid to the matter till 1774, when some alarming shocks and falls of houses aroused the fears of the government. A regular survey took place, and the result was the frightful discovery, that the churches, palaces, and almost all the southern parts of the city of Paris, rested upon immense irregular excavations, and stood the greatest risk of ere long sinking into them. A special commission was immediately appointed to take the proper steps for averting such a catastrophe; and the necessity of such a commission was made strikingly apparent on the first day of its operations, by an accident in the Rue d'Enfer. A house in that street sunk down in an instant, eight-and-twenty metres below the level of its courtyard.

When all the labyrinths of the quarries were inspected, and plans taken of them, the alarm of the Parisians was far from being abated. Every quarrier had habitually worked, it appeared, where he chose or where he could; and in many cases excavation was found *below* excavation, the whole running to almost interminable lengths, while the pillars that had been left were found in almost all cases to be totally insufficient to bear permanently the enormous weight above. In various instances, the roof had sunk considerably, and in others, large masses had actually fallen, rendering it almost marvellous that the city should not long before have become a mass of ruins. The great aqueduct of Arcueil, which passed over this scene of hidden peril, had in reality suffered some shocks, and if the risk had not been timeously discovered,

it can scarcely be doubted that the ultimate issue would have been the charging of the quarries with water and the sapping of the city. The commission began its work of cure, aided by a very large body of workmen. Great pains were taken in cutting galleries from labyrinth to labyrinth, to ascertain the extent of the mischief, and in vaulting and propping every part that seemed to require such support. The extent of the quarries, however, rendered the labour gigantic, and, long ere matters were permanently put in order, the happy idea of converting these excavations into receptacles for the refuse of the charnel-house of the Innocents, had occurred to M. Lenoir, the inspector of the city police. The suggestion was made public, and approved of by the Council of State, which, in 1785, decreed the opening of the charnel-pits of the Innocents, and the removal of the bones of the dead to the quarries. The first step was to make an entrance into the quarries by a flight of seventy-seven steps, and to sink a shaft from the surface, down which the relics of mortality might be thrown. At the same time, the workmen below walled off that portion of the excavation designed for the great charnel-house, and properly supported the roof. On the 7th of April 1786, all the preparations being completed, the new catacombs were consecrated with much solemnity, and on that same day the work of removal began. Bones and partially preserved coffins were brought by night to the shaft in funeral-cars, followed by robed priests chanting the service for the dead. The nature of the task, the glare of the torches and, above all, the hollow rattling and echoing of skeletons, bones, and broken wood, in their fall down the shaft, sent back as the sounds were by the vaults below, rendered the whole scene peculiarly impressive and awful.

But the relics of human beings, in their ordinary condition, were not the most remarkable part of the materials transferred from one site to another on this occasion. The pits of the Innocents exhibited immense masses of the soft white substance called *adipocere*, into which the bodies had been converted, and which had been noticed under similar

circumstances at former periods. Adipocere had some of the mingled qualities of wax and tallow, being capable of use in the manufacture of candles. Respect, however, for what had once been the human body, of course dictated the consignment of the masses of adipocere found in the pits of the Innocents, to the new catacombs under the Plaine de Mont Rouge.

The catacombs of Paris received in succession the contents of the smaller cemeteries of Saint-Eustache and Saint-Etienne-des-Gres, after those mentioned. There, too, the victims of the revolution found a ready and roomy abode; and when the popular fury demolished a number of the churches, the bones lodged in them after the old fashion were removed to the same great receptacle. Between 1792 and 1808, the catacombs received the exhumations of twelve other minor cemeteries in and around Paris. Between 1808 and 1811, new excavations, made in the cemetery of the Innocents for the passage of a canal, rendered it necessary to convey a large quantity of additional relics to the catacombs; and a few other churches and cemeteries were emptied into them in the course of the next few years. Having thus made use of the quarries, and poured into them in all an immense quantity of human remains, the Parisians did not adopt the catacombs, as perhaps they might wisely have done, as their general burying-place. On the contrary, they created various new cemeteries above ground, though under comparatively excellent regulations, as the famous Père la Chaise and Montmartre sufficiently testify.

The revolutionary disturbances impeded the operations still requisite to render the vast quarries and catacombs of Paris stable and safe. The ordinary vaults became, consequently, full of cracks, water filtrated through the roofs, and fresh downfalls seemed impending. The air was rendered noxious by the want of circulation. In 1810, M. de Thury, the architect, began to make new repairs. He built new pillars, and formed channels for removing the water. Air was introduced simply but effectively, by luting the upper half of a broken bottle,

with the neck outermost, into the wells which supply the houses above with water, and which had been made to descend through the quarries to the ground below, like so many round towers. By uncorking these bottle-necks, air is let in at will. As regarded the catacombs, the bones lay in heaps thirty yards high in some places, and the workmen had to make galleries through them, and pile them along the walls in regular order. Such as exhibited disease were arranged into an osteological cabinet. In short, order and security were, for the first time, truly introduced into the arrangements of this subterranean world.

The catacombs of Paris remained, generally speaking, nearly in the same condition as left by M. de Thury, though various minor improvements have been added, to render the place more interesting to visitants. Three staircases, of which the best known is that of the Barrière d'Enfer, conduct the modern visitor into the vaults. On entering, a black line is to be noticed traversing the centre of the passages, and forming a guide through them, which the most familiarised visitor cannot safely neglect. On the right and left of the first gallery, that of the Rue St Jacques, several others are seen stretching away under the plain of Mont Rouge. The visitor cannot penetrate far, until he sees startling marks of the fall of rocks, and beholds stalactites hanging down in abundance from the walls. In the gallery under the street St Jacques, is also seen the great aqueduct of Arcueil, with its supporting columns. By various sinuosities, the visitor arrives at the gallery of Port Mahon, so called from a sculptured view of the taking of that fort executed by Decure, an invalid soldier. He perished there by a fall of the rocks, while the chisel was yet in his hand. A fountain was here discovered by the workmen, and a basin made for their use, with a small subterraneous aqueduct. It was first called the Well of Lethe, and was inscribed with a couplet from Virgil; but a scriptural quotation, more appropriate to the place, now marks its site—'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever

drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' It contains a few gold-fish, which seem to bear that dark abode very well, as we find them mentioned by visitors both of 1818 and 1832. A few other inscriptions are to be found here, such as Dante's famous line—

'Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here.'

A fire is also kept burning, in an antiquely-shaped vase, to purify the air of the vaults.

A mineralogical collection of some interest has been formed from the various strata composing the sides of the galleries. But the most interesting collection here is the Museum of the Dead. On approaching the catacomb galleries, the visitor finds the vestibule to be in the form of an octagon. Its gate is flanked by two pillars, and is inscribed above with some lines of poetry. The interior of the catacombs is arranged with propriety and decorum. The crypts holding the divisions of piled bones have each of them different names, some of which are appropriate, others absurd. There is the crypt or niche of Eternity, for example, that of Death, and that of the Resurrection, each marked by corresponding inscriptions. There is also a niche for the victims of the Revolution, with some Latin lines above, which may be rudely Englished—

'THESE, when fierce Discord had usurped the throne,
Prompter of crimes—and law and right were scorned—
By bloody ruthless men were done to death.'

Among the inappropriately named crypts may safely be reckoned those to which the names of Ovid, Anacreon, and some others, have been applied. An album, as might have been anticipated, is among the other appendages of the catacombs.

The other galleries of these great excavations need not be named or described in detail. One general feature marks them all, and it is worthy of mention, as reminding us most forcibly that these vaults are not simple objects of curiosity, or to be thought of merely as pleasant

spectacles, but are to be lamented as the possible sources of calamity and ruin to the great city under which blind neglect allowed them to be formed. Constant attention to them is imperatively demanded to secure the safety of the capital of France, and the provision adverted to consists in every subterranean street being numbered precisely like the one occupying the ground above. This is necessary in order to apply new supports, on the slightest indication of danger, to the exact point where they are required.

THE TWO MISS SMITHS:

A TRUE STORY.

In a certain town in the west of England, which shall be nameless, there dwelt two maiden ladies of the name of Smith; each possessing a small independence; each residing, with a single maid-servant, in a small house, the drawing-room floor of which was let, whenever lodgers could be found; each hovering somewhere about the age of fifty; and each hating the other with a restless and implacable enmity. The origin of this aversion was the similarity of their names: each was Miss C. Smith, the one being called Cecilia, the other Charlotte—a circumstance which gave rise to such innumerable mistakes and misunderstandings, as were sufficient to maintain these ladies in a constant state of irritability and warfare. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, bills, were daily missent, and opened by the wrong person, thus exposing the private affairs of one to the other; and as their aversion had long ago extinguished everything like delicacy on either side, any information so acquired was used without scruple to their mutual annoyance. Presents, too, of fruit, vegetables, or other delicacies from the neighbouring gentry, not unfrequently found

their way to the wrong house; and if unaccompanied by a letter, which took away all excuse for mistake, they were appropriated without remorse, even when the appropriating party felt confident in her heart that the article was not intended for her; and this not from greediness or rapacity, but from the absolute delight they took in vexing each other. It must be admitted, also, that this well-known enmity was occasionally played upon by the frolic-loving part of the community, both high and low; so that over and above the genuine mistakes, which were of themselves quite enough to keep the poor ladies in hot water, every now and then some little hoax was got up and practised upon them—such as fictitious love-letters, anonymous communications, and so forth. It might have been imagined, as they were not answerable for their names, and as they were mutual sufferers by the similarity, one having as much right to complain of this freak of fortune as the other, that they might have entered into a compact of forbearance, which would have been equally advantageous to either party; but their naturally acrimonious dispositions prevented this, and each continued as angry with the other as she could have been if she had had a sole and indefeasible right to the appellation of *C. Smith*, and her rival had usurped it in a pure spirit of annoyance and opposition. To be quite just, however, we must observe that Miss Cecilia was much the worse of the two; by judicious management Miss Charlotte might have been tamed, but the malice of Miss Cecilia was altogether inexorable.

By the passing of the Reform Bill, the little town wherein dwelt these belligerent powers received a very considerable accession of importance: it was elevated into a borough, and had a whole live member to itself, which, with infinite pride and gratification, it sent to parliament, after having extracted from him all manner of pledges, and loaded him with all manner of instructions as to how he should conduct himself under every conceivable circumstance; not to mention a variety of bills for the improvement of the roads and markets, the

erection of a town-hall, and the reform of the systems of watching, paving, lighting, &c., the important and consequential little town of B——.

A short time previous to the first election—an event which was anticipated by the inhabitants with the most vivid interest—one of the candidates, a country gentleman who resided some twenty miles off, took a lodging in the town, and came there with his wife and family, in order, by a little courtesy and a few entertainments, to win the hearts of the electors and their friends; and his first move was to send out invitations for a tea and card party, which, in due time, when the preparations were completed, was to be followed by a ball. There was but one milliner and dressmaker of any consideration in the town of B——, and it may be imagined that on so splendid an occasion her services were in great request; so much so, that in the matter of head-dresses, she not only found that it would be impossible, in so short a period, to fulfil the commands of her customers, but also that she had neither the material nor the skill to give them satisfaction. It was, therefore, settled that she should send off an order to a house in Exeter, which was the county town, for a cargo of caps, togues, turbans, &c., fit for all ages and faces—'such as were not disposed of to be returned;' and the ladies consented to wait, with the best patience they could, for this interesting consignment, which was to arrive without fail on the Wednesday, Thursday being the day fixed for the party. But the last coach arrived on Wednesday night without the expected boxes; however, the coachman brought a message for Miss Gibbs, the milliner, assuring her that they would be there the next morning without fail.

Accordingly, when the first Exeter coach rattled through the little street of B——, which was about half-past eleven, every head that was interested in the freight was to be seen looking anxiously out for the deal-boxes; and, sure enough, there they were—three of them—large enough to contain caps for the whole town. Then there was a rush up stairs for their bonnets and shawls, and in

a few minutes troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying towards the market-place, where dwelt Miss Gibbs—the young, in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such-like adornments; the elderly, in search of a more mature order of decoration. Amongst the candidates for finery, nobody was more eager than the two Miss Smiths; and they had reason to be so, not only because they had neither of them anything at all fit to be worn at Mrs Hanaway's party, which was in a style much above the entertainments they were usually invited to, but also because they both invariably wore turbans, and each was afraid that the other might carry off the identical turban that might be most desirable for herself. Urged by this feeling, so alert were they, that they were standing at their several windows when the coach passed, with their bonnets and cloaks actually on—ready to start for the plate! determined to reach Miss Gibbs's in time to witness the opening of the boxes. But 'who shall control his fate!' Just as Miss Cecilia was stepping off her threshold, she was accosted by a very gentlemanly-looking person, who, taking off his hat, with an air really irresistible, begged to know if he had 'the honour of seeing Miss Smith'—a question which was of course answered in the affirmative.

'I was not quite sure,' said he, 'whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number; but I thought it was sixty,' and he looked at the figures on the door.

'This *is* sixty, sir,' said Miss Cecilia; adding to herself: 'I wonder if it was sixteen he was sent to,' for at number sixteen lived Miss Charlotte.

'I was informed, madam,' pursued the gentleman, 'that I could be accommodated with apartments here—that you had a first floor to let.'

'That is quite true, sir,' replied Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, which had been some time vacant, and doubly gratified when the stranger added: 'I come from Bath, and was recommended by a friend of yours; indeed probably a relation, as she bears the same name—Miss Joanna Smith.'

'I know Miss Joanna very well, sir,' replied Miss Cecilia; 'pray walk up stairs, and I'll shew you the apartments directly. (For,' thought she, 'I must not let him go out of the house till he has taken them, for fear he should find out his mistake.) Very nice rooms, sir, you see—everything clean and comfortable—a pretty view of the canal in front—just between the baker's and the shoemaker's; you'll get a peep, sir, if you step to this window. Then it's uncommonly lively; the Exeter and Plymouth coaches, up and down, rattling through all day long, and indeed all night too, for the matter of that. A beautiful little bedroom, back, too, sir—yes, as you observe, it certainly does look over a brick-kiln; but there's no dust—not the least in the world—for I never allow the windows to be opened: altogether, there can't be a pleasanter situation than it is.'

The stranger, it must be owned, seemed less sensible of all these advantages than he ought to have been; however, he engaged the apartments: it was but for a short time, as he had come there about some business connected with the election; and as Miss Joanna had so particularly recommended him to the lodging, he did not like to disoblige her. So the bargain was struck: the maid received orders to provision the garrison with bread, butter, tea, sugar, &c., whilst the gentleman returned to the inn to despatch Boots with his portmanteau and carpet-bag.

'You were only just in time, sir,' observed Miss Cecilia, as they descended the stairs, 'for I expected a gentleman to call at twelve o'clock to-day, who I am sure would have taken the lodgings.'

'I should be sorry to stand in his way,' responded the stranger, who would not have been at all sorry for an opportunity of backing out of the bargain. 'Perhaps you had better let him have them—I can easily get accommodated elsewhere.'

'O dear, no, sir! dear me! I wouldn't do such a thing for the world!' exclaimed Miss Cecilia, who had only thrown out this little inuendo by way of binding her

lodger to his bargain, lest, on discovering his mistake, he should think himself at liberty to annul the agreement. For well she knew that it *was* a mistake: Miss Joanna of Bath was Miss Charlotte's first-cousin, and, hating Miss Cecilia, as she was in duty bound to do, would rather have sent her a dose of arsenic than a lodger any day. She had used every precaution to avoid the accident that had happened, by writing on a card: 'Miss Charlotte Smith, No. 16 High Street, B——, *opposite the linen-draper's shop;*' but the thoughtless traveller, never dreaming of the danger in which he stood, lost the card, and, trusting to his memory, fell into the snare.

Miss Cecilia had been so engrossed by her anxiety to hook this fish before her rival could have a chance of throwing out a bait for him, that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban; but now that her point was gained, and she felt sure of her man, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along the street towards the market-place, in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. The matter certainly looked ill; for as she arrived breathless at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and, amongst the rest, the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than anybody.

'Odious creature!' thought Miss Cecilia; 'as if she supposed that any turban in the world could make her look tolerable!' But Miss Charlotte did suppose it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very identical turban that, of all the turbans that ever were made, was most likely to accomplish this desideratum—at least so she opined.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up stairs she rushed, bouncing into Miss Gibbs's little room, now strewed with finery. 'Well, Miss Gibbs, I hope you have something that will suit me!'

'Dear me, mem,' responded Miss Gibbs, 'what a pity you did not come a little sooner! The only two turbans we had are just gone—Mrs Gosling took one, and Miss Charlotte Smith the other—two of the beautifulest—

here they are, indeed—you shall see them;' and she opened the boxes in which they were deposited, and presented them to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast! The turbans were very respectable turbans indeed; but, to her disappointed and eager desires, they appeared worthy of Mohammed the prophet, or the Grand Sultana, or any other body, mortal or immortal, that has ever been reputed to wear turbans. And this consummation of perfection she had lost!—lost just by a neck!—missed it by an accident, that, however gratifying she had thought it at the time, she now felt was but an inadequate compensation for her present disappointment. But there was no remedy. Miss Gibbs had nothing fit to make a turban of; besides, Miss Cecilia would have scorned to appear in any turban that Miss Gibbs could have compiled, when her rival was to be adorned with a construction of such superhuman excellence. No! the only consolation she had was to scold Miss Gibbs for not having kept the turbans till she had seen them, and for not having sent for a greater number of turbans. To which objurgations Miss Gibbs could only answer: 'That she had been extremely sorry, indeed, when she saw the ladies were bent upon having the turbans, as she had ordered two entirely with a view to Miss Cecilia's accommodation; and, moreover, that she was never more surprised in her life than when Mrs Gosling desired one of them might be sent to her, because Mrs Gosling never wore turbans; and if Miss Gibbs had only foreseen that she would have pounced upon it in that way, she, Miss Gibbs, would have taken care she should never have seen it at all,' &c.—all of which the reader may believe, if he or she chooses. As for Miss Cecilia, she was implacable, and she flounced out of the house, and through the streets, to her own door, in a temper of mind that rendered it fortunate, as far as the peace of the town of B—— was concerned, that no accident brought her in contact with Miss Charlotte on the way.

As soon as she got into her parlour, she threw off her bonnet and shawl, and plunging into her arm-chair, she

tried to compose her mind sufficiently to take a calm view of the dilemma, and determine on what line of conduct to pursue—whether to send an excuse to Mrs Hanaway, or whether to go to the party in one of her old head-dresses. Either alternative was insupportable. To lose the party—the game at loo, the distinction of being seen in such good society—it was too provoking; besides, very likely, people would suppose she had not been invited; Miss Charlotte, she had no doubt, would try to make them believe so. But then, on the other hand, to wear one of her old turbans was so mortifying—they were so very shabby, so unfashionable—on an occasion, too, when everybody would be so well dressed! O it was aggravating—vexatious in the extreme! She passed the day in reflection—chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies; recalling to herself how well she looked in the turban—for she had tried it on; figuring what would have been Miss Charlotte's mortification if she had been the disappointed person—how triumphantly she, Miss Cecilia, would have marched into the room with the turban on her head—how crest-fallen the other would have looked; and then she varied her occupation by resuscitating all her old turbans, buried in antique band-boxes deep in dust, and trying whether it were possible, out of their united materials, to concoct one of the present fashionable shape and dimensions. But the thing was impracticable; the new turban was composed of crimson satin and gold lace, hers of pieces of muslin and gauze.

When the mind is very much engrossed, whether the subject of contemplation be pleasant or unpleasant, time flies with inconceivable rapidity; and Miss Cecilia was roused from her meditations by hearing the clock in the passage strike four, warning her that it was necessary to come to some decision, as the hour fixed for the party, according to the primitive customs of B——, was half-past seven, when the knell of the clock was followed by a single knock at the door, and the next moment her maid walked into the room with—what do you think?—the identical crimson and gold turban in her hand!

'What a beauty!' cried Susan, turning it round, that she might get a complete view of it in all its phases.

'Was there any message, Sue?' inquired Miss Cecilia, gasping with agitation, for her heart was in her throat.

'No, ma'am,' answered Sue; 'Miss Gibbs's girl just left it; she said it should have come earlier, but she had so many places to go to.'

'And she's gone—is she, Susan?'

'Yes, ma'am, she went directly—she said she hadn't got half through yet.'

'Very well, Susan, you may go; and remember, I'm not at home if anybody calls; and if any message comes here from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I'm gone out, and you don't expect me home till very late.'

'Very well, ma'am.'

'And, I say, Susan, if they send here to make any inquiries about that turban, you'll say you know nothing about it, and send them away.'

'Very well, ma'am,' said Susan, and down she dived to the regions below.

Instead of four o'clock, how ardently did Miss Cecilia wish it were seven; for the danger of the next three hours was imminent. Well she understood how the turban had got there—it was a mistake of the girl—but the chance was great that, before seven o'clock arrived, Miss Charlotte would take fright at not receiving her head-dress, and would send to Miss Gibbs to demand it, when the whole thing would be found out. However, no message came: at five o'clock, when the milk-boy rang, Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but that was the only alarm. At six she began to dress, and at seven she stood before her glass in full array, with the turban on her head. She thought she had never looked so well; indeed, she was sure she had not. The magnitude of the thing gave her an air, and indeed a feeling of dignity and importance, that she had never been sensible of before. The gold lace looked brilliant even by the light of her single tallow candle; what would it do in a well-illuminated drawing-room! then the colour was strikingly

becoming, and suited her hair exactly—Miss Cecilia, we must here observe, was quite gray; but she wore a frontlet of dark curls, and a little black silk skull-cap, fitted close to her head, which kept all neat and tight under the turban.

She had not far to go; nevertheless, she thought it would be as well to set off at once, for fear of accidents, even though she lingered on the way to fill up the time, for every moment the danger augmented; so she called to Susan to bring her cloak, and her calash, and her overalls, and being well packed up by the admiring Sue, who declared the turban was 'without exception the beautifulest thing she ever saw,' she started; determined, however, not to take the direct way, but to make a little circuit by a back street, lest, by ill-luck, she should fall foul of the enemy.

'Susan,' said she, pausing as she was stepping off the threshold, 'if anybody calls, you'll say I have been gone to Mrs Hanaway's some time; and, Susan, just put a pin in this calash, to keep it back, it falls over my eyes so that I can't see;' and Susan pinned a fold in the calash, and away went the triumphant Miss Cecilia. She did not wish to be guilty of the vulgarity of arriving first at the party; so she lingered about till it wanted a quarter to eight, and then she knocked at Mrs Hanaway's door, which a smart footman immediately opened, and, with the alertness for which many of his order are remarkable, proceeded to disengage the lady from her external coverings—the cloak, the overalls, the calash; and then, without giving her time to breathe, he rushed up the stairs, calling out: 'Miss Cecilia Smith;' whilst the butler, who stood at the drawing-room door, threw it open, reiterating: 'Miss Cecilia Smith;' and in she went. But, oh! reader, little do you think, and little did she think, where the turban was that she imagined to be upon her head, and under the supposed shadow of which she walked into the room with so much dignity and complacence. It was below in the hall, lying on the floor, fast in the calash, to which Susan, ill-starred wench! had pinned it; and the footman, in his cruel haste, had dragged them both off together.

With only some understrappings on her cranium, and altogether unconscious of her calamity, smiling and bowing, Miss Cecilia advanced towards her host and hostess, who received her in the most gracious manner, thinking, certainly, that her taste in a head-dress was peculiar, and that she was about the most extraordinary figure they had ever beheld, but supposing that such was the fashion she chose to adopt—the less astonished or inclined to suspect the truth, from having heard a good deal of the eccentricities of the two spinsters of B——. But to the rest of the company, the appearance she made was inexplicable; they had been accustomed to see her ill dressed, and oddly dressed, but such a flight as this they were not prepared for. Some whispered that she had gone mad; others suspected that it must be accident—that somehow or other she had forgotten to put on her head-dress; but even if it were so, the joke was an excellent one, and nobody cared enough for her to sacrifice their amusement by setting her right. So Miss Cecilia, blessed in her delusion, triumphant and happy, took her place at the whist-table, anxiously selecting a position which gave her a full view of the door, in order that she might have the indescribable satisfaction of seeing the expression of Miss Charlotte's countenance when she entered the room—that is, if she came; the probability was, that mortification would keep her away.

But no such thing—Miss Charlotte had too much spirit to be beaten out of the field in that manner. She had waited with patience for her turban, because Miss Gibbs had told her, that, having many things to send out, it might be late before she got it; but when half-past six arrived, she became impatient, and despatched her maid to fetch it. The maid returned, with 'Miss Gibbs's respects, and the girl was still out with the things; she would be sure to call at Miss Charlotte's before she came back.' At half-past seven there was another message, to say that the turban had not arrived; by this time the girl had done her errands, and Miss Gibbs, on questioning her, discovered the truth. But it was too late—the mischief

was irreparable—Susan averring, with truth, that her mistress had gone to Mrs Hanaway's party some time, with the turban on her head.

We will not attempt to paint Miss Charlotte's feelings —that would be a vain endeavour. Rage took possession of her soul; her attire was already complete, all but the head-dress, for which she was waiting. She selected the best turban she had, threw on her cloak and calash, and in a condition of mind bordering upon frenzy, she rushed forth, determined, be the consequences what they might, to claim her turban, and expose Miss Cecilia's dishonourable conduct before the whole company.

By the time she arrived at Mrs Hanaway's door, owing to the delays that had intervened, it was nearly half-past eight; the company had all arrived; and whilst the butler and footmen were carrying up the refreshments, one of the female servants of the establishment had come into the hall, and was endeavouring to introduce some sort of order and classification amongst the mass of external coverings that had been hastily thrown off by the ladies; so, when Miss Charlotte knocked, she opened the door and let her in, and proceeded to relieve her of her wraps.

'I suppose I'm very late,' said Miss Charlotte, dropping into a chair to seize a moment's rest, whilst the woman drew off her boots, for she was out of breath with haste, and heated with fury.

'I believe everybody's come, ma'am,' said the woman.

'I should have been here some time since,' proceeded Miss Charlotte, 'but the most shameful trick has been played me about my—my—— Why—I declare—I really believe'—— and she bent forward and picked up the turban—the identical turban, which, disturbed by the maid-servant's manœuvres, was lying upon the floor, still attached to the calash by Sukey's unlucky pin.

Was there ever such a triumph? Quick as lightning the old turban was off and the new one on, the maid with bursting sides assisting in the operation; and then, with a light step and a proud heart, up walked Miss Charlotte, and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia's feelings were those of disappointment and surprise. 'Then she has got a turban too! How could she have got it?' and she was vexed that her triumph was not so complete as she had expected. But Miss Charlotte was in ecstacies. It may be supposed she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew round the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. Miss Cecilia, alone, was not in the secret; and as she was successful at cards, and therefore in good-humour, she added to their mirth, by saying that she was glad to see everybody so merry, and by assuring Mrs Hanaway, when she took her leave, that it was the gayest party she had ever seen in B——.

'I am really ashamed,' said Mrs Hanaway, 'at allowing the poor woman to be the jest of my company; but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, from the apprehension of what might have followed.'

'And it must be admitted,' said her husband, 'that she well deserves the mortification that awaits her when she discovers the truth.'

Poor Miss Cecilia *did* discover the truth, and never was herself again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken, and, after going through all the stages of a discontented old age—ill-temper, passion, peevishness, and fatuity—she closed her existence, as usual with persons of her class, unloved and unlamented.

RICHARD BROTHERS, THE MAD PROPHET.

THE name of the 'Prophet, Richard Brothers,' is one which yet retains very considerable celebrity, and many persons are still in life who must remember the extent of the impression made by that insane enthusiast when his vaticinations were first promulgated. Only sixty years have passed away since the wildest ravings which human lips can be supposed capable of uttering, found admirers and believers in the capital of Great Britain, and these neither few in numbers nor confined to the ranks of the unwise and uneducated. As a lesson and warning may always be drawn from such cases of delusion, or, as it may be, imposture, we shall pay to Richard Brothers the same mark of deference which has already been accorded in these pages, and with similar views, to Matthews the American.

Brothers was born about the year 1760, in the town of Placentia, in Newfoundland, and all his relatives appear to have been settled there, as we find, from one of his after-declarations, that he had neither friend nor relative in Britain. His family were respectable enough to get him placed as a midshipman on board a British vessel of war, and in time he rose to a lieutenancy on board the *St Albans* 64-gun ship. In the year 1784, a reduction took place, and he was paid off, to live for the future upon an allowance of 3s. a day. No particular eccentricities of conduct characterised Brothers up to the year 1790, when his understanding, according to his own shewing, began first to be really 'enlightened; although,' says he, 'I had always a presentiment of being some time or other very great.' The enlightenment took the shape of an objection to the oath which he was obliged by form to take in receiving his half-yearly pay, and which bears to be a 'voluntary' attestation that the annuitant has received the benefit of no public employment during

the term for which he draws his salary. Mr Brothers found here a difficulty which seems really somewhat puzzling. 'I do not wish,' he reasoned, 'to take any oath if I can possibly avoid it, and yet part of my attestation is, that I swear voluntarily. This makes me utter and sign a falsehood, as the oath is compulsory, my pay not being procurable without it.' The head of the Admiralty, 'John Pitt,' as the title-despising lieutenant usually called the Earl of Chatham, would not depart from the ordinary form in such cases, and Mr Brothers was left half starving, for the space of a year or so, on the horns of this dilemma. Anxiety of mind appears to have given the decisive bent, at this period, to his awakening fanatical tendencies.

The next tidings which we have of Mr Brothers result from the application, in 1791, of Mrs Green, a lodging-house keeper in Westminster, to one of the workhouses in that district, respecting a lodger of hers who owed her L.33, and whom she was unable to keep any longer, as his conscience would not allow him to draw the pay due to him from the Admiralty. The workhouse board pitied the poor woman, who spoke highly of the honesty, good-temper, and moral conduct of her lodger. They sent for Mr Brothers. 'His appearance,' says a writer who was present, 'prepossessed me greatly in his favour. He seemed about thirty years of age, tall, and well-formed, and shewed in his address and manner much mildness and gentility. He answered questions calmly, though his replies were all tinctured with fanaticism. The issue was, that the board took him off Mrs Green's hands for a time, and stated the case fully to the Admiralty; which body, on the score of the eccentricities deposed to by the widow, granted the pension to Mr Brothers for the future without the oath.

Richard Brothers, comparatively easy in worldly circumstances, now came before the world as a prophet. He did not publish his 'great' works till 1794; but long before that time his prophetic announcements had been spread abroad, and he had made a mighty stir in the

world. 'His house was constantly filled by persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, and the street crowded with their carriages.' There was at least one member of parliament, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a gentleman known as a profound Oriental scholar, and author of some highly valued compositions, who openly espoused the views and cause of Brothers, sounding his praises in the British senate, and supporting him by learned dissertations from the press. Oxford divines did not disdain to enter the field as opponents of the new prophet; scores of pious enthusiasts 'testified' in his favour; thousands trembled at his denunciations of wo; and, in short, Richard Brothers became, what he 'had always a presentiment of being some time or other—a very great man.'

To glance at the mass of absurdities, blasphemous in the extreme if viewed as the outpourings of mental sanity, which men thus allowed to arrest their attention, excites a sense alike of the painful and ludicrous. That the man was neither more nor less than a confirmed lunatic, appears on the face of every chapter. If there was any admixture of imposture in the case, certainly self-delusion was the prevailing feature. The following selections, which, so far from being the most gross specimens of his ravings, are only such as may without impropriety be set down here, will satisfy every reader of the diseased organisation of the prophet's head. He calls his work, which appeared in two books, *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times*—with a further heading, which could scarcely be repeated. He had found out in his visions that his ancestors had been Jews, though 'separated from that race for 1500 years—such a length of time as to make them forget they ever belonged to the name.' The discovery of his Hebrew descent was an essential point, as the prophet was to be the 'prince and restorer of the Jews, by the year 1798.' Absurd enough as this assumed genealogy was, what term should be applied to the further assumption, defended by Mr Halhed in parliament, of such a descent, as to render him 'nephew' to the divine being!

The views formed by Brothers about the Jews rendered it fitting that all friends and favourites should be entitled to share in the promised deliverance. Accordingly, we find the poor deluded man announcing, by imaginary command, to Mr Halhed, that the latter 'was descended from the tribe of Judah, and family of David, king of Israel.' Various other persons are similarly honoured. A gentleman had done the prophet a favour, and is told: 'Although your name is Hanchett, there is John Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Sir Gilbert Elliott, and Charles Grey; you, as well as they, are of the Hebrews, branches of my own family, and are descended from David, king of Israel.' Then another favourite, John Wright, is told that he is 'of the tribe of Levi, descended from Aaron the high-priest.' And the knowledge of all this came by 'visions and revelations.'

One of Brothers's assertions had well-nigh cost him dear. 'I am not mortal to human power,' he said. Whereupon one of his followers, by name William Bryan, feeling some doubts about his pretensions, acknowledges himself to have been strongly tempted 'to try if the prophet was not mortal to man, by plunging a knife in his heart'—a test which would probably have had the effect of at once proving and ending the insanity of both master and follower.

One of Brothers's more important prophecies was, that London would be destroyed in 1791; and will it be credited that such a piece of nonsense should at the time have created great uneasiness in the minds of many persons in the metropolis? To finish the farce, London was *not* destroyed at the time predicted, but that only gave the prophet grounds for self-laudation: it was saved by *his* interposition! He describes minutely what the state of things would otherwise have been, in order, no doubt, to make the sense of the escape stronger. 'London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been sunk, including a distance of eighteen miles on each

side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found.'

Mr Brothers had many visions of solid temporal power and honours. In a vision he was shewn 'the queen of England coming towards me slow, trembling, and afraid. This was communicated to William Pitt, in the month called June 1792.' In another vision, he saw the English monarch rise from the throne, and humbly send him 'a most magnificent star.' What this meant, the prophet could not at first tell, but it was 'revealed' to signify that entire power was given to him over the majesty of England. A letter describing the vision, 'with others to the king, queen, and chancellor of the Exchequer, were put into the penny-post office, to be sent by that conveyance, according to the directions I received on that head by revelation.' But Brothers was still more direct in his announcements to the king of his coming fall. In his book he plainly says: 'I tell you, George the Third, king of England, that immediately on my being revealed in London to the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that all your power and authority may instantly cease.' The 'revelation' spoken of was to be effected openly and visibly. 'I am to take a rod, and throw it on the ground, when it will be changed into a serpent; to take it in my hand again, when it will be rechanged into a rod.'

Can it be possible that ravings such as these, which are among the least objectionable in the book, brought carriages full of admiring people of quality to the door of Richard Brothers, and were defended by a learned senator of Britain less than sixty years ago? That they did so is undeniable; and here lies the apology for yet holding the case up to ridicule. But space and time enough have now been occupied with the task, and we must speedily draw to an end with Richard Brothers. He shewed most fully the extent of his self-delusion, perhaps, on the occasion of his visit to the House of Commons. After formally announcing that he was

about to do so, he went to that place for the purpose of prophesying to the members of wars and rumours of wars, and of directing them, as their true 'king and minister of state,' how to avoid the coming perils. Strange to say, the reckless Speaker sent back the letter of the prophet with a messenger, who set him off with what he felt to be, 'in such a public place particularly, unfeeling contempt and incivility.' But the House of Commons had not yet seen the last of Richard Brothers. On the 4th of March 1795, the poor prophet was taken into custody, ostensibly to answer a charge of high treason, founded on the printed passages relating to the king, but in reality to try the sanity of the man in a regular way. He was tried, and was declared by a jury to be *insane*. The imputation, both of insanity and high treason, was combated, in two long speeches in the House of Commons, by Mr Halhed, and these speeches shew both learning and ingenuity in no slight degree. But the case was too strong for Mr Halhed, and his motions fell to the ground unseconded.

Richard Brothers now fell under the care of the Lord Chancellor as a lunatic, and passed the whole of his remaining days, we believe, in private confinement. Doubtless, he would there be much happier than in the midst of a world for which his unfortunate situation unfitted him. The victims of such illusions create a world of their own around them, and, in imaginary intercourse with the beings that people it, find more pleasure than in any commerce with the material creation. Richard Brothers, so far as he lived at all for the ordinary world, lived only to give another proof of the strength of the superstitious feeling and love of the marvellous in man, as well as of the difficulty which even education has in repressing their undue exercise.

LINES ON OPENING A CASKET.

Oh! none would covet jewellery,
  Or scenes where jewels shine,
If every casket's treasured hoard
  Told such a tale as mine.
A bracelet—of my father's hair,
  A locket—of a brother's,
A brooch—memorial of despair,
  A guard-chain—of my mother's.
Rings, fans, and hearts, unfitly gay,
From friends estranged or far away;
That spotless agate cross was given
By one who now finds rest in heaven:
And long we've wept the matron staid,
Who gave yon locket's raven braid:
Memorials all, save *one* alone,
Of grief, of death, of friendship flown!

Gray is the lock that bracelet bears,
  But thought, not time, had made it so;
For in the strength of mind and years
  Was that thrice-honoured head laid low!

This locket's golden silky tress,
  It waved once on a cherub's head,
Lent but to cherish and to bless—
  Soon was its angel mission sped;
Through the stained crystal still appear
A sister's kiss, a mother's tear!

The auburn lock, it graced a brow
  Bright in the majesty of truth;
That, too, is pillowed lowly now,
  And with it rests the dream of youth!

My mother's hair—she lives, and long,
Long may she live, loving, beloved!
But this fair chain was twined, ere wrong
Or wo her widowed heart had proved;
And thus, even this becomes the theme
Of life's uncertainty and change—
The heartlessness of fashion's stream,
The void of miscalled pleasure's range!

'Twere well if all vain ornament
Such grave and tender warning sent;
Then would life's giddy vanity
Be tempered with fond memory;
And few would covet ornament
Or scenes where trinkets shine,
If everybody's jewels sent
A lesson sad as mine!

L. F. C.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

If any one chance to be unacquainted with the general character of this personage, he may learn something of it from the following pithy summary of his titles given by Thomas Carlyle:—'Count Alessandro Cagliostro, pupil of the sage Althotas, foster-child of the Scherif of Mecca, probable son of the last king of Trebizond; named also Acharat, and unfortunate child of Nature; by profession healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, Grand-master of the Egyptian Mason-lodge of high Science, spirit-summoner, gold-cook, Grand Coptha, prophet, priest, and thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a liar of the first magnitude, thorough-paced in all the provinces of lying, what one may call the *king of liars*.' The man who so comported himself in life as to merit these titles—and not one of them is inappropriately or unjustly applied—

must have in his time played many parts, from the contemplation of which may result both entertainment and instruction.

In the year 1743, Joseph Balsamo first saw the light, being born of poor parentage resident at Palermo, in Sicily. Left under the weak control of a widowed mother, the youth shewed an unruly and indolent disposition in his earliest years, and greatly neglected even the scanty educational advantages which were afforded to him. In his fifteenth year a circumstance occurred, which, in part, gave the tone to his whole future existence. An uncle got him placed in the convent of Cartegirone, where the house-apothecary was charged with the task of instructing him in the arts of chemistry and pharmacy. Idle as he continued to be, he no doubt acquired here some little knowledge of these sciences, and we shall see what use he finally made of it. After some years' stay, he grossly insulted the monks of the convent, was consequently punished, and quitted the place for ever, leaving those behind to congratulate themselves on the happy riddance. Joseph Balsamo, now nearly in his majority, passed the few succeeding years of his life in Palermo, acquiring by degrees the repute of being one of the most finished blackguards in the place, and fully deserving it by robbing his uncle, forging a will, and many similar acts. At length he used his address to persuade a certain foolish goldsmith that a large treasure, to be obtained by digging, lay hidden in a cave nigh the city, and, on their going at midnight to the spot, Balsamo brought out on the dupe a band of accomplices dressed like fiends, who robbed the poor man, and beat him cruelly. Having his eyes fully opened, the goldsmith threatened to retort with the Sicilian vengeance of the stiletto, and Joseph thought it necessary to take himself off from his native Palermo.

With the lion's share of the booty, sixty ounces of gold, Balsamo proceeded to Messina, where he met an alchymist named Althotas, a man versed in various mysterious secrets of nature, and an adept in the Eastern tongues.

The career of our hero in connection with Althotas is buried in doubt and obscurity, his own statements in after-days being anything but trustworthy, or even consistent. The common statement is, that finding Althotas to be possessed of a secret for making goods out of flax of an almost silken quality, Balsamo persuaded him to try a commercial venture to Alexandria, with a store of that commodity. The voyage was eminently successful. It is probable that they visited Egypt and Turkey after this time, selling drugs and amulets. From the stories afterwards told by our hero, when, concealing his real origin, he let out ambiguous hints of his being some unfortunate Oriental prince, it is possible that he also visited Mecca and Medina. A visit to Malta is better substantiated. He was well received by the grand-master, and, with his companion, laboured there for some months at the task of making pewter into gold. It is also said that Althotas died in Malta. Be these things as they may, certain it is that, during the mysterious years of his life now under notice, the Palermitan was fitting himself most diligently and successfully for his final career; and that, at the close of his probation, he appeared alone in Rome to commence a new era of his history.

It must not be thought that Balsamo had been all this time contented with his ill-savoured, untitled patronymic. He had been a chevalier, a marquis, and six or seven different barons in succession, just as it suited him. Count Alessandro Cagliostro was the title which he bore on entering Rome, and it became his permanent one. He at first contrived to live by selling pen-drawings (forged ones, moreover, being merely engravings Indian-inked); but this was a poor occupation, and he speedily gave larger scope to his genius. He commenced the sale of an *elixir* for warding off old age and disease, and further boasted that he could *transmute metals* and make himself *invisible*. The Maltese grand-master had given him good letters of introduction. These admitted him to society, where his boundless boasting and indomitable assurance impressed some with a conviction of his mystic powers.

The elixir sold abundantly, and his success tempted a beautiful Roman, Lorenza Feliciani, to share his rising fortunes. Unscrupulous, witty, and fascinating, Lorenza was an admirable partner for Cagliostro, who speedily made her an adept in all his pretended mysteries. The worthy pair now sought a wider sphere for their combined attacks on the European purse. They opened their career worthily by going to Westphalia on a visit to the Count St Germain, the great quack of the preceding generation, whose character is settled by one fact: he called himself 2000 years old! Cagliostro, no doubt, inhaled much goodly knowledge from this personage; and, for the next three years, Venice, Madrid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Brussels, and, in fact, great part of Europe, enjoyed the advantage thereof. Travelling usually in a four-horse carriage, with the lovely countess by his side, and a host of couriers and beef-eaters before and behind, all in Parisian liveries, the great count enters in succession the cities of the continent, recommended to the high-birthed dupes of one place by those whom he had left in another, to awaken at leisure from their dream of eternal youth. Arrived, he fixes himself in some splendid hotel, and shews a full and open purse. Man and wife soon address themselves to business. For ladies, he had lotions beyond all that the imagination could conceive; and for faded gentlemen of quality, he had a Wine of Egypt, and other potions, washes, and charms innumerable. It may be thought that princes and nobles would be apt to deem it degrading in a count to sell things for money, like a common quack-salver. No such thing. The count, generous man, never gets his own money for them. He travels the world to do good; and how readily would he give the precious drugs for nothing, were it not they are brought from far at a great expense! Much of this he himself really defrays, but to reimburse him to a small degree he is forced to take—a consideration. The poor he visits gratis. Thus run the tale and practice of the arch-quack.

Cagliostro and his countess were not always pampered, however, in fortune's coach-and-four. Sometimes their

stores ran low; and on unwisely attempting to figure in the eyes of old friends at Palermo, the count was sent to jail by the revengeful goldsmith. He had the address to induce a Sicilian prince to interfere, and he was freed. Then, again, we hear of Cagliostro in London, in the obscure character of a common painter, and bearing the title of plain Signor Balsamo. This was in 1772. He returned to the continent, and must again have climbed the ladder of fortune; for we find him once more in England, in 1776, with a stock of L.3000. The count here commenced as usual with his elixir and philosopher-stone annunciations; but it was necessary to the success, both of himself and his helpmate, that they should obtain access to society. A false friend undertook this task, and introduced them to mock lords and ladies, by whom, ere long, the arch-plunderer was plundered of all his means. A prison was the end. The count gained his freedom, however, and left the uncongenial air of England. Yet the visit was not thrown away. Far from it. He had been initiated into some obscure mason-lodge, and the most brilliant idea of his life struck him in consequence —the idea of the 'Grand Egyptian Lodge of Masonry,' of which who so fit as himself to become the head, or, as he called himself, the Grand Coptha? As for the female lodges, again, who so well suited for the 'Grand Priestess-ship' as the fair Lorenza?

Full of this new idea, the count recommenced his career on the continent. The repute of the wonderful Egyptian mason, who knew all the secrets of the brotherhood from the time of its institution by 'Enoch and Elias,' soon flew abroad. 'Arrived in any city, he has but by masonic grip to accredit himself with the venerable of the place; and, not by degrees as formerly, but in one night, is introduced to all that is fattest and foolishest far and near; and in the fittest arena—a gilt pasteboard masonic hall.' Mr Carlyle, to whom we are indebted for part of our information, describes the quack as having been received with loud shouts under steel arches; as holding three-hour discourses on all things fittingly unintelligible; and

as founding Egyptian lodges in all manner of places with ceremonials of such a dark, death's-head description, that it makes one's hair stand on end merely to read of them. The elixirs sold now at a double-quick rate ; and in consideration of the enormous expenses of the Grand Coptha, in correspondences and the like, the money flowed into his coffers in full streams.

Passing in splendour from place to place, the count visited Warsaw, and finally Strasburg. Here he met the greatest of his prizes—the Prince de Rohan, first-class peer of France, and Cardinal Archbishop of Strasburg, rich as Crœsus, and gullible to excess. Knowing well his man, the count at first wrapt himself up in reserve, while he at the same time gained a character by liberally dispensing medicine (brick-dust pills, possibly) to the poor, and even shewing them, now and then, his purse. Prince de Rohan sought an interview again and again : he was refused. His anxiety grew greater, and at length he was indulged. At once he became an obedient dupe, and his purse was emptied freely—in payment, chiefly, for the profound predictions which Cagliostro gave the cardinal to serve in guiding him in all his affairs.

This period, 1783, may be called the brightest in the career of Cagliostro, whose reputation was now European. He was asked by the Prince de Rohan to go to Paris, and went ; but he stayed at this time only a few days, being anxious to drain a little further the dupables of Strasburg. But the enthusiasm was past, and he found it advisable to try Bordeaux. Here, for the period of a year, he was so eminently successful in magical and elixir practice, that the authorities at one time granted him a guard to keep his doors clear. Bordeaux exhausted, he thought fit to quarter himself on Paris. It might have been expected that he would have shrunk from exposing his magical pretensions to the eyes of the savans in Paris. Not he. He there openly professed his ability to transmute metals ; and, by handicraft deceptions, he practically convinced the silly and unwary. He—when well paid for it, for the dead would not rise for nothing—called up *spirits*,

though they seem not to have been seen, but merely to have spoken to him from under glass bells. The countess supported him ably in these deceptions.

But Cagliostro suddenly fell in this very zenith of his glory, and fell irrecoverably. Happening to be somehow involved in the celebrated necklace case of Marie Antoinette, where one of the queen's servants, named La Motte, forged her mistress's name, Cagliostro, as well as La Motte and Rohan, was thrown into the Bastile. On being brought to trial, he told lies of the most astounding magnitude as to his birth and resources, averring for one thing that he was constantly supplied with money by an unknown friend in Arabia; but the court paid no attention to his rant. La Motte and others were duly punished: as for our count, though he got free, it was in the state of a beggar.

The sun of the arch-quack had begun its descending course, and rapid, indeed, was its downward progress. In England, to which he now resorted, he gained the countenance of scarcely one man of note excepting poor Lord George Gordon; and trickery was at a discount now, whether in regard to elixirs or Egyptian lodges. Cagliostro was compelled to look to the continent again; but, alas! France, Germany, Russia, and the Sardinian territory, were all closed against him by positive royal edicts. He had been too successful in his magic. His wide-spread repute had roused the long suspicious Church, and he had lost all power to contend with her. So he felt to his cost, when, after some obscure and poverty-struck ramblings, he ventured at length to enter Rome in 1789, urged by his wife, who, jaded and wearied out, now desired but to reach her mother's grave and die. Cagliostro had not been long there, ere the Inquisition caught him founding what Mr Carlyle aptly calls 'some feeble, moneyless ghost of an Egyptian lodge,' and he was thrown into the Castle of St Angelo. By papers and petitions, and explanations and recantations, Cagliostro still struggled stoutly for life and liberty. The former boon he obtained; but being doomed to perpetual confinement,

he died in St Angelo in the summer of 1795. The Grand Copthess was placed for life in a nunnery.

Cagliostro forms, on the whole, a sad monument of the miseries of a career of imposture. We have seen here what was the end of all; and moreover, with all his impudent assurance, it may be doubted if the instability of his position, and the constant risk of exposure, left him one happy moment even in the hours of his greatest success. Goethe visited his disclaimed mother and sister; and the picture given of their calm tranquillity of mind, in the midst of poverty and privations, but impresses us the more strongly with a sense of the folly of preferring a life of splendid vice to one of humble virtue.

THE BRONZE HORSE:

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

It is now some ninety years since there lived, in a vast old palace in one of the narrow streets that run behind the Strada Toledo in Naples, the Principe (Prince) di San Silvestro. A very distant relation of the family to whose honours he had succeeded, he had passed all his younger days in obscurity in one of the provinces with his father, who, proud of his high birth, but without the means of supporting it in the style of his equals, preferred vegetating in solitude with his only son, rather than permit him to endeavour to raise the fortunes of his house again, by entering any profession that might tarnish the dignity of his ancient name.

Shortly after the death of his father, the prince came into his inheritance, which in reality added but little to his wealth, as it consisted merely of the old gloomy Palazzo Cavallo, which was much dilapidated, and totally unfurnished, excepting a few rooms which had been inhabited by the late prince—an eccentric character, who

lived so retired, and with so little show, that it was the surprise of every one how he could have squandered a very considerable fortune, when, at his death, all his estates were obliged to be sold for the payment of his debts. The new prince removed to Naples immediately upon the demise of his relation; having lost both his father and his wife in the course of the preceding year, he had now no tie to the country, and was desirous of giving his son the advantage of a superior education to what a retired province could afford him.

They were soon quietly established in their new abode; Constantino was sent to a college; and the prince, who was very little known in Naples, continued to live almost as much secluded as he had done in Calabria. Upon taking possession of the Palazzo Cavallo, he found that the only remains of its ancient magnificence consisted in a very fine colossal statue of a bronze horse, which was placed upon a high pedestal in the centre of the court; and it frequently occurred to him how gladly he would dispose of it if a purchaser would present himself, without his pride being hurt by offering it for sale.

One winter evening, several years after his taking up his residence in Naples, when it was nearly dark, a little old man, bending double apparently from age, and with his hat so much pulled over his face as scarcely to allow any of his features to be visible, entered the court of the palace, and, meeting one of the prince's servants, he inquired if he might speak with his master.

The prince, who was disengaged, desired he might be admitted, and to his surprise the stranger (who, by his accent, seemed a foreigner), apologising for his intrusion, told him that the reason of his visit was to inquire if he had any objection to sell the bronze horse he had seen in the court below, as he wished to become its purchaser. The prince replied, that he was willing to dispose of the statue, provided a good price could be had, but that the very lowest sum he would take was 4000 ducats. This the other declared was far above its value: however, after continuing to discuss the point for some time, he at

last offered 3500 ducats, which the prince agreed to accept; and the old man said he would return on the following morning to remove the horse, and bring an order upon a well-known banker for the stipulated sum. He then departed, leaving the prince very much at a loss to guess what could have induced this singular-looking being to make such a purchase; and suspecting that it must be a hoax of some one who was acquainted with his necessities, he scarcely expected to hear anything more of the matter. However, next evening the old man called at the gate, and sent up by the porter bills for the 3500 ducats, correctly made out upon the before-mentioned banker, along with a note from the unknown, requesting a receipt for them; adding, that he had been prevented bringing workmen to carry away the statue that morning, but that he should certainly return for it on the morrow.

The prince, well pleased to find he was not to meet with a disappointment, hastened to give the desired receipt; but when the porter descended with it to the court, the man was nowhere to be seen, and, after waiting some time in expectation of his reappearing, he went up stairs again to inform his master of the fact. More than ever amazed, the prince could in no way account for such conduct; but the next morning the first thing he did was to go himself to the banker's, to find out if the money had been actually placed there. Contrary to his almost extinguished hopes, the banker replied, that the day before a little man (answering the description the prince gave) had called and paid him 3500 ducats on the prince's account, and had received from him a receipt for the same; the signature he gave seemed some Jewish name, which none of them had ever heard before.

As soon as the prince had received his money, he hurried home, with no small curiosity, to see the mysterious personage again; but no tidings had been heard of him during his absence. The bronze horse remained in solitary grandeur in his place; and from that day forward, the Jew, or whoever he might be, never more made his appearance at the Palazzo Cavallo. So strange was the

event, that the prince could not help mentioning it to all his acquaintances, and much inquiry was made in every direction, to endeavour to throw some light upon the affair, but all in vain; and after a time, except by the prince himself, the matter was entirely forgotten.

It might be about five years after the sale of the horse, that the prince was one morning awakened in great haste, at the early hour of six o'clock, by the sudden entrance of the Abbate Selvaggi (an old antiquarian friend of his), while he was yet in bed. 'Get up, get up, my friend,' said he, 'we must go instantly and examine your bronze horse! I have made a great discovery; but I will explain nothing until we have convinced ourselves with our own eyes of the extraordinary truth.' The prince ran with the abbate to the statue, when the priest, after a glance, exclaimed: 'It is true!—they *have* taken out his eyes!' The abbate then stated to the surprised prince, that he had been just called to the deathbed of the confessor of the prince's late father, and had received from the dying man a most extraordinary confession in writing. After expressing regret for a deed of guilt committed, the dying man's confession narrated, that he had been the confessor of the late Principe di San Silvestro, who, many years ago, had confided to him that he had formed the resolution, on account of a vow he had made, to place two brilliants, of immense size and value, as eyes in the head of his bronze horse. The confessor had aided in the act, and added, that he strongly suspected (although he outwardly appeared to be a strict Catholic) that the reason of the prince's doing so extraordinary a deed proceeded from a remnant of the superstitious veneration for horses, which had secretly been cherished in Naples long after the inhabitants were converted to Christianity. But if such was the case, the prince never confessed it. Years rolled on, and the transaction remained a profound secret; the prince was a strange, eccentric person, considered half crazy by every one, who passed his days and nights in poring over ancient lore, and receiving no visitors, unless it was some one who brought him manuscripts or legends

of antiquity, for which he was always ready to give a good price. A short time before his death, the confessor used frequently to meet at his house a little old man of foreign appearance (who, the reader may guess, was the mysterious purchaser of the bronze horse). He had travelled much, and evidently became soon in high favour with the prince, whom he supplied with much of his favourite literature, and they used to be shut up for weeks together over their books. On the death of the prince, the priest was tempted by the stranger with an offer of 10,000 ducats to let the other take away the brilliants and keep the secret. The priest yielded; the strange old man kept his promise, and at once disappeared, leaving his accomplice to deep remorse. This was the confession.

It may be well imagined what was the vexation of the Principe San Silvestro, on receiving the foregoing communication from his friend the abbate. To hear that he had been deprived of wealth, probably more than sufficient to put him upon an equality with the richest of the Neapolitan nobles, would have been a severe trial to any one; but the prince had been so long accustomed to privations, that he no longer felt disappointments so keenly as he did in his younger days: for his son's sake alone he would have desired riches. 'God has so ordered it,' said he to himself with a sigh; 'I am not born to be fortunate; however, 3500 ducats are better than nothing, and will assist me in fitting out my boy when he leaves college.'

In the meantime, the prince's son, the young Constantino Fiorillo, grew up the pride and joy of his fond father, who, by strict economy, had been enabled to give him an excellent education; and gay, handsome, and accomplished, he was beloved by all his companions in college, who, being sons of the first noblesse in Naples, were much superior to him in fortune. But Constantino as yet felt not the difference of their positions. At college all were equal; and when, at the age of eighteen, they returned to their families, several young men with whom he had contracted a warm friendship continually invited him to

visit them; and at length the Duca di Laurino, the father of his most favourite young friend (who was carried off suddenly by an illness of a few days), procured for him the commission his son had held in the *Guardio Corpo*, or King's Body-guard, which was then considered the first regiment in Naples, and only the sons of the nobility were admitted into it.

One evening, during a very gay carnival, the young Conte di Lesino called to carry his friend the Principino with him to a ball at the Duc de St Marguerite's, who was then French ambassador at the court of Naples, and on their way thither, the count exclaimed gaily: 'Prepare to surrender your hitherto insensible heart to-night. Constantino, I am going to shew you the prettiest girl that has appeared this winter, the beautiful Cecile de Montemar—only do not try to supplant me, as I fully intend doing her the honour of making her Contessa di Lesino. My father has given his consent to the match; she is the only child and heiress of Monsieur de Montemar, a stranger Frenchman, whose wealth, report says, is immense.'

The ball had commenced, for it was late when the friends arrived; and the count hurried forward in search of the subject of their conversation, leaving Constantino standing near the door, quietly waiting for the conclusion of the dance. A friend introduced him to a young lady of surpassing beauty. It chanced to be Mademoiselle de Montemar, and the young prince danced with her, to the admiration of all, both being alike perfect in the exercise. But, to Constantino's surprise, M. de Montemar at last hurried up, and, with something like anger and rudeness, placed his daughter in charge of the Conte di Lesino. The ball had no further charms for Constantino, nor did Cecile de Montemar herself appear to relish her change of position. During the continuation of the carnival, Constantino had opportunities of seeing Cecile, and a strong mutual passion sprung up between them; but the young lady informed him of a peculiar personal aversion expressed for him by her father. From this time their

intercourse was half a secret one, and carried on through the kind Duchesse de St Marguerite. It had the effect of firmly rivetting the chains of love, in the case of both, though that love was still unacknowledged. Meantime, the Conte di Lesino continued the father's avowed favourite.

The carnival was at length concluded; and after the expiration of a few weeks more, the count determined to bring his fate to a decision, and made a formal offer of his hand to Mademoiselle de Montemar, having hitherto only spoken to her father on the subject, who had always endeavoured to keep up his hopes, simply cautioning him not to be too precipitate in making his declaration; but the impetuous Neapolitan would wait no longer, and urged his suit with much eagerness, but at the same time with the air of one assured of success. What was his surprise, then, when Cecile firmly declined his proposals; adding, that she knew his addresses were encouraged by her father's sanction, and she feared her refusal would displease him if he knew it. 'But why,' continued she, 'need he be acquainted with it? Be generous, Monsieur le Conte, and let what has passed be buried in oblivion. I do not love you, therefore I cannot become your wife; but I shall be the most grateful of your friends, if you will grant my request, and conceal from my dear father that you have ever spoken to me on this subject.'

The eyes of the Italian flashed fire as she concluded, and his countenance lowered; but Cecile had turned her face from him while she spoke, afraid to witness the reception of her refusal. With a strong effort, the count repressed the passionate language that rose to his lips; and merely replying: 'You shall be obeyed, mademoiselle,' he bowed profoundly, and left the room. Cecile, in the innocence of her heart, was overjoyed that he had received her answer with so much calmness, and delighted to think that the affair was settled, and, as she hoped, without offending her father; she flew to her friend the duchess, and with a radiant smile communicated the above particulars, adding: 'How very happy I am that I shall never

more be annoyed by his attentions!' 'And you think that the count will be satisfied to give you up so easily?' asked the duchess; 'do not flatter yourself he will; however, I am glad that you have answered him so decidedly, and we shall hope the best. But let us think no more of your rejected swain for the present—you must come with me and choose a dress for a grand masked-ball, which is to be given by the Marchese Severino on the marriage of his son. It is expected to exceed all the carnival fêtes in splendour, and I intend that my dear Cecile shall be its brightest ornament.'

Cecile, however, begged to be allowed to go to the ball as a simple peasant of Provence, and the duchess consented, taking herself also a French character—that of the Duchesse de la Valliere. It was on this occasion that the young Constantino found a chance of openly avowing his love for Cecile. His kind friend, the Duchesse de St Marguerite, gave him a hint of the masked characters chosen by herself and Cecile, and he went to the same ball as a Provençal troubadour, to have an opportunity of lingering appropriately by his fair countrywoman's side. The issue of the prince's avowal of his passion was to him deeply mortifying. Cecile was affected even to tears; but his declaration only seemed to recall her to a remembrance of her father's aversion and her forgotten duties. She bade Constantino think of her no more, and left the ball, overpowered by conflicting feelings. The principino soon followed.

On that same night his father died suddenly. The grief of the young prince was violent and deep. Having had but one parent from his early infancy, all the warm and enthusiastic feelings of his heart had been concentrated in his love for his father, and, until he met with Cecile de Montemar, no other attachment had found a place there. He therefore sunk almost into despair on finding himself alone, as it seemed, in the world, without any natural connection on whom he could rely; and the affairs of his late father were left in such disorder, that there was scarcely a sum at his command sufficient to keep him

above actual want. The latter misfortune weighed but little upon him in the present state of his mind; it only made him withdraw himself still more from the world. He could not bear to tax the generosity of the Duc de St Marguerite, and many kind friends who would have offered him assistance, and he often seriously contemplated shutting himself up in a monastery for life. For a year after the death of his father, he remained almost entirely confined to his own palace; and his gay companions, finding they were constantly denied admittance to him, by degrees gave up the attempt; so that the prince, who had so lately been the life of all their parties, soon faded from their memories, as if he had never existed. The only recreation in which he indulged, was in taking long solitary rambles in the environs of Naples, and one of his most favourite resorts was to the lovely little Lago d'Agnano; he would linger for hours by the most retired side of it, carrying a fowling-piece in his hand, but rarely making use of it. Reclined upon the grass, his thoughts would wander back to the happy days he had spent on his first entrance into life, and of the bright sunbeam that had crossed his path, in the vision of his Cecile; and often the shades of evening had long fallen ere he sought again his solitary home. One night he had taken a longer ramble than usual, having sauntered for several hours in the romantic woods of Actroné, the king's preserve, the ascent to which is by a winding road from one extremity of the lake, and the sun had set some time before he reached the broad path, skirted by trees, which runs along the left side of the water. He had advanced in it but a little way, when he overtook a lady and gentleman; the latter seemingly an invalid, and very feeble, was leaning heavily on the arm of his companion, and Constantino started as he once more heard the voice of Mademoiselle de Montemar, who said anxiously: 'Dear papa, I fear you have walked too far; you are fatigued; you will never reach the carriage. Henri,' she added to the servant who attended them, 'go on and bring it back to us, and we shall await you here.'

Constantino withdrew behind the trees, that he might escape observation, while Cecile seated her father upon the grass, and placed herself beside him. The servant had not left them above a few minutes, when suddenly two men, who had been concealed behind a bank on the other side of the road, sprung out upon them; one of them seized the old De Montemar, and, gagging his mouth, to prevent him calling out, he was proceeding to tie his hands, when a shot from the gun of Constantino laid him prostrate on the earth. The other man, meanwhile, had caught up the fainting Cecile in his arms, and proceeded to carry her off with great rapidity across a field towards a hut at some distance; but the moment Constantino saw his shot had taken effect, he flew to the rescue of his beloved, loudly calling upon the ravisher at his peril to stop and release the lady. The former turned, and seeing the prince was unarmed, he laid the insensible Cecile on the ground, and, drawing his sword, rushed at once upon him; but Constantino was prepared, and pulling out a stiletto he always carried about with him, he struck it with all his force into his assailant's right arm, the pain of which obliged the latter to drop his sword and stagger back, when Constantino instantly possessed himself of it. The Conte di Lesino (for it was he) seeing the victory lost, fled with the greatest precipitation, and was soon out of sight. The prince cared not to follow him; all his anxiety was for Cecile, who had now begun to revive. He durst not leave her to call for help, but, to his inexpressible relief, he saw De Montemar's servant running towards them, with whose assistance he conveyed Mademoiselle de Montemar to the place where they had left her father. She had now recovered her consciousness, but was nearly relapsing again on finding that the dreadful shock had been too much for the enfeebled frame of her parent, who was so exhausted that he could scarcely make any answer to their inquiries. The carriage having now arrived, Constantino, at the earnest entreaty of Cecile, accepted a seat in it to Naples. Little conversation passed during the drive; Cecile's looks, [illegible]rds, spoke her

gratitude, but her father engrossed all her attention; his faintness increasing so much that they were often obliged to stop, fearing he would expire ere they could reach home with him. On arriving at length at De Montemar's palace in the Chiaja, Constantino only remained till he saw the invalid carried to his room; he then despatched a servant in all haste for a physician, and sent another to inform the Duc and Duchesse de St Marguerite of the catastrophe; then pressing the hand of the weeping Cecile, he took his leave, saying he should return early the next morning to inquire for them both. It may be imagined that, after the agitating scenes he had been engaged in, sleep did not visit his eyes, and the earliest dawn of day found him again at De Montemar's door. The report the servants gave of the latter was very unfavourable; he continued to sink, and the physician declared it his opinion that he could not survive another day. While they were conversing together, Mademoiselle de Montemar's maid entered with a note, which she said she had that moment been desired by her mistress to send to the Principe San Silvestro. Constantino tore it open, and read these words: 'My dearest father earnestly desires to see you; lose no time, I beseech you, in coming to us.' He instantly followed the maid to the sick man's chamber, at the door of which he was met by Cecile, who led him up to the bedside of the dying De Montemar. The old man, feebly turning his eyes towards him, stretched out his hand, saying: 'You have saved my child from worse than death, monsieur, and there is but one reward worthy of you; I rejoice that my life has been spared long enough to do you justice. Take her,' continued he, uniting his hand with that of Cecile, 'and may the blessing of an unfortunate and repentant man rest with you both!' Then turning to the Duchesse de St Marguerite, he added: 'Retire, my dear friend, and take Cecile with you for a short time—I have some private instructions I wish to give to the prince, as my son, which it would only pain my darling child to hear.' The ladies accordingly withdrew, when De Montemar, addressing

Constantino, said: 'Will you swear solemnly that you never will make known to my beloved Cecile what I am going to reveal to you? It would only increase all my other sufferings in these my last moments, the idea that she would despise her poor father's memory, and I humbly trust that my present repentance may in some degree wipe away my sins. May I depend upon your secrecy?' Constantino eagerly gave the desired promise, and De Montemar continued thus: 'In me, prince, you behold the purchaser of your father's bronze horse. I know you are acquainted with all the circumstances of the transaction, from the confession of the old priest who was my accomplice in the guilty deed, so I need not repeat them to you; but open that cabinet, and touch a spring you will see at the back of it, that I may give you proofs of my identity.' Constantino obeyed, and on opening the secret drawer, he beheld to his amazement the two small frames which had contained the diamond eyes he had heard so much of, with the original eyes which had been taken out to make room for them. 'Can you forgive me,' said the expiring man, 'for thus having robbed your good father of his riches, and deprived you for so long a time of your just rights? Could I but give you an idea of the misery my guilty conscience has occasioned me for many years, you could not refuse me your compassion. My health has by degrees sunk under it, and it scarcely required the shock of the last night to snap the slender cord asunder. When I met you last winter, my unhappiness was redoubled—I seemed to read in your eyes that you were informed of my guilt; and when I perceived your attachment to my daughter, I was haunted by the fear that you might disclose the secret to her—for which cause, more than your want of fortune, I forbade her having any intercourse with you. My full intention was, as soon as I should unite her to the Conte di Lesino, and thus secure for her the illustrious station in society I was ambitious of, to confess all to you, restore your property, and then seclude myself in a monastery for life. Cecile's firm refusal to accept the count's pro-

posals disconcerted my plans; and at her earnest entreaty, I at last consented to give him a formal dismissal, the consequence of which has been his rash attempt of last night.' De Montemar here paused to recover his breath, and Constantino hastened to assure him, that in the father of his beloved Cecile all was forgiven, adding, that his only desire was to gratify him in any remaining wish he might have.

'Bless you, my dear son,' said De Montemar, his eyes overflowing with tears, 'I am undeserving of such goodness; but I have one last request to make, which, if not very repugnant to your feelings, I trust you will comply with. All my estates are in France, to which country my daughter is most fondly attached; to Naples you have no tie, no friends, no property, to interest you—will you, then, become a Frenchman, take my name, and make your home in Provence? If you can agree to this, you will make me die happy; for—it may be a weakness—but I feel that if you remain in Naples, one day or other, by some chance the degrading tale of my unworthy conduct may reach the ears of poor Cecile, and with her sensitive feelings, I am convinced she could not survive the knowledge.'

The old man's voice here became inarticulate, and he shortly after expired in the arms of his daughter. Constantino determined to respect De Montemar's dying request; and shortly after his union with Cecile, they bade adieu to Naples, and sailed for France, where they established themselves. Constantino faithfully kept his promise, and his wife never suspected the fatal secret. The bronze horse still remains in the court of the Palazzo Cavallo, where it may be seen by all curious inquirers. The legend respecting it is probably now almost forgotten, or treated as a fable, unless by those who are so fond of the marvellous as to give eager credence to all such ancient records.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

LET us in idea go back two centuries and a half, and step into the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth. The walls are hung with rich tapestry, while the floor is strewed with fresh hay. At the door leading to the queen's apartments stands an usher dressed in velvet, with a gold chain around his neck, the badge of his office. In the chamber may be seen, besides, a great number of councillors, officers of the crown, and clergymen of high rank—for the queen, after giving passing audience to those present, proceeds to chapel, the day being a holiday of the church.

The mid-doors are thrown open, and the coming of the queen is announced. Gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded, are the first to enter the presence-chamber from her apartments. They are followed by the lord chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse; and on each side of him walks a nobleman—one bearing the royal sceptre, and the other the sword of state in a crimson scabbard. Queen Elizabeth follows. A small golden crown is upon her head, and rests on a profusion of thick curled hair, of a colour too deeply sanguine to countenance her early flatterers when they called the hue golden. The locks now worn by Elizabeth are, however, but a close imitation of what her natural tresses were in her younger days. Rich pearls hang from her ears, and a necklace of fine jewels is thrown over her shoulders. A white silk robe, bordered with large pearls, adorns her person, and the long train is borne by a marchioness of the realm. Elizabeth is now, as has been hinted, past the meridian of her days, yet is her gait erect and majestic, and her small dark eye retains its clear and vivid expression. A sharpening of the lines of her naturally acute lineaments is all that speaks of the advance of years.

On the occasion when this scene, here described in the present tense, was to be witnessed, foreign ministers were in the presence-chamber, and to each Elizabeth spoke in his own language, whether that were Spanish or Italian, French or Dutch. Withersoever she turned her eye, all knelt down before her. Whosoever had the honour of a word from her, remained kneeling, unless the great queen raised him. She passed along slowly through the large chamber, conversing to those on one side and another, and sometimes receiving strangers presented by the usher. She came at length to a gentleman advanced in years, who knelt at her look. He was richly dressed, but not in the robes of office or nobility. 'Ha!' said the queen, stretching out her hand, and raising this personage; 'our good citizen, Sir John Spencer. Welcome! Thou wert informed of our wish to converse with thee?'

'I had the honour,' answered the citizen, 'to receive your majesty's commands to that effect.'

'Thou hast ever indeed, good Sir John, regarded our slightest wish as a command,' continued Elizabeth; 'and well thy loyalty beseems thee. Thou hast paid dearly, too, for thy affectionate regard to our person.' The old citizen sighed as if involuntarily, shewing well that he understood the queen's allusion. She went on, however, to refer more plainly to the subject, while all around fell respectfully back, marking her low tones. 'It was while an attendant on our train that my young Lord Compton first saw thy daughter, and the issue was the rash marriage which thou deplorest. Sir John, we would remedy the evil thou hast sustained.' The face of the citizen-knight grew suddenly flushed, and then left him paler than before. He knelt down after a moment of apparently agitated thought, and said, in a low and hurried voice: 'I hope—I trust your majesty does not mean to lay your commands on me to pardon'—— The queen interrupted him.

'Listen to us, Sir John Spencer. Your paternal resentment will be respected by us. It is a *favour* which we

have now to require of thee, and the granting of which may partly remedy the misfortune which you have suffered. An infant boy has somewhat strangely fallen to our particular guardianship. He is of such rank and birth that we conceive thee to be a fitter person to act as his sponsor than any of the nobles of our court. Thy civic position suits thee much more for serving the future fortunes of this boy; and, God's bread, Sir John, thou shalt have a queen for a partner in the office.'

Doubt had gradually disappeared from the citizen's brow during this speech, and had been supplanted by a feeling of the highest gratification, as was clear and apparent in his looks. 'Your majesty,' said he, 'does me an honour which kings might be proud of. And by my life, madam, I shall prove, by my conduct to the boy, that your majesty has not so honoured one who is ungrateful for it. I have no child,' continued the citizen, more slowly—'I have no child now, and my godson shall supply the place which has been wilfully vacated.' The queen was obviously pleased with what had passed. As she looked on Sir John, who had cast down his eyes in closing his speech, there was a sparkle of passing pleasure in her quick dark eye.

'Farewell for the present, Sir John Spencer,' said she; 'due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes necessary to assume thy new duties.' The knight stooped to kiss the hand extended to him, and the queen passed on, leaving the citizen to follow, and finally wend his way homewards.

Sir John Spencer, commonly called 'Rich Spencer,' was in his day the wealthiest and most influential citizen of London. The mayoralty and shrievalty had been both served by him more than once, we believe. He was a great favourite with the queen, being noted for his public-spiritedness, and his anxiety to sustain the honour of his sovereign and his country. Such a feeling was peculiarly evinced by the opulent cloth-worker, as he was by profession, on the occasion of the Marquis of Rosny's visit to England, as ambassador from Henry IV.

of France to Elizabeth. The Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Sully was lodged and entertained by Sir John in the most sumptuous manner, at his own private cost. He was understood to be worth a million sterling, and had but one child, a daughter, his sole heiress. Having fixed upon a son-in-law in his own rank in life, the worthy citizen had been deeply irritated by the elopement of his daughter with the young Lord Compton; and though at the period referred to in our story, more than a year had elapsed since the event, Sir John's anger seemed to have been increased rather than diminished by the lapse of time. Various attempts had been made to bring about a reconciliation, but unsuccessfully. So stood the family affairs of Sir John Spencer, when good Queen Bess intimated her wish to honour him in the manner related.

Of that honour the citizen continued to think with pride, up to the time of his receiving a message from the queen, requiring a second visit from him at Greenwich Palace. Thither, accordingly, Sir John wended his way, meditating how he might best shew, in a marked manner, his sense of the high favour bestowed on him by the queen. When ushered into the presence of the latter, he found her with a goodly company of ladies and courtiers; and in presence, also, was her majesty's household chaplain. 'Welcome, Sir John,' said the queen, as the citizen paid his duty on entrance; 'thou art punctual, yet we have been for sometime in readiness. The ceremony shall be private, as best befits the condition of our poor little charge.' Sir John bowed in silence; and the company, at a motion of the queen's hand, proceeded to the small chapel, where her majesty was accustomed to perform her private devotions.

We shall suppose the child baptised, and the whole ceremony over. Increasing the amount of the honour, the queen gave to the child the Christian name of 'Spencer.' This unexpected circumstance, and the uncommon beauty of the infant, seemed to determine the knight in its favour. 'Madam,' said he to the queen, with tears in his eyes, 'I have resolved to shew my sense of this

honour by adopting this child, now my name-son. He shall be my *sole heir;* and, that no foolish relentings may afterwards affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow, before the holy altar, and in presence of your majesty and this fair company, to settle irrevocably my estate by deed in this child's favour, and to place it immediately in your majesty's possession, if you will honour me by accepting such trust.'

The eyes of the queen sparkled with unaffected pleasure. '"Tis well, Sir John Spencer,' said she; 'we are witnesses to your promise, and know that it will be kept.' She then turned round, and exclaimed, looking to a side-door: 'Without there! You may enter.' In an instant the door was thrown open, and Sir John Spencer beheld his daughter, the Lady Compton, and her husband, kneeling at his feet. Before the agitated citizen could speak, the queen addressed him. 'Sir John, the child whom thou hast here adopted is thine own grandchild. Take these his parents also to your favour, and make this one of the happiest hours in a queen's life.'

'Pardon, dearest father, pardon!' cried the weeping daughter of the knight; 'pardon,' continued she, taking her child from an attendant, and raising it in her arms—'pardon, for this child's sake!' Sir John Spencer could not resist these appeals.

'Heaven bless you, my children!' said he, embracing them by turns; 'I do forgive all the past; and I heartily thank her majesty, who has brought about this happy event.'

Our anecdote is told. Many glorious acts signalise the reign of Elizabeth, but it may be questioned if any recorded deed of hers places her character in a more pleasing light, than the little ruse by which she reconciled Sir John Spencer and his daughter.

THE MOCK-KING OF MUNSTER.

As happens in the case of all great changes affecting the social framework, the unsettlement of the long-established form of clerical polity in Europe during the sixteenth century was attended with popular commotions equally extensive in their amount and destructive in their effects. Such consequences are, indeed, more peculiarly inseparable from revolutions in the religious world. Except in extreme cases, secular authority may be transferred from one body to another without the reins of governmental discipline being relaxed in any great degree; but it is not so as respects clerical affairs. When the European princes judged it right, at the era of the Reformation, to leave their subjects free to quit the pale of the old church, they were also left free, upon the same principles, to select for themselves a new spiritual path. Wild were the delusions, and appalling the errors which resulted, in that comparatively barbarous age, from this unfortunate but unavoidable necessity. Madmen, fanatics, and impostors, with persons in whom, perhaps, all three peculiarities were mixed up, had here an ample field for their operations, and they left not the opportunity unused. We now proceed to give an account of one extraordinary instance of popular hallucination, springing from the source above described.

The modern sect of Anabaptists was, in consequence of the adoption of a peculiar custom, made odious in Germany in the sixteenth century by a set of impostors and fanatics of the most depraved description. In 1533, there came to Munster, in Westphalia, a Dutchman named John Bockholt, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden. He was a ringleader of a fanatical party in his own country, and, with the aid of a John Matthison, one Gerharp, and some others, began to spread his mischievous principles in Munster. The

time was, unhappily, but too favourable for such an attempt in Germany, where the ancient religious customs of the people were torn up by the roots, leaving them impressed with vague notions of an approaching new era, and ready to listen to the wildest speculations on the subject.

This was fully shewn in 1525, twenty years before this period, when a fanatic named Munzer had the art to raise a numerous army of Suabian, Franconian, and Saxon peasants, and took the field with the intention of overturning all governments and laws, under the pretence that the world was now to be governed by the Founder of Christianity in person. The Saxon Elector, and other princes, raised an army, however, and routed the insurgents. Immense numbers were slain in battle and executed. John Bockholt soon gathered a party in Munster, whom he persuaded that a new spiritual kingdom was to be established, and that Munster was to be its capital, under the title of the New Jerusalem, whence the novel doctrines were to be disseminated over the earth. This idea was flattering to the mob, and the Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of adherents. As he went on, even the learned, including some monks, joined his sect, until at length he found himself powerful enough to venture on his great project. His followers rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed the magistrates, and became masters of the city. Immediately afterwards, John of Leyden was proclaimed *king* of the New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or personal doings of the man who thus got the sway of a great city, containing many thousands of people. His extravagances are almost incredible. He married eleven wives, to shew his approbation of the polygamy which prevailed in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem; and to assimilate himself to a particular king of the Hebrews, he ran, or madly danced, without apparel, through the streets of Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious acts were daily committed by this mock-monarch, whom it is too

much charity to set down as insane. He of course saw visions, and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream it was communicated to him, he said, that the cities of Amsterdam, Deventer, and Wesel, were given to him as his own. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither, to spread his new kingdom. In the state of the public mind at the period, these pseudo-embassies were not, as they appear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy gathered so many proselytes, that he attempted to seize on the city. He marched his followers to the town-house on a given day, with drums beating and colours flying. Having seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters there; but the burghers rose, and with some regular troops surrounded the fanatics, the whole of whom were put to death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate others of the class.

It may well be imagined that the city of Munster was in a dreadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a doctrine of the sect, that all things should be in common among the faithful; and they also taught that civil magistrates were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as well as ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real enthusiasm of belief adding to the evil rather than diminishing it. The following incident is the only one descriptive of the insane and scandalous practices of the sect which we shall venture to record—a specimen is enough. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a private house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having prayed for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off his garments, and throwing them into the flames, commanded the rest to do the same. All did so; and the whole subsequently went out to the streets, which they paraded, crying: 'Wo! wo! wo to Babylon!' and the like. Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they refused to dress themselves, saying: 'We are the naked truth!' Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel disgust at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profligates. But when these very persons, instead of being placed in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they

sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks of sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne of Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Count Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germany, assembled an army, and marched against the city. The fanatics shut its gates, and resisted, nor was it until after an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcome. The mock-monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel death, with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end here. The severe laws which were enacted after the deaths of Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread of their principles, were of no preventive value, perhaps the reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediately after the taking of Munster, 'the innocent and the guilty were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodigious numbers were devoted to death in the most dreadful forms.' There is proof, too, as in the single case detailed, that even where great profligacy characterised their peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up with it such an amount of sincerity, as ought to make us think of them with pity as beings labouring under a strange delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring under the common impulses leading to vice. 'In almost all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death, in its worst forms, to a retractation of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments.'

FAMILY MANAGEMENT:

A TALE.

'WHAT can be the reason Harriet and Miss Williamson are so late in returning from their walk?' said Mrs Aylmer to her husband, as they were sitting one November evening in the comfortable library. 'What can they be about?' continued the lady, an additional shade of gloom passing over her face, as she watched the approaching shadows of night darkening more and more the room in which they sat. 'That girl Harriet keeps the house in a continual state of agitation; I never know what it is to have a moment's peace with her madcap pranks.'

Mr and Mrs Aylmer were people of rank and fortune, who resided in the south of England; they had married late in life, and the results of their union were two children, a boy and girl. Mrs Aylmer was chiefly remarkable for her capabilities of putting herself into terrific fits of ill-temper, which alarmed and subjugated all around her to fulfil all her behests, and for ruling with strict and unflinching authority over her respectable husband. Mr Aylmer's principal peculiarities were an excessive love of good English dinners, and long comfortable naps after them. Charles Aylmer, the son and heir, was a sickly spoiled boy of fourteen. He was ill-tempered, selfish, cowardly, and mischievous—the darling of his mother, who remitted in his favour the uninterrupted severity she shewed to all else—the heir of the property, and the sovereign of the household. He was chiefly remarkable for telling tales of his sister; eating a surprising quantity of cakes and sweetmeats; a great love of tyranny, united to a strong sense of personal danger. He had a tutor, who, for L.100 per annum, with a considerable number of physical comforts, was willing to take charge of an unwilling pupil and a disagreeable boy. Harriet Aylmer was fifteen, a fine tall girl, very handsome, very high-

spirited, very clever, and very disobedient, passionate, and mischievous; she had always shewn great aptitude for teasing and laughing at her brother (for which she invariably got punished), and for treating with supreme contempt all existing authorities. Her character was redeemed from its great faults and unfeminine love of mischief by deep and strong feelings of affection, which few had the power of calling forth, and by great kindness and benevolence towards those worse off than herself for the luxuries of life. She was neither her mother's darling nor her father's heir; and as they had some floating ideas of the necessity of both rewards and punishments in the education of children, they solved the difficulty by applying the rewards to Charles and the punishments to Harriet. Poor Harriet, she was no one's pet! She teased her brother, disturbed her papa's naps, grumbled at her mother's partiality, caricatured the tutor, disobeyed and disliked her governess, held Mrs Jones, her mamma's officious maid, in supreme contempt, and was disliked by one-half of her friends, and continually reproved by the other; besides her little dog Fido, the only persons who loved her undividedly were the gardener's daughter, silly Jane, and most of the servants, who pitied and excused her.

Now that we have introduced the Aylmers to our readers, we will continue our tale where we left it off—in the old library.

'Well,' continued Mrs Aylmer, 'I must know what keeps them so long. Ring the bell, Mr Aylmer; Miss Williamson should remember I don't approve of a young lady of Harriet's age being out so long. Oh, here they come!' she exclaimed, as the door opened. It was not them; it was Charles and his tutor.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed the boy, bursting in with an excited look and heated face, 'what do you think Miss Harriet has been doing?—she will get what she does not like, I expect, when you know.'

'What has she been doing?' asked Mrs Aylmer; 'something wrong, I have no doubt; but don't be in such a hurry, my darling. Poor child! you are quite out of

breath; you will kill yourself with such speed. I thought I had told you, Mr Ramsay,' said she, turning round to the embarrassed tutor, 'that I do not wish Mr Charles to exert himself in this way, to put him in such a state. It is very odd people cannot attend to what is said to them.'

'I assure you, madam,' answered the unfortunate tutor, seeing a storm brewing in Mrs Aylmer's threatening brow—'I assure you, Mr Charles was so anxious to come and tell you that he saw Miss William'——

'Stop, stop!' interrupted Charles; 'I don't want you to tell mamma—I shall tell her myself.'

The obsequious tutor was silent, and the spoiled child proceeded to relate how his sister had seized upon and bound her governess to a tree in the adjoining wood. A servant was immediately sent to release her, and a search instantly made for the delinquent, far and near. Some one thought of going into her room, where she was found, sitting quietly by the window. By this time the unfortunate governess was released from her situation, and had returned home, with the determination of not staying another day with such a pupil. Pale with anger, she rushed into Mrs Aylmer's presence.

'Madam—Mrs Aylmer'—she gasped, as soon as she found words.

'I know all!' interrupted Mrs Aylmer, waving her off with her hand. 'Pray, do not repeat things so very unpleasant for a mother's ear; but I must say, Miss Williamson, you have your pupil under very indifferent command for her to get to such a pitch.'

'Madam,' again gasped the ill-treated governess.

But it was in vain for her to speak; Mrs Aylmer would not listen to her.

'Well, then, Mrs Aylmer,' she at last said, 'you will perhaps have the kindness to hear me when I say that, sorry as I may be to leave a house where I have experienced so much *kindness* and *lady-like treatment*, I am obliged to decline the honour of any longer conducting the education of your daughter.'

'Spare yourself the trouble,' interrupted Mrs Aylmer again, with a haughty glance, 'for I have long thought of removing Miss Aylmer from your care, and the events of this night have hastened my determination.' She rung the bell. 'Robert, tell Mrs Jones to bring Miss Aylmer here.'

'My dear, shall we not dine first?' interposed Mr Aylmer with a timid voice. (He had been sitting for sometime looking on in great annoyance at the bustle and turmoil going on around him.) 'It is past seven o'clock, and the dinner will be spoiled,' he continued, fidgeting in his chair from a mixture of fear of his wife's anger at the interruption and dread of the dinner being overcooked. His faint appeal was of no use.

'Mr Aylmer, may I beg of you once more not to interfere? I believe,' said she, casting on him a glance of supreme contempt, 'your dinner is of more consequence to you than all your family put together.' At this moment Harriet entered, her brow firmly set, her mouth closed, and her whole appearance shewing she had made up her mind to bear the storm hovering over her head with dogged indifference. It is needless to repeat her mamma's address to her; the specimen we have given of her eloquence will shew the style of it. Harriet listened unmoved and unsoftened. 'Well,' said her mother, stopping at last for want of breath to go on, 'what have you got to say for yourself? Speak!—are you deaf?'

'No, I wish I were,' muttered Harriet sullenly. 'I have not anything to say; I know if I were to explain, it would do me no good—I should not get justice done to me.'

'Leave the room, Miss Aylmer.'

Harriet obeyed; in opening the door she passed the poor governess, wiping tears of mortification from her eyes. Harriet was touched; she went up to her, and taking her hand, said: 'Come, Miss Williamson, let us be friends; I will forgive you if you will me. I am sorry I tied you to a tree, but you put me into such a passion,

I could not restrain myself.' The governess flung away her hand, and, with flashing eyes, muttered something about hypocrisy. Harriet turned as red as fire; she looked round the room; her brother Charles was laughing at her disappointment. 'Take that for your pains,' said she, giving him a box on the ear, 'you cowardly tell-tale;' and with flashing eyes, ran out of the room.

The simple version of this adventure was as follows:—Miss Williamson and Harriet were taking their usual afternoon's walk. Harriet had brought with her in her arms her little pet Fido, which was seized with an unaccountable whim of keeping up a constant barking. Miss Williamson, who was not in the best of humours, having had a brief interchange of words with Mrs Aylmer, felt very much inclined to vent her ill-humour upon the present company. In no very gentle terms she insisted upon Harriet putting the dog down. Harriet refused, and Miss Williamson seized hold of the dog, and threw him roughly on the ground; poor Fido howled piteously, and limped away. With sparkling eyes and raised colour, Harriet took hold of her pet, and dared Miss Williamson to do it again. The governess was so unmindful of her position as to do it. Harriet said nothing, but not many minutes after, she seized her opportunity, and, being a remarkably strong girl, tied her governess to a tree; she then quietly left her, and going back to where her poor little dog lay really hurt, she took him up in her arms, and went to her own room, where she remained, with dogged firmness, till called upon to account for her conduct.

The next day, Harriet was conveyed in a close chariot by her mamma to a school some fifty miles off, celebrated for the strict seclusion and severe discipline in which the young ladies were kept. Mrs Aylmer, still burning with anger against her daughter, gave such a character of her to Miss Lewis, the head of the establishment, that this lady looked upon the entrance of Harriet into her house with almost the same fear and trepidation as she would had an Ogre, a Jack Sheppard, or an officer of the Guards,

with a Lovelace kind of reputation, been presented to her as a boarder. However, seeing Miss Aylmer was of rank and fortune, and that much money, and, perchance, much credit (if she could succeed in changing her into a propriety-loving young lady), was to be gained by her admittance, she consented to receive her under certain severe restrictions, to all which Mrs Aylmer consented, and came away perfectly satisfied that she had introduced her daughter to such discipline 'as would make her know herself,' as she expressed it, 'and regret the home she now despised.' Miss Lewis was stiff, starched, and a decorum worshipper. She had no idea of imbuing her pupils with the genuine feeling of kindness they ought to have for each other; but she did her best to teach them never to behave *ungenteelly*, and always to be polite and young-lady-like. She expected from her young ladies that they should know dancing, singing, piano, harp, drawing, French, Italian, all in a young-lady-like manner, and that they should have a certain elementary knowledge of all the other branches of education; that they should make a courtesy on entering a room, and another when they went out, and call each other *dear* when they conversed together; above all, that they should not know the meaning of the word love, or, at all events, if they were so unfortunate as to have this knowledge, they should *appear* not to know it, and be particularly incensed at the mention of the institution of marriage. Such characteristics, she considered, made a perfect *young lady*.

The second act in this drama of family management now opens.

Mrs Medcalf was the widow of a naval officer, who on his death-bed had bequeathed to her a modest income, and the guardianship of the orphan boy of his dearest friend, whom, in the absence of any family of his own, he had adopted as his son. Mrs Medcalf was the sister of Mr Aylmer, but owing to the great difference between her character and that of her sister-in-law, and also to the disapprobation she continually expressed of the

manner in which her nephew and niece were brought up, she held very little intercourse with Aylmer House. She knew very little of the children, but had a general impression that they were very spoiled and disagreeable. One dark and stormy night, in the month of January, she was sitting over her tea, musing on the approaching college vacation of her ward, William Mansfield—whom she longed to see as much as if he were her own son—when she heard a voice at the hall-door begging to see her. There seemed to be some dispute upon the subject; so she rung the bell to know who was there, when the drawing-room door opened, and there entered with the servant the muffled up figure of a young girl. Mrs Medcalf started; she knew the face, but could not at once recollect it, as the stranger advanced and threw up her veil.

'Aunt Margaret!' at last said our old friend, Harriet Aylmer.

'My niece Harriet!' said Mrs Medcalf in utter astonishment; 'what has brought you here?'—and she motioned to the servant to leave the room. 'What is the matter?—what brings you here?' she repeated, in an anxious voice.

'I am come to ask you for a home and for a refuge from those who persecute me,' said Harriet, with a burning cheek and almost menacing tone; 'and if you refuse it me I go away, and no one will ever be troubled with me again.'

Mrs Medcalf saw she was dreadfully excited. 'Sit down, my poor girl,' said she soothingly, 'and tell me what has happened to you—you look dreadfully fatigued and excited; I will do anything I can for you. Do not be frightened,' she continued, observing the sofa shake under the emotion of poor Harriet, who at length burst into such heart-rending tears and sobs, that her aunt thought she would almost fall into convulsions; she untied her bonnet and cloak, gave her some cold water to drink, and, finally, had the pleasure of seeing her restored to more calmness.

'These are the first tears I have shed since I left my father's house,' said she, at length finding words to utter; 'and I was nearly desperate when your words, the first words of kindness I have heard, quite overcame me.' She at once began her story: she related in clear terms the misconduct which had caused her dismissal from home, and her being sent with the most disgraceful of reputations to school. There she had had to undergo every kind of disgrace and contumely: she was not allowed to associate with the girls, nor were they permitted even to speak to her; she was always kept by herself, and each night was sent for into Miss Lewis's room, where she was accused of every possible fault and misdemeanour, and exhorted to repent of them. Tales of her misconduct at home were daily circulated among the girls, as warnings to avoid the like; and, in fact, all kinds of humiliation and mortification were showered upon her. 'I was treated as a felon, and as if I had the feelings of a felon, and not those of a young girl, like the others,' said Harriet, with flushed cheeks; 'so at last I could bear it no longer; I thought anything would be better; and I watched and watched till I made my escape, and came to see if you would take me in; and if you had refused, I would have gone and killed myself,' said she with vehemence; 'I am sure I would. I had but a few pence in my pocket, as my money and jewels were taken from me, and I have walked fifty miles, sometimes buying a pennyworth of bread.'

Mrs Medcalf shuddered with horror at this relation; she thought with terror of all the dangers her niece's violent temper, and the injudicious treatment to which she had been subjected, might have brought her. She was too sensible a woman to reason with her on her conduct that night, so with soothing words and kind promises she conducted her to her bed: she could scarcely refrain from tears when she saw her swollen and blistered feet, which she got bathed and bandaged, and giving her a composing-draught, left her to seek that repose of which she stood so much in need. It was a

late hour that night before Mrs Medcalf retired to her room; Harriet's conduct occupied her most anxious thoughts. She was a very superior woman, both in feeling and intellect; and she resolved, if possible, to take charge of her niece. She wrote an earnest and solemn letter to the parents, stating that Harriet was under her roof, and another to Miss Lewis, acquainting her that her former pupil was in safety, and that she need take no further measures for her recapture.

The next morning the aunt went into her niece's room; she found her just awake, very feverish, and evidently very unwell from fatigue and excitement. She sent for medical assistance; it was a week before Harriet was able to leave her bed, and *then* she was very much paler and thinner. In the meanwhile, Mrs Medcalf left her to the attendance of her trusty maid, and set out herself for Aylmer House. She exerted all her eloquence in representing Harriet's case to her parents, and her whole stock of patience in listening to Mrs Aylmer's animadversions in return. By dint of prophecies of shame and disgrace to the family, if Harriet, by unrelenting rigour, was driven to extremity, and confident promises of amendment if kindness was shewn to her, she prevailed upon the mother to give her up to her charge. This Mrs Aylmer was the more readily induced to do, in despite of her jealousy of her sister-in-law's interference in family affairs, as she felt that Harriet's high spirit was too much for even her passionate temper to curb. She consoled herself for granting the request, by remembering that her darling Charles would be only too happy to get rid of his sister for ever. After making, therefore, as many objections as she could muster together, she graciously acceded, and Mrs Medcalf returned content with her mission.

When her niece was sufficiently well to bear the news, she told her of her success. Harriet fell at her feet in an ecstasy of joy, and promised for herself much more than she was able to perform.

Time passed on. Mrs Medcalf knew she had taken a heavy responsibility upon herself in thus adopting her

niece, and that the charge of so wayward and passionate a girl could not be otherwise than a distressing one ; and such she found it, for, strive as Harriet would, she could not correct the faults of sixteen years in a few months, and many were the bitter hours passed by her in repentance and regret for having offended her aunt. But what will patience, unwearied kindness, and charity not effect ? Mrs Medcalf laboured hard at her task, and before six months were passed, Harriet looked upon the displeasure of her aunt as her greatest misfortune. But all were not like her aunt : to others she often behaved ill. Her aunt suffered. Harriet was heart-broken, and firmly resolved to do so no more—which resolution she kept, till a temptation too strong to be overcome came in her way. Fortunately this occurred more rarely every day, and Mrs Medcalf looked forward with sanguine hope to the reward of her benevolence.

About this time William Mansfield came to pass his college vacations with his guardian, before setting out on a three years' tour on the continent. He knew Mrs Medcalf had the disagreeable Miss Aylmer staying with her, who was known in all the neighbourhood as a mischievous vixen, and whose reputation had been more than usually severely handled, as she had no one to defend her. It was, therefore, with no pleasurable feelings that he looked forward to having his tête-à-tête conversations with his second mother, whom he loved most affectionately, disturbed by her presence. When he did see her, he was very much surprised to see so tall and striking a looking girl ; and could scarcely believe that one who seemed so likely to grow up into a lovely and elegant woman, could really be so odious as she had been described. But, alas ! these first favourable impressions soon wore off. Harriet was very apt to take antipathies, and she instantly disliked and felt affronted at the supercilious and slim collegian, who seemed to wish to keep her at such a distance, and to look with contempt on all she did and said. She was, besides, very shy, and consequently awkward, never being accustomed to see

strangers. She was at one moment silly and bashful, at another rudely familiar; and she was not at the slightest pains to conceal that she looked upon his room as better than his company, to use her own more expressive than elegant phrase. As for William, he was disappointed to see his solitary interviews with Mrs Medcalf intruded on; and, we are afraid, looked upon Harriet as little better than a disagreeable interloper.

It was with these sentiments they parted, and Mrs Medcalf felt William's disappointment as not the least of her trials, for he had been accustomed to look upon her house as his undivided home. She was sorry also to see two persons, who were likely often to meet under her roof, and whom she felt would soon be equally dear to her, shew so little mutual good-will.

The morning after he left, while Harriet and her aunt were sitting at work together, Harriet opened the conversation by observing: 'I am glad William Mansfield is gone; he is a very disagreeable, proud, conceited man. I wonder, aunt, you are so very fond of him.'

'Even granting that all you say of my poor William is correct, which I should be deeply grieved to believe,' answered her aunt smiling, 'I should perhaps still love him. You know I love you, and many people say you are very disagreeable, proud, and conceited; but I do not think so,' she continued more gravely, observing the colour mounting to Harriet's temples, while the tears suffused her eyes—'I should be sorry to do so. As for William Mansfield, he is a most amiable, benevolent, and liberal-minded young man; and let me tell you, Harriet, I did not think you shewed either delicacy of feeling or gratitude to me, in gratifying your own prejudiced opinions, instead of remembering all I had told you of his worth. You behaved to him with great rudeness and unkindness, which I did not think you would have done towards one whom you know I look upon as a dear and beloved son; nor do you shew generosity in speaking ill of him to me when I am overwhelmed with sorrow at his departure.' Mrs Medcalf looked so seriously

displeased that Harriet was miserable; she burst into a flood of tears.

'Ah! I behave ill to every one,' said she, as she hastily left the room. The lesson was severe, but necessary; it never was repeated, nor again called for.

Two years have passed since this little scene. Harriet is eighteen, a clever, accomplished, talented girl, exceedingly lovely and graceful; perhaps there is too much vivacity in her movements, too much fire in the rapid glance of her rich hazel eye, for the strict propriety-chart of a fashionable young lady; but no one, even Miss Lewis herself, could fail to admire her open brow, beaming look, and the ingenuous smile of her half-opened lips, shewing the pearly teeth beneath: she was Mrs Medcalf's greatest source of happiness and pride; she introduced her to the small but select society she was accustomed to see herself, and looked upon her as the greatest ornament of the circle. As for Harriet, love is a faint term to express all she felt for her aunt; she knew she owed not merely her present happiness, but perhaps even her existence, to her kindness—I cannot more aptly express her feelings, than to say she flourished in her presence and languished in her absence, and never felt thoroughly happy but in her company. Harriet had also been home several times; and though these visits had at first been hard to bear, no self-control now was too difficult for her to undertake to gratify her aunt. All the energy she had once shewn to commit mischief and folly was now expended in obtaining control over herself, and giving pleasure to this generous friend. She had succeeded so well by her patience and gentleness, that even her lady mother was softened in her favour, and graciously contemplated having her home again, now that she was likely to do honour to the family name; but Charles expressed such decided disapprobation against this step, that, fortunately for the aunt and niece, the scheme was abandoned: as for her papa, he loved her as much as he was capable of doing, and much more than he did either his lady or his heir. Harriet's affectionate heart

was often gratified by receiving from him kind letters and numerous presents, which shewed he did not forget her; and when the family paid Mrs Medcalf a visit, Harriet endeavoured to make up, by her attentive solicitude, the trouble she had once given them. The absent traveller often wrote to them; gradually Harriet began to look upon him with the sisterly affection and interest which she felt to be due to the adopted son of her benefactress, and which his amiable character really deserved; she invariably called him cousin, and he on his side did not forget her; he often enclosed a few kind words for her, and sometimes sent her different specimens of the manufactures of the country he was passing through. It was impossible for Mrs Medcalf to write to him so often and familiarly, and not introduce the subject of her niece's improvement; and though William suspected the account to be slightly exaggerated, he still felt there must be much good to call forth such ardent praise.

'Aunt,' said Harriet one morning, 'I should like to thank my cousin William for his last present to me; shall I write a few words to him in your letter?' Her aunt consented; and thence sprung up a correspondence between the two assumed cousins, which did more to unfold their real character to each other than a year's fashionable acquaintance would have done. In happiness and content the time passed over, and now was the term of the traveller's absence nearly expired: they expected him from day to day.

One bright summer evening that Mrs Medcalf had gone out to visit a neighbouring cottage, and Harriet was alone in the drawing-room, a ring was heard at the door-bell, and a strange voice inquiring for Mrs Medcalf. Harriet advanced to meet the stranger, whom she believed to be some casual acquaintance. The door opened, and a tall young man of about five-and-twenty stood before her; his naturally pale complexion imbrowned by travel; a good-humoured smile played upon his lips, while his dark eyes gazed earnestly upon those of his wondering companion.

'You don't know me, I see, Miss Aylmer,' he said. After a moment's reflection, the truth flashed upon her: that tall manly figure was that of the slim, pale collegian she had seen three years ago—it was William Mansfield. With a vivid blush, she placed her hand in his. 'Is that all the welcome you give your affectionate cousin and old friend?' said he, as he kissed her blushing cheek; 'remember what a long time I have been absent, and how delighted I am to see you all again.' Mrs Medcalf was sent for: she could not sufficiently admire his manly appearance and intelligent conversation; and they separated that night mutually pleased and happy. Harriet admired the liberal and enlightened sentiments expressed by William, his benevolence, and gentle manners. William thought Harriet the loveliest girl he had ever seen; and when he fell asleep, visions of her open brow and laughing eye were mingled with the kind smile and loving kiss of her aunt. As for Mrs Medcalf, she loved them both, and thought within herself, ''Twere a pity so pretty a pair should ever be parted.'

The intimacy of the *cousins* every day became greater; William, for worlds, would not give up the relationship, it afforded him so many opportunities of shewing love and friendship which pass current among relations. One day, some months after his return, as they were walking out together, Harriet was conversing upon a theme she never tired of—her beloved aunt. Gradually she began to relate the adventures of her early youth; William had never heard them before: he listened earnestly, and could not sufficiently admire the truthful ingenuousness with which she related her youthful follies. 'Where should I now be,' said she, as she concluded her tale, looking up with enthusiasm in his face, 'if my aunt had not taken pity upon me?'

'Certainly not in my arms,' said the daring lover, clasping her to his breast with an insinuating smile. 'Tell me, Harriet,' said he, in a voice which he meant to be irresistible, 'will you not make up for being so naughty a child by being a good girl, and promise to love

a modest, well-disposed youth like myself for the rest of your days!'

Harriet broke away from him, but it was in vain to feign displeasure: she did not feel it. She again gave him her hand, with the half-serious condition that he would behave better another time. Before they returned home she had promised to be his wife, if her aunt approved of their union. Mrs Medcalf *did* approve of it; and before another month was passed, William was pleased, because he had won Harriet for his wife; Harriet was pleased, because she was married to the man she loved; Charles was pleased, because he now had Aylmer House to himself, without fear of intrusion; Mr and Mrs Aylmer were pleased, because their daughter had married a man with L.5000 per annum; and the good aunt was pleased, because *evil had been changed into good.*

THE DULNESS OF HIGH LIFE.

THE following passages in the Memoirs of the Duchess of St Albans, contain a sad and home truth:—'Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects, I may say of the two extremes of life, as myself; and few persons, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not, by any means, constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and low states. No—the signal, the striking contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite *minds* of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness, all high spirits—all fun, frolic, and vivacity; they cared for nothing, thought of nothing beyond the pleasures of the present hour, and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look

at the circles in which I now move; can anything be more "*weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable*," than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the tread-mill as toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, are declared to be vulgar. I hate that horrid word; it is a perfect scarecrow to the fashionable world; but it never frightens me, for I had rather be deemed "unfashionable" occasionally, than moping and melancholy at all times. There can be no cordiality where there is so much exclusiveness and primness: no! all is coldness, reserve, and universal *ennui*, even where this starchness of manner is unaccompanied by any very strict rigour in matters of conduct. I look out for cheerful people when I can find them—I do everything in my power to make them happy; and yet, were it not for the merry and frequent laugh of dear old General Phipps, could you not swear that my dinner-parties were funeral-feasts? Look, now, at those quadrille-dancers in the other room; they have been supping, they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked; the band is capital; the men are young, and the girls are pretty; and yet did you ever see such crawling movements—such solemn looks, as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world? Oh! what a different thing was a contra-dance in my younger days!'

THE CANADIAN LUMBERER.

THE lumberer, or shantyman, is a character quite peculiar to the great timber districts of British America, and I shall endeavour to afford you a description of his pursuits. In England, he would be called a wood-cutter, but in Canada he is a wood-cutter on a large scale. Let us suppose a lumberer intends to bring down a raft of red pine, he must first, during a favourable season of the year, select a proper situation for entering on his operations. This was formerly to be found without much difficulty, large tracts of the timber being situated near the banks of the Ottawa; but the enormous quantity annually exported has long ago completely exhausted these sources, and it is now necessary to proceed up some of the smaller streams which fall into the Ottawa, in some instances several hundreds of miles, before timber can be discovered in sufficient abundance to warrant the establishment of a lodge in the wilderness, or, in the language of the country, a shanty.

When the lumberer has selected a proper place or grove, he proceeds, in the autumn, with twenty or thirty men in canoes, loaded with provisions, up the river to the nearest point of access to his future 'wild-wood home,' which is necessarily always near the river. His first business is to select a proper spot upon which to erect his shanty, which is formed of rough logs, cut of a proper length and built upon each other, notching or checking them into each other at the corners. The roof is generally formed of basswood logs split in two, and hollowed out; a row of these troughs, as they are called, is first laid side by side with the hollow uppermost; another trough is then inverted over the edges of every two of the first row, thus effectually excluding the water. The open interstices between the logs, &c., are filled up with moss taken from the roots of trees. A large sort of

hearth is now made in the centre of the building, over which there is an aperture left in the roof, of five or six feet square, which serves as a chimney to conduct off the smoke; and as the fuel costs nothing except the expense of cutting, there is always a sufficient fire kept up to prevent the cold from entering through this enormous 'lum.' The beds are formed of poles, and are ranged over each other round three sides of the building, in the same manner as the berths in a ship, and, with plenty of blankets, these sons of the forest generally contrive to pass the winter very comfortably. The first operation in the actual manufacture of the timber is to go through the woods and cut down the trees, first sounding them to see that they are not hollow—that is, they cut off a small piece of the bark, and strike upon the wood with the back of the axe; and by long practice, they can at once tell by the sound whether the tree be good or not. The next part of the business is to *line* the tree, by striking two lines upon the upper surface of the stick; and as this is one of the most particular branches of the trade, none but experienced hands are considered capable of performing it. It must next be *scored*—that is, all the wood outside of the lines is to be cut off, and the surface made sufficiently straight to admit of its being hewn, which is the next operation; this is performed with large axes, called broad-axes, weighing from nine to fourteen pounds. As the labour is very heavy, hewers generally receive high wages—namely, from twenty to thirty dollars per month, while scorers and teamsters receive from ten to fifteen dollars. The stick is now to be turned down—that is, cut off as far up as it is fit for the purpose, and is then turned over upon one of the sides already hewn, when it is again lined, scored, and hewn upon the other two sides. Oak-timber is now *grubbed*. A piece of about a foot long, and one-third of the thickness of the stick, is cut off two sides upon both ends of the stick, leaving a piece resembling a tenon four or five inches thick, and about a foot long, standing out from the centre of the stick. A hole is now cut through

this with the axe sufficiently large to admit the hand; this is for the purpose of putting a withe through in rafting. As soon as the first snow falls, and the ground becomes hard, oxen are sent into the woods to lay up the timber—that is, to draw it from the place where it was made to the sides of the roads, where it is laid across another piece, one end of it standing up sufficiently high to admit a sleigh being run underneath it. When the snow becomes sufficiently deep, which it generally does about the middle or end of December, it is drawn by horses to the river or stream down which it is to be floated. An immense number of horses are thus employed during the winter, some pieces of timber requiring four or five spans or pairs of horses, and masts and spars frequently from fifteen to twenty spans. A great many people and horses are also employed during the summer in producing, and in winter in driving to the shanties hay and provisions for the men and cattle thus employed. Journeys of 200 or 300 miles are thus often undertaken by the hardy farmer, who, well covered up from the cold, and mounted upon his sleigh, loaded with the produce of his farm, will thus frequently perform, in an atmosphere often 30 degrees below zero, journeys which would appal some of the worthy citizens of 'Auld Reekie,' and perhaps induce them to make their wills before starting. It is often the case, that the worthy man does not know, upon commencing his journey, where he may go before his return; and as the prices generally advance in proportion to the distance travelled, he will usually proceed till he finds what he considers a remunerating price for his articles.

As soon as the ice disappears in the spring, the timber, if pine (oak must be rafted at once, as it is not sufficiently buoyant to float itself), is driven to the mouth of the river, where it is rafted. This is done in the following manner:—Two long round pieces of timber, called floats, are fastened together parallel to each other, by five or six cross-pieces, called traverses, 24 feet long, forming a parallelogram from 30 to 70

feet long, and 24 feet wide. Into this frame or *rack*, and under the traverses, the timber is now put, taking care to place pieces of the same length in one *crib*. After the crib is filled, so as to be perfectly tight between the floats, a few pieces, called loading timber, are generally drawn upon the top of the crib. This, however, is only done with pine; oak, from its superior specific gravity, requiring to be fastened up at each end by withes to the traverses, and to have one or two pieces of pine in each crib to prevent it sinking. The cribs are afterwards fastened together into *bands* by small poles called lashing-poles, and these bands are again fastened together, forming rafts; some of these cover an immense surface, containing frequently from 500 to 1500, and sometimes as many as 2000 pieces of timber. The many rapids in the rivers cause the rafts to be taken separate into bands, and these sometimes into cribs, for the purpose of conducting them more easily through difficult parts of the navigation. A great improvement has been effected in the trade, by the erection of slides upon some of the principal falls on the route to Quebec. These slides are merely shallow canals or aqueducts built upon an inclined plane, down which the timber runs with terrific velocity. Some of these slides are from 500 to 1500 feet in length. A more picturesque sight can scarcely be conceived than the view afforded during a summer evening upon some of our lakes, covered with these immense floating fields; the bright fires springing up in all directions, sometimes rising into pyramids of flame; those at a distance gradually seeming less and less, till they are diminished to the appearance of one of the twinkling orbs of night; the shadowy forms flitting around the light; while ever and anon, across the still waters, comes the happy sound of the laugh and the song, shewing that the Canadian raftsman is not at least without his hours of pleasure if he should have days of pain. It is quite impossible to make any calculation of the number of men employed in this trade; the number, however, must be very great, some masters

employing several hundreds. It would be out of place here to enter into a comparative view of the merits and demerits of the trade as regards its being beneficial or hurtful to the country; upon this, as upon other subjects, there will always be a diversity of opinion: this much, however, I may say, that it has a uniform tendency to the demoralisation of those engaged in it. A long period of restraint is suddenly followed up by one of relaxation; there are few in the common ranks of life of sufficient penetration to see, and still fewer of sufficient energy of character to resist, the temptation to licence and folly. The consequences may easily be understood, and are perfectly evident to those acquainted with the business.

I have thus far given a correct view of this branch of Canadian industry; in various circumstances, it may differ in some of its minor details, but this is the manner in which I have seen it conducted, and in which three-fourths of the timber exported from Quebec is prepared for the market.

STRANGE TRAITS OF RECENT TIMES.

THE remarkable characteristic of our country is unquestionably the boundless individual freedom, joined to the complete protection given to every personal right. Perhaps it is only the strength and prevalence of this noble feature of our land, which makes any occasional exception from it the more striking. However this may be, there cannot be any harm, but, on the contrary, much good, from pointing out a few traits of comparatively recent times, in which we see the leading principle, as it were, not fully firmed or consolidated. The keeping of such traits in mind, may have the effect of more thoroughly assuring the consolidation of the principle of the sacredness of individual rights.

In the year 1807, 300 French prisoners were kept in a small country-house at Greenlaw, in Mid-Lothian, under the care of a company of soldiers. As these men occasionally made attempts to escape, very strict regulations were enforced for their secure keeping: in particular, there was a strict order that every light should be extinguished, and that the prisoners should be perfectly quiet, after nine o'clock at night. This was all very well, but while such an order, and several of the like nature, were issued formally for the regulation of the prison, a verbal order was also handed down from one set of guards to another, to the effect that, if lights were seen and noises heard in the prisoners' apartments after nine, and if the sentinel, on calling out to them to obey the rules, found himself disobeyed, then he was to *discharge his piece through the window*. This order was in force for a considerable time, until at length a Captain Rowan, of the Stirlingshire militia, thought proper to mitigate it so far as to require that, before such a step was taken, the officer on guard should be called to judge as to its necessity. Soon after this regulation was made, about ten in the evening of the 7th of January of the year above mentioned, a noise was heard and lights observed by the sentinel in one of the rooms on the ground-floor. The sentinel reported the circumstance to the sergeant, and the sergeant to the officer in the guard-house, a young ensign, who immediately repaired to the spot, and called twice in at the window to order the enforcement of the rules. No notice being taken of the order, the officer commanded the sentinel to fire in at the window. The man obeyed—missed fire—and was commanded again. He now fired, and the shot penetrated the body of a prisoner, by name Charles Cottier, who appears to have been at the time quiet in his bed, and who died of the wound next day.

The officer, who bore an excellent character, was subjected to a full and careful trial, when Mr (the late Lord) Jeffrey exerted his eloquence in his defence; but he was found guilty of culpable homicide, and sentenced to nine

months' imprisonment—the court being of opinion that, though he had an express order for what he did, the circumstances demanded the exercise of the discretionary power with which he was invested. The case is only alluded to here, on account of the recklessness shewn by such an order as to the life of men in the situation of prisoners of war, within the last forty-six years.

A singular attack upon individual liberty occurred in the West Highlands in 1805. A poor Baptist preacher, settled in a meeting-house there, and who had once been a herring-curer, was preaching one Sunday on the beach to a small congregation, when a neighbouring gentleman, attended by a proper force, seized him, and sent him to Greenock, to the care of the officer superintending the press-force of that place. Not only was he not allowed to take leave of his family, but an interdict to recover his person, and a writ of *habeas corpus*, were successively defeated by the speed with which he was hurried from Greenock to Ireland, and from Ireland to a vessel in the Downs. The justice had heard some exaggerated story of his calling in question the lawfulness of war in his sermons, and, thinking this 'seditious and immoral,' had bethought him of bringing the press into force as a means of ridding the country of him, but without taking care to ascertain his own title to interfere. In reality, the whole extent of the powers of a justice with regard to the press, was to give information of any suitable man in his neighbourhood, and protect the press-party in its proceedings. The preacher, after enduring every hardship and indignity proper to his situation for six weeks, was liberated upon a petition to the Lords of the Admiralty, who at the same time gave him a protection for the future. He raised an action before the Court of Session, against the gentleman who had so strangely interfered with his liberty, and gained the cause with 100 guineas damages, the lords, with one exception, taking strong views against the defendant, whom they could not admit to have acted in good faith in the case, in as far as he took an oblique way of getting quit of a man whom he supposed to be

dangerous, though they readily owned that his intentions appeared to have been good.

So recently as 1790, the Lord Justice-clerk, or supreme criminal judge of Scotland, asserted and acted upon a right, which he considered as inherent in his office, to open any letters as they passed through the Edinburgh Post-office. On the 14th of April in that year, a gentleman who had been fatally victor in a duel, fled from justice, and was outlawed. A writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who had been his legal agent, receiving his rents from his land-steward, conducting a lawsuit about a salmon-fishing, and so forth, was surprised, five days after, to receive his letters, five in number, through the medium of the Justice-clerk, with the appearance of having been opened and resealed, and bearing on the exterior, in each instance, the words, 'Opened and resealed by me, Robert Macqueen.' The fact may appear difficult of belief; but, remote as the period now is, the present writer has actually *seen* several of the letters, bearing the above inscription. The gentleman immediately waited upon the judge, and remonstrated bitterly against an act so injurious to his feelings and to his interests; but was informed that there was sufficient authority for what had been done, and that Sir Thomas Miller, the preceding judge, and others at an earlier period, had constantly followed the same practice. It was persisted in next day with regard to an equal number of letters. The victim of this procedure was on this occasion alarmed respecting his wife, then about to be confined for the first time, fearing that her receiving any letters from her relations which had been so treated, might give her a dangerous shock; and on representing this to the Justice-clerk, he obtained a promise from his lordship that no letters addressed to the lady would be so treated—the gentleman, however, giving his *word of honour* in return, that should any such letters contain references to the duellist, they should immediately be handed to the judge! The agent took a protest against the proceedings of the postmaster, and sent a memorial for the opinion of English

counsel. Mr Scott, then Solicitor-general (afterwards Lord Eldon), gave a characteristically cautious opinion, but, upon the whole, concluded that the act of the Justice-clerk was without legal grounds. Mr Thomas Erskine pronounced at once that the judge was liable, in terms of the Post-office Act of Queen Anne, in a penalty of L.20 for every one of the letters opened. However, the complaints of the agent never went further. Thereafter, when playing at whist with the Justice-clerk in private society, he was accustomed to remind him of this debt; and when he was the loser, would tell his lordship that he would write off the matter in his *post-office account*.

We shall not, of course, be supposed to draw these traits of past times into notice from any feeling unfavourable to the parties whose conduct was amiss. We thoroughly believe that all of these parties acted with what they conceived to be good intentions; or, if not in any one instance, it may be hoped that time has brought better views and better feelings. We only wish to illustrate that spirit of particular eras, under which individuals are always more or less liable to act. The two first anecdotes tend to shew the moral effects of a state of war: let us add to them the not less remarkable fact, that, so lately as the end of the reign of George II., a man taken up on the streets of Edinburgh for swearing (a vice indulged in by every gentleman of that age), was next day shipped by the magistrates on board a tender in Leith Roads! It cannot be sufficiently impressed on the minds of the humbler class of people, how severely war always presses upon them. They are generally the most easily induced to look favourably on a proposal to have a war, and yet are those whose comfort is most invaded by the horrible scourge.

ADVENTURE OF THE SAMMONS.

In the year 1780, while the war was still vigorously prosecuted between Great Britain and her North American colonies, a number of remarkable and painful occurrences, arising out of this unhappy dispute, took place on the borders of Canada and the revolted districts. Among these events, the following, which is abridged by a writer in the *North American Review* from *Stone's Life of Brandt*, may convey to our readers an idea of the sufferings to which a people are exposed during a period of civil war :—

'Old Mr Sammons, with three sons and one or more daughters, lived upon the old Johnson estate, which had been sequestered. Sampson Sammons, the father, was a sturdy old Whig [American], and well known to the British commander, Sir John ——, whom he often talked with about the rebellion. His sons, Frederick, Jacob, and Thomas, the youngest eighteen at the time of which we write, were much of the same mind and body—young Sampsons, knotty and fearless. Sir John ——, knowing their characters, thought he would catch them alive, and take them to Canada; so he sent his Indians out of the way, and by good management captured the whole race early in the morning without a blow. The old man and his boys were at once bound, and marched off in the direction of Canada, though but a little way. That night, the youngest boy, by the aid of the wife of a British officer, managed to escape; and the next morning, the father, having procured an interview with the Tory chief, read him such a lecture upon the ingratitude of thus treating one who had formerly stood by him, and upon the iniquity of his conduct generally, that he, too, was set free, and a span of his horses returned to him. But Frederick and Jacob were less fortunate, and were taken to the fortress of Chamblee, just within Canada, between

Lake Champlain and the St Lawrence. At that post there were about seventy prisoners, and not a very strong garrison; so that the first thing to which the young Sammons made up their minds was an escape. Finding, however, their fellow-captives indisposed to do anything for themselves, Jacob and Frederick determined to act without the rest; and, accordingly, the first time they were taken out of the fort together, to assist in some common service, they sprung from the ranks at a concerted signal, and "put," as the phrase is in the west. The guards, startled, and less fleet of foot, could not catch them; and though Jacob fell and sprained his ankle, he managed, under cover of the smoke produced by the gunshots made at them, to hide himself in a clump of bushes, which his pursuers did not think of searching. It had been agreed previously between the brothers, that, in case of separation, they were to meet at a known spot at ten o'clock at night. Jacob, the lame one, mistook the hour, and having gone to the spot, and not finding his brother there, he left it, with the intention of getting as far from the fort as possible before daylight, his accident making time especially important to him. He accordingly pushed up the western bank of the Sorel river towards Lake Champlain, intending to swim it just below the lake, and then find his way along the eastern shore. Various events, however, occurred to prevent his doing this; but, after running great risk, by putting himself within the power of a Tory, whose chief excellence seems to have been the possession of a most kind and fearless wife, he was so lucky as to find a canoe, of which he took charge, and in which he made good headway towards home, until, in one of the narrow passes of Champlain, the British fortifications, on both sides, forced him to leave his vessel, and take to the woods again.

'He was without shoes, food, or gun, and had to find his way to Albany, through an unknown wilderness, along the Vermont shore. For four days he lived on birch-bark. Then he caught a few fish, and managed also to secure a wild-duck. The fish and duck he ate raw.

Thus he laboured on during ten days. His feet, meanwhile, had become so badly cut, and so intolerably sore, that he could scarcely crawl, and swarms of mosquitoes made every moment of rest a moment of misery. While thus wretched and worn out, he was bitten upon the calf of the leg by a rattlesnake. And what did this young hero do then? Yield and die? Not he. With one stroke of his jack-knife he laid his leg open, producing a plenteous flow of blood, and with another slew the poisonous reptile: and then came a day or two of such experience as few meet with in this life. Sammons, worn to a skeleton, with feet ragged from wear and tear—his leg wounded, and not a soul within twenty miles to help—lay there under the log where he had been bitten, a little fire burning by him, which he had kindled by the aid of a dry fungus, living on the rattlesnake which he had slain. He ate the heart and fat first, and felt strengthened by the repast. There he lay, under that log, for three days—patient and surgeon, sick man, hunter, cook, and nurse, all in one. On the third day his snake was nearly picked to the bones, and he was too weak to fetch wood to cook the remainder. Jacob made up his mind that death could not be postponed; and, having already shewn how little division of labour was needed in such cases, determined to essay one more office, and with his knife proceeded to carve his epitaph on the log by his side. But God was not far off from that brave man. He fell asleep, and strength from unknown sources flowed into his limbs. On the fourth day he rose refreshed, and having made sandals of his hat and waistcoat, proceeded to hobble on his way once more, taking with him as stores the unconsumed portion of his snake. That night, again, he was comforted, being assured, by some means unknown to him, that he was near fellow-men. Rising with this faith, he struggled on till the afternoon, when he reached a house, and was safe. It was the 28th of June 1780. Such were the fortunes of Jacob Sammons.

'His brother Frederick was less fortunate. He had made many efforts, to no purpose, to find Jacob, who

when he fell would not permit Frederick to stop and help him, and in seeking him had run many risks. At length he crossed the Sorel; killed an ox; made some jerked beef; and for seven days travelled along the eastern shore of the Champlain without ill-luck. But on the morning of the eighth day he awoke sick; a pleurisy was upon him—a fever in his veins—pain in every limb. It began to rain also, and there he lay, this other young hero, not far from his brother, who at that very moment, in that very neighbourhood, was nursing his rattlesnake bite—there he lay, knowing not that any one was near him, for three days, on the earth, in the summer rain, and his blood all on fire. For three days, we say, he lay thus helpless. On the fourth day he was better, and tried to eat a little of his beef, but it was spoiled. He managed, however, to crawl to a frog-pond near by, put aside the green coating of the pool, and drank. He caught frogs, too, and feasted, though not a Frenchman in any of his tastes probably. There he lay, for fourteen days and nights; and having resigned all hope of life, he put up his hat upon a pole, so that it might be seen from the lake. It was seen by an enemy; and he was found senseless and speechless, and carried—shame on the human creature that bore him!—back to his prison again. And not to his prison only, but to its darkest dungeon; and there, for fourteen months, in utter darkness, he lay in irons—in irons so heavy and so tight, that they ate into the flesh of his legs, so that the flesh came off to the bone! And for fifty-six years afterwards—for he was living in 1837, and may be living yet—the wounds then made did not heal. The British officer, whose heart enabled him, knowingly, to do this thing, was a captain in the 32d Regiment. May God have mercy upon his soul!

'But Frederick's adventures were not yet ended; for neither was his captivity over, nor his spirit broken. In November 1781, he, with others, was transferred to an island above Montreal, in the rapids of the St Lawrence. There, as a first step, he organised another plot for

escape, which failed, and, as a second step, jumped with a companion from the island into the rapids of the great river. Our hero and his comrade swam for four miles through those rapids, navigating among the sharp rocks and fearful shoals with their best skill. Landing on the north side of the St Lawrence, they fought a club-battle with a village full of Canadian Frenchmen; conquered; killed a calf; and seizing a canoe, tried to cross to the south side of the river. They were above the rapids of the Cedars, where no canoe can live long unguided, when their paddle broke in the mid-stream; and once more destruction seemed certain. A fallen tree, in the branches of which they caught, saved them, however; and, crossing the next day below the falls, they struck into the forest to seek the Hudson. For twelve days more they toiled on, living on roots, without shoes, without clothes, without hats, and reached Schenectady at last in a plight that made Christian men give them a wide berth.'

EDUCABILITY OF ANIMALS.

This is a subject on which, as far as we are aware, no attention has been bestowed in the way of scientific investigation. Yet such illustrations of it have been given, as would seem to point it out as a rich field for the philosophical naturalist. Regarding the endowments of animals as we generally do, it would be scarcely possible for us to believe some of the anecdotes which have been related on this point, if they were not, in general, authenticated in such a way as to preclude scepticism.

In the latter part of the last century, one Bisset, a native of Perth, by trade a shoemaker, having applied himself with great perseverance to the teaching of animals, succeeded in making a set of cats play in harmony

on the dulcimer, uniting their voices to the tones of the instrument; and this singular orchestra was exhibited, to the perfect satisfaction of the public, for a succession of nights, in the Haymarket theatre. He it was who trained that 'learned pig,' of which our fathers used to speak so highly, the animal having been exhibited in every part of the empire. At a somewhat earlier period, a Saxon peasant-boy trained a dog to the pronunciation of words. The boy had observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain sounds of the human voice, and was thus prompted to endeavour to teach him to speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions—a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object; yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three years the boy had taught it to articulate thirty words; it used to astonish its visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but it is proper to remark, that it required the words to be pronounced by its master beforehand, and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions which it was forced to make. The learned Leibnitz reported on this wonderful animal to the French Academy, attesting that he had seen the dog and heard it speak; so that there does not appear the slightest ground for doubting the fact, such as it was. All doubt on the question of possibility may, indeed, be considered as set at rest by the exhibition, not many years ago, of the educated dogs in London—animals which could play at dominoes and chess, and even indicate when their adversaries made false moves. These creatures were visited and *played with* by thousands, and we never have heard that a deception of any kind as to the reality of their acquired powers was detected.

Laying aside such extraordinary examples as these, the ordinary training conferred on horses, dogs, and other domesticated animals, seems to be sufficient to establish the general fact of animal educability. We have no more forcible illustrations of the principle, than in the uses which are now made of certain of the canine tribe in

rural sports. The pointer, setter, springing-spaniel, and all that class of dogs, are understood to be descended from one stock—the Spanish spaniel—with a slight crossing from the fox-hound, for the sake of improving the speed. The original animal may be considered as a record of the original powers, to which everything else must be regarded as an addition made by human training. Now, the original animal is only gifted by nature with a fine scent for game, and a disposition to make a momentary pause on seeing it, for the purpose of springing upon it.* Man has converted this inclination to a temporary pause into a habit of making a full stop, and the animal, instead of gratifying his destructive tendency by flying upon the game, has been trained to be contented with witnessing a vicarious execution by the gun of his master.

It is a mistake to suppose that only the spaniel tribe is capable of serving sportsmen in the capacity of pointers and setters. There are other classes of dogs which perseverance would enable, to a certain extent, to act in the same way. Gervase Markham, who wrote on sports in the sixteenth century, speaks of having seen dogs of the bastard tumbler kind adapted to act as setters, though not so well as those of the spaniel kind. Mr Blaine is of opinion that this power can be cultivated in most dogs.† It has even been elicited in another and very different class of animals—the hog. Some years ago, Mr Toomer, gamekeeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, bethought him of teaching a pig to act as a pointer, having been struck by the scenting powers of the animal in its search for palatable roots under ground. He began by allowing a young female pig to accompany his pointers in their breaking-lessons to the field. Within a fortnight, to his own surprise, she was able to hunt and point partridges and rabbits. There being an abundance of these creatures near the keeper's lodge, her education advanced rapidly

* *Thoughts and Recollections, by One of the Last Century.* London: Murray. 1825.

† *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*, 792.

by frequent exercise, and in a few weeks she was able to retrieve game as well as the best pointer. *Slut*, as this extraordinary animal was called, was considered to have a more acute scent than any pointer in the charge of the keeper; and it was a kennel of the highest character. They hunted her principally on moors and heaths; and it often happened, that when left behind, she would come of her own accord and join the pointers. 'She has often stood a jack-snipe when all the pointers had passed it: she would back the dogs when they pointed, but the dogs refused to back her until spoke to—Toomer's dogs being all trained to make a general halt when the word was given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that she has been frequently standing in the midst of a field of pointers. In consequence of the dogs not being much inclined to hunt when she was with them—for they dropped their sterns, and shewed symptoms of jealousy—she did not very often accompany them, except for the novelty. Her pace was mostly a trot; she was seldom known to gallop, except when called to go out shooting; she would then come home off the forest at full stretch, and be as much elated as a dog at being shewn the gun. She always expressed great pleasure when game, either dead or living, was placed before her. She has frequently stood a single partridge at forty yards' distance, her nose in a direct line to the bird; after standing some considerable time, she would drop like a setter, still keeping her nose in an exact line, and would continue in that position until the game moved; if it took wing, she would come up to the place, and draw slowly after it; and when the bird dropped, she would stand it as before.'*

These facts, together with what common observation presents to us in domesticated parrots, black-birds, ravens, magpies, monkeys, &c., place the educability of animals upon a basis, in our opinion, not to be shaken. But the most wonderful thing, and the most convincing part of

* *Daniel's Rural Sports.*

the proof, remains, in the fact of the transmission of *acquired qualities* by animals to progeny. The habit which education has conferred upon the pointer appears in his puppy, which may be seen earnestly standing at swallows and pigeons in a farmyard, before he has ever once seen such a thing done by his seniors, or received the least instruction. Here only the object is amiss; the act itself is perfect. As may be readily supposed, the puppy of a race of English pointers can be trained to the whole business of the field in one-tenth of the time which the most experienced breaker would require to effect any improvement upon the simple instinct of *the pause* in an original Spanish spaniel. On the subject of the hereditary transmission of acquired qualities by animals, we have some curious information from the venerable naturalist, Mr T. A. Knight.

In a communication to the Royal Society, in 1807, Mr Knight remarked the disposition of bees to seek for cavities in trees, where such existed, as places to swarm to, and surmised, that their taking up with the hives offered them is a result of domestication, which becomes inherent in those which have for several generations been under the care of man. To support this view, he cited several other instances of domesticated animals inheriting the acquired habits of their parents. 'In all animals,' he says, 'this is observable; but in the dog it exists to a wonderful extent; and the offspring appears to inherit not only the passions and propensities, but even the resentments of the family from which it springs. I ascertained that a terrier, whose parents had been in the habit of fighting with polecats, will instantly shew every mark of anger when he first perceives the scent of that animal, though the animal itself be wholly concealed from his sight. A young spaniel brought up with the terriers shewed no marks of emotion at the scent of the polecat, but it pursued a woodcock the first time it saw one, with clamour and exultation; and a young pointer, which I am certain h a partridge, stood trembling with anx and its muscles

rigid, when conducted into the midst of a covey of those birds. Yet each of these dogs are mere varieties of the same species, and to that species none of these habits are given by nature. The peculiarities of character can therefore be traced to no other source than the acquired habits of the parents, which are inherited by the offspring, and become what I call *instinctive hereditary propensities.*'

It appears from another communication made by Mr Knight to the same society in 1837, that he had then been pursuing investigations on this subject for nearly sixty years. He proceeds in that communication to give a general account of his investigations. 'At the period,' he says, 'at which my experiments commenced, well-bred and well-taught springing-spaniels were abundant, and I readily obtained possession of as many as I wanted. I had at first no other object than that of obtaining dogs of great excellence; but within a very short time, some facts came under my observation, which very strongly arrested my attention. In several instances, young and wholly inexperienced dogs appeared very nearly as expert in finding woodcocks as their experienced parents. The woods in which I was accustomed to shoot did not contain pheasants, nor much game of any other kind, and I therefore resolved never to shoot at anything except woodcocks, conceiving that by so doing the hereditary propensities above mentioned would become more obvious and decided in the young and untaught animals; and I had the satisfaction, in more than one instance, to see some of these find as many woodcocks, and give tongue as correctly, as the best of my older dogs.

'Woodcocks are driven in frosty weather, as is well known, to seek their food in springs and rills of unfrozen water, and I found that my old dogs knew about as well as I did the degree of frost which would drive the woodcocks to such places; and this knowledge proved very troublesome to me, for I could not sufficiently restrain them. I therefore left the old experienced dogs at home, and took only the wholly inexperienced young dogs; but

to my astonishment, some of these, in several instances, confined themselves as closely to the unfrozen grounds as their parents would have done. When I first observed this, I suspected that woodcocks might have been upon the unfrozen ground during the preceding night; but I could not discover—as I think I should have done had this been the case—any traces of their having been there; and as I could not do so, I was led to conclude that the young dogs were guided by feelings and propensities similar to those of their parents.

'The subjects of my observation in these cases were all the offspring of well-instructed parents, of five or six years old or more; and I thought it not improbable that instinctive hereditary propensities might be stronger in these than in the offspring of very young and inexperienced parents. Experience proved this opinion to be well founded, and led me to believe that these propensities might be made to cease to exist, and others to be given; and that the same breed of dogs which displayed so strongly a hereditary disposition to hunt after woodcocks, might be made ultimately to display a similar propensity to hunt after truffles; and it may, I think, be reasonably doubted, whether any dog having the habits and propensities of the springing-spaniel would ever have been known, if the art of shooting birds on the wing had not been acquired.

'I possessed one young spaniel, of which the male parent, apparently a well-bred springing-spaniel, had been taught to do a great number of extraordinary tricks, and of which the female parent was a well-bred springing-spaniel; the puppy had been taught, before it came into my possession, a part of the accomplishments of its male parent. In one instance I had walked out with my gun and a servant, without any dog; and having seen a woodcock, I sent for the dog above mentioned, which the servant brought to me. A month afterwards, I sent my servant for it again, under similar circumstances, when it acted as if it had inferred that the track by which the servant had come from me would lead it

to me. It left my servant within twenty yards of my house, and was with me in a very few minutes, though the distance which it had to run exceeded a mile. I repeated this experiment at different times, and after considerable intervals, and uniformly with the same results—the dog always coming to me without the servant. I could mention several other instances, nearly as singular, of the sagacity of this animal, which I imagined to have derived its extraordinary powers in some degree from the highly-cultivated intellect of its male parent.'

Mr Knight states, that in sixty years he had observed the woodcock tribe become much more shy and wild than it formerly was—the result, he conceives, of 'increased hereditary fear of man.' This is certainly a result in conformity with the difference observed between birds in general in peopled and unpeopled countries—the former being shy from the youngest period of life, while the latter are tame and unsuspicious at all periods, until they become acquainted with the destructive propensities of man.

Mr Knight adds a few more cases, which he describes as but a sample of a vast number equally remarkable. We can only afford room for one, relating to a young dog of the variety called retrievers. He obtained a puppy of this breed, a month old, from a distant county, and said to be descended of a very well-bred family. 'I had walked,' he says, 'up the side of the river which passes by my house, in search of wild-ducks, when the dog above mentioned followed me unobserved, and contrary to my wishes, for it was too young for service, not being then quite ten months old. It had not received any other instruction than that of being taught to bring any floating body off a pond, and I do not think that it had ever done this more than three or four times. It walked very quietly behind my gamekeeper upon the opposite side of the river, and it looked on with apparent indifference whilst I killed a couple of mallards and a widgeon; but it leaped into the river on the gamekeeper

pointing out the birds to it, and brought them on shore, and to the feet of the gamekeeper, just as well as the best-instructed old dog could have done. I subsequently shot a snipe, which fell into the middle of a large nearly stagnant pool of water, which was partially frozen over. I called the dog from the other side of the water, and caused it to see the snipe, which could not be done without difficulty; but as soon as it saw it, it swam to it, brought it to me, laid it down at my feet, and again swam through the river to my gamekeeper. I never saw a dog of its age acquit itself so well, yet it was most certainly wholly untaught.'

To conclude with dogs. A gentleman of our acquaintance, and of scientific acquirements, obtained some years ago a pup which had been produced in London by a female of the celebrated St Bernard's breed. The young animal was brought to Scotland, where it was never observed to give any particular tokens of a power of tracking footsteps until winter, when the ground became covered with snow. It *then* shewed the most active inclination to follow footsteps; and so great was its power of doing so under these circumstances, that when its master had crossed a field in the most curvilinear way, and caused other persons to cross his path in all directions, it nevertheless followed his course with the greatest precision. Here was a perfect revival of the habit of its Alpine fathers, with a degree of specialty as to external conditions, at which, it seems to us, we cannot sufficiently wonder.

The principle of what may be called a transmission of domesticated habits is to be observed in other animals. 'English sheep, probably from the richness of the pastures of that country, feed very much together; while Scotch sheep are obliged to extend and scatter themselves over their hills for the better discovery of food. Yet the English sheep, on being transferred to Scotland, keep their old habit of feeding in a mass, though so little adapted to their new country: so do their descendants; and the English sheep is not thoroughly naturalised into

the necessities of his place till the third generation. The same thing may be observed as to the nature of his food that is observed in his mode of seeking it. When turnips were first introduced from England into Scotland, it was only the third generation which heartily adopted this diet, the first having been starved into an acquiescence in it.'* The Norwegian pony is accustomed in his own country to obey the voice of his master rather than the bridle; accordingly, when English-born progeny of this animal is taken in hand by a breaker, unusual difficulty is found in what is called *giving it a mouth*, although it is singularly docile and obedient. In Norway, the pony is accustomed to traverse unenclosed and almost pathless wilds: accordingly, the English-born progeny has no idea of such a thing as enclosures, and will be seen brushing through a hedge with the greatest coolness, as if no such thing were in its way. We have also been informed that the progeny of an American horse, introduced into England, ambles as American horses generally do—a kind of walk to which the English horse can only be trained with difficulty; and the same thing is observed as to the habit which the Irish horses have of leaping with their whole four feet off the ground at once—a movement occasioned by the numerous bogs which come in the way of an Irish horseman. This is a mode of leaping to which it would be as difficult to train an English foal as it would be to prevent an Irish one from adopting it.

We thus see, that not only does what metaphysicians call the *law of habit* exercise a sway in the intellects of animals, but that modification which takes place in human communities, and passes under the comprehensive name of civilisation, also affects the lower tribes of creation. A race of animals, like a race of men, is civilisable; and we cannot doubt that the same softening influences which have produced the advanced nations of Europe, have operated upon the animals existing in the same countries,

* *Thoughts and Recollections.*

and made them very different from what they were in early times. It cannot escape remark, that the whole principle of civilisation acquires strength from having its basis thus widened. We become the more confident in the improvability of our own species, when we find that even the lower animals are capable of being improved, through a succession of generations, by the constant presence of a meliorating agency.

THE FORTUNES OF A GERMAN BOY.

FRITZ KÖRNER was the son of a tailor at Brunswick, and his father, who was tolerably well to do in the world, proposed bringing Fritz up to his own business. But when the boy was about eight years old, Körner, whose first wife was dead, took it into his head to marry another; and from the time the second Mrs Körner was placed at the head of the establishment, poor Fritz's comfort was at an end. She hated him; and as she soon produced a little Körner of her own, she was jealous of him. Opportunities were not wanting to shew her spite, and though the father wished to protect him, he could not; so when he saw that the child's life would be rendered miserable, and his disposition be spoiled by injustice and severity, and by the contests and dissensions of which he was the subject and the witness, he resolved to send him from home, and let him learn his trade elsewhere. He happened to have a distant relation in the same line of business at Bremen; and to this person he committed the child, with an injunction to treat him well, and make a good tailor of him. But Fritz had no aptitude for tailorship; nor, indeed, to speak the truth, did he appear to have an aptitude for anything—at least, for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Not that he was altogether stupid, but that, either from

indolence, or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened; and he made no progress in his business and very little in his learning. The man with whom he was placed was a violent and unreflecting person, who, without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge; and when he found flogging did nothing towards the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving; and that not answering any better, he pronounced him a hopeless and incorrigible little blackguard, and reduced him to the capacity of errand-boy—an office much more to Fritz's fancy, and one, indeed, with which he would have been well contented could it have lasted; but he knew too well that this declension was only a preliminary to his final dismissal, and that, in short, the only thing his master waited for, was to find some one travelling to Brunswick, on whom he could rely to conduct him safely to his father. All he wanted, he said, was to get rid of him, and wash his hands of the responsibility.

Affairs were in this position, when one day Fritz was sent to the other end of the city to fetch some cloth, which, being immediately wanted, he was urged to bring with all the speed he could. He performed half his errand without delay; but on his way back, he happened to fall in with a troop of cuirassiers, whose brilliant attire, fine horses, and martial air, not to mention the attraction of the music by which they were accompanied, were all too much for Fritz's discretion; and, forgetful of the charge he had received, and the expectant tailors at home, he fell into the rear of the soldiers, and followed them in a direction just opposite to the one he should have taken. But, alas! at the corner of a street, when he least thought of it, who should he run against but his master! Fritz, whose eyes and ears were wholly engrossed by the brilliant cortège before him, was not at first aware that he had run foul of his enemy, till a sharp tug at one of his ears awakened his mind to the fact; but no sooner had he raised his eyes to the face of his dreaded master, than, seized with terror, he broke

away, almost leaving his ear behind him, and taking to his heels, ran blindly forward, without considering whither he was going, till he reached the quay. But here his career was impeded. Some vessels were just putting to sea, and there was such a concourse of people, and such a barricade of carts and wagons, that the road was almost blocked up. Concluding that his master was upon his heels, and that, if he slackened his pace, he should inevitably be overtaken, Fritz looked about for an expedient, and saw none but to leap into the nearest vessel, and conceal himself till he thought his pursuer had passed—what he was to do afterwards remained for future consideration. In he leaped, therefore, amongst several other persons, whom, had he paused to think, he might, from the similarity of their movements, have supposed to be also eluding the pursuit of a ferocious tailor. But Fritz thought not of them, he thought only of himself; and down he dived into the first hole he saw, and concealed himself behind a barrel. When he had lain there for about half an hour, he heard a great hubbub over his head, which led him to believe that his master had discovered his retreat, and was insisting on his being hunted up—a suspicion in which he was confirmed by frequently distinguishing, amidst the din, a voice that ever and anon cried 'Fritz!' He therefore only lay the closer; and whenever any one approached the place of his concealment, he scarcely ventured to breathe lest he should be discovered. Presently, however, there was a new feature in the dilemma—the vessel began to move, and Fritz to suspect that, if he stayed where he was, he should be in for a voyage. This was more than he had reckoned upon, and he was just preparing to emerge, when his courage was quelled by the sound of 'Fritz! Fritz!' which appeared to issue from the mouths of half-a-dozen people at once; so he slunk back in his hole, and suffered himself to be carried to sea. The motion of the vessel, together with the darkness which surrounded him, and his previous fatigue and agitation, presently sent him to sleep; and thus for some hours he lay oblivious

of all his troubles. But at length an inward monitor awoke him—not his conscience, but his appetite: he found himself ravenous, but how to set about satisfying his hunger he could not tell. He listened; he heard the ropes and the spars straining, the water splashing against the sides of the vessel, and a heavy foot pacing the deck over his head; but no voice calling 'Fritz.' He began to hope his master had given up the search, and quitted the vessel; so, urged by his stomach, he resolved to creep out, and see if he could lay his hands on something eatable. He found it more difficult to get out of his hole than he had done to get into it; however, he contrived to reach the deck, where he discovered it was night. There was a person pacing it from end to end, another at the helm, and two or three more in different directions; but their eyes being all directed seawards, Fritz had no difficulty in eluding their observation; so he crawled on to where he saw a light glimmering from a cabin below, where he found the means of allaying his hunger, after which he threw himself into an empty berth, and fell asleep.

'Fritz! Fritz!'

'Here I am, sir,' cried Fritz, starting from his pillow, and jumping clean out of the berth into the middle of the floor, on hearing himself called, before he had time to recollect where he was.

'Here I am, sir!' echoed a man who was passing the door at the moment, and popped in his head to see from whom the announcement proceeded. 'And pray who are you now you *are* here?'

Fritz rubbed his eyes, and stared about him with such a bewildered air, that he looked very much as if he did not know who he was himself.

'Who are you?' said the man, seizing the boy by the arm, 'and what brought you here?'

'I came aboard myself, sir,' replied Fritz.

'What!' said the man; 'I suppose, if the truth was known, you are some young thief escaped from justice!'

'I'm not a thief, sir,' answered Fritz; 'I only ran away from my master, who was going to beat me;' and on being further interrogated, he related his history, whereupon the man to whom he was speaking, who happened to be the steward, took him to the captain, and communicated the whole affair.

'We can't get rid of the young rogue now,' said the captain; 'so we must fain take him with us to the West Indies; but we'll keep a close eye upon him, and when we return, we'll bring him back to his master. In the meantime, make him work out his passage.'

So Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to swab the decks, help his namesake the steward, and put his hand to everything; in short, he had no sinecure. Still, bad as it was, he liked it better than squatting on a shop-board, and stitching all day; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realised. The period in question was a season of war; and when they had been about a week at sea, Fritz was called out of his berth one morning to help to clear the decks for a fight—they were chased by an Englishman. A sharp battle ensued; and for two hours Fritz heard the balls whistling round his head, as he ran about the deck at the command of the gunner, at whose orders, on that occasion, he was placed; at the end of which period, the *Jungfrau* struck her colours to the *Chanticleer*, and Fritz presently found himself transferred to the deck of the English ship. Here he was only looked upon as one of the crew of the prize, and consequently attracted no notice whatever amongst his captors; whilst the captain, and such of the crew of the *Jungfrau* as survived, were too much occupied with their own misfortune to trouble themselves about him. When the ship reached Hull, to which port she was destined, either from being overlooked, or from being thought of too little importance to detain, Fritz was suffered to step ashore and walk away whithersoever he pleased. He strolled into the town,

and for some time was amused enough in looking about him; but when he grew hungry and tired, and recollected that he had not a farthing in his pocket to purchase food or lodging, and that, moreover, he could not speak a syllable of English, the forlornness and desolation of his situation struck him with dismay, and sitting down on the step of a door, he began sobbing and crying in a manner that attracted the eyes of the passengers, some of whom inquired what he was crying for. But Fritz, aware that he could not make himself understood, only cried on with redoubled vigour, and made them no answer. As night approached, his case grew worse, and he rose from his step to look about for some sort of shelter. As he wandered through the streets, a party of officers passed on horseback, one of whom happened to drop his whip. Fritz stepped forward, picked it up, and handed it to him. A good turn is never lost; the poor half-starved boy was thanked, and kindly spoken to by the officer, Colonel Webster, who, finding from his language that he was a German, and a seemingly forlorn stranger, ordered his servant to conduct him to the barracks; and 'Kempster,' said he, 'shall find out his history for us.'

Kempster, who was the master of the band, being a German, had little difficulty in extracting the whole of Fritz's adventures; and feeling a natural interest in his little compatriot, he offered to teach him music, and, with Colonel Webster's permission, attach him to the band. This was willingly granted; Fritz was committed to the care of Kempster, and soon appeared on parade in a little uniform, with a triangle in his hand. This was his first instrument, but he was soon qualified to handle more difficult ones; for though he could not learn tailoring, he learned music fast enough—so fast, that a few years afterwards, when his friend Kempster died, he was raised to the dignity of master of the band. It might have been supposed that Fritz had now reached his ultimatum; he thought so himself, and, perfectly contented with his lot, never looked beyond it. But Fortune, who seemed to

have taken him into her own peculiar charge, had not done with him yet.

In the course of service, the regiment to which Fritz was attached was sent to Gibraltar, and there it fell to his lot one day to relieve two ladies from the attack of a ferocious dog. One was the wife, and the other the daughter of a rich Spanish merchant; and Fritz, who was now a handsome young fellow, could not help fancying that, whilst the old lady expressed her gratitude for the service with great volubility, the eyes of the younger expressed hers in a much more eloquent and emphatic language: in short, gratitude made her feel an affection for our hero, who, however, was too modest and too deeply aware of the inferiority of his condition to avow an attachment in return.

Matters had stood thus for some time, when the English forces having attacked and taken Minorca, one of the German regiments that had garrisoned that island volunteered into the British service, and was removed to Gibraltar, but, to the great inconvenience of all parties, there was scarcely a man in it that could speak a word of English. In this dilemma, the services of Fritz were put in requisition; and he was found so useful as an interpreter, that it was thought advisable to give him a commission, and attach him to the German regiment. Here, then, was our hero a commissioned officer in his majesty's service, and entitled to take his place in the society his mistress frequented, on an equal footing. He had thus the advantage of speaking to her frequently, and it was not long before they had avowed to each other their mutual passion; but, alas! she was rich, and Fritz had nothing but his pay, and the father would not hear of the alliance. In this dilemma, they might perhaps have proposed an elopement, but Fritz loved his regiment almost as much as his mistress, and could not think of deserting his duty; and before they could make up their minds as to what line of conduct they should pursue, a couple of transports sailed into the harbour, bringing out a regiment which was ordered to relieve

them, whilst they were summoned immediately to England. There was no time for plots or arrangements, and the lovers were separated.

But his old friend, the Lady Fortune, having brought Fritz thus far, was determined to stick by him still. Doubtless for the purpose of smoothing the way to Fritz's marriage with the fair Spaniard, she contrived, through the instrumentality of Napoleon, to render the Duke of Brunswick's situation so unpleasant, that he found it advisable to abandon his dominions, and take refuge in England. Being a stanch ally, the duke was immediately appointed to the command of a British regiment, and in looking about for an aid-de-camp, who should he fix upon but Fritz! A field-officer, and the aid-de-camp of the Duke of Brunswick, was not a son-in-law to be despised; and upon a renewal of the young man's proposal, a favourable answer was returned; and soon after, the lady, accompanied by her friends, arrived in England, and gave her hand to the happy Fritz. It might have been reasonably supposed that Fortune, by this time, tired of shewing one side of her face, would have inclined to give Fritz a peep at the other; but no such thing. The course of events having decreed that the great question was to be decided on the plains of Belgium, Fritz accompanied the Duke of Brunswick thither; and when that gallant potentate fell on the field of Waterloo, Fritz found himself in command of his regiment—a situation in which he acquitted himself so honourably, that on the restoration of the legitimate rulers of Brunswick, he was appointed the commander-in-chief of their forces—a post which he continued to occupy for many years, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to his sovereign.

This little tale, with few variations, is the history of a hero who is still alive, or who was so not long since.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

How strange a dream it seems to me,
To me now gray and old,
To ponder over hours, since which
Full fifty years have rolled!
But busy memory opens yet
Her thickly-crowded page,
Whose characters I still can trace
Undimmed by toil or age.

More vivid far those pictures be
Than scenes more new and nigh,
For youth's warm records, they are stamped
With memory's deepest die.
Again I see that far-off land,
And hear the city's din,
And her, the gentle, fair-haired girl,
Again, in thought, I win!

Our heritage was youth and love,
And hope with fairy wand,
(Ah! princes oft would change for these
Their sceptre, gold, and land.)
But time, which beauty makes or mars,
Hath silvered her fair hair
And dimmed her eye, yet still I read
Affection's language there!

Where then primeval forests stood,
The yellow corn now bends,
And with the nearer hum of bees,
Yon mill's harsh music blends!

Our grandchild's children prattle round,
While I muse o'er our lot,
Beneath the shadow of the tree
I planted on this spot!

The giant hills, which only heard
The wild bird's lonely shriek,
Now echo back, on every side,
The language Britons speak!
There's something glorious in such thoughts,
Which banishes regret,
Howe'er it chance that memory now
Forbids me to forget!

And here these aged limbs shall rest
When death's rude grasp shall come;
The founder of a vigorous race
Needs no mausoleum!
'Twill soothe that hour to know I leave
A happy, prosperous band;
My blessing rest upon the soil
That is *their Fatherland!*

ANECDOTES RESPECTING A TRAIT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THERE are few traits more strongly marked in the every-day American character, than that of distrust or suspicion, which particularly displays itself where parties happen to be interested in pecuniary matters. It is observable in the merest trifles; and even children are instructed to be on their guard, lest they should suffer themselves to be duped or imposed upon. It is a melancholy reflection, that, among a people of intelligence, it should be considered necessary to imbue the infant mind with a generally

entertained suspicion of the whole human family: other nations have considered it better for the interests of virtue and happiness, that the tender and susceptible mind should not thus early be taught to think ill of mankind, though at the risk of occasional loss from want of due caution. I shall here advert to one or two instances of juvenile distrust which have occurred within my own observation, in the course of a pretty long residence in America. One day I had called at the house of an intimate acquaintance, to ascertain if I could execute any little commissions for the family in a distant city to which I intended setting out in a day or two. After the parents—for there was a family of children—had explained to me how far they would avail themselves of my kind offer, a little boy, of not more than seven years of age, expressed a wish that I would purchase for him a small cane fishing-rod. I then inquired of the father if it was *his* desire that I should do so?

'O yes!' replied the indulgent parent, 'if he wishes it; but,' continued he, addressing the child, 'if Mr —— is to procure for you the fishing-rod, you had better go to your mamma, and ask her for a dollar of your money, which, probably, will be about the price of your rod.'

After a moment's reflection, the little fellow, looking his father steadily in the face, said: 'Why, I guess, papa, it would be better not to give Mr —— the dollar until he returns with the fishing-rod, for you know he may never come back; or he may break it before I get it; or he may lay out the money in something for himself.'

The parent listened and smiled, but neither rebuked his too cautious son nor attempted to enforce his own previously expressed opinion.

On one occasion, I was on a short tour through the country in company with Judge T——, an elderly Scotchman, who had been settled many years in that district, and whom, in the absence of a fitter person, the governor of the state had appointed to the situation of associate judge, with a small salary. On our road the judge informed me, that there was a farmer he wished to see for a few minutes

on some business of no great importance, who resided, he believed, somewhere near the spot where we then were. By and by we came to a farmhouse where two or three children were playing by the roadside, among a parcel of chips and pieces of timber split up for fuel. The eldest, a boy apparently eight or nine years of age, was asked by the judge 'if Mr R—— lived there?'

The young republican did not make an immediate reply, but looking first at the one and then at the other children, addressing my companion, said: 'I guess you be the man as came after father a few days back.' While this was being delivered, a little sister sneaked slyly off towards the house, as if to give warning to the inmates.

Notwithstanding the boy's unsatisfactory answer to the judge's question, we took it for granted that we had hit upon Mr R——'s abode; so he again addressed the boy, saying: 'Is your father at home, my child?'

After a little consideration, the cautious urchin said: 'Last night father was a-saying that he guessed he was agoing to mill to-day; did you notice, as you came along, whether or no the mill was a-grinding?'

Without holding any further communication with this young scion of 'freedom and independence,' the judge rode up to the door of the dwelling, and hallooing pretty loudly, the farmer's good dame made her appearance, when he inquired if her husband was at home. After a moment's stare at him, she exclaimed, addressing the little girl we had noticed sneak off to the house: 'Why, now, my gracious! Parthene, child, where be ye?—why, this man's no more like Sheriff Bates than you be; run—tell your father that it aren't the sheriff, anyhow;' and away toddled the little girl into some corner, where the farmer had secreted himself, on the false alarm being given that Sheriff Bates was approaching; for it seemed that a second visit from the sheriff of the county was hourly expected, in consequence of the non-payment of the costs incurred in a foolish lawsuit.

It ceases to be a matter of wonder, that children

educated, as it were, to be cautious and distrustful, should grow up with those feelings strengthened and matured with their riper years. In the ordinary business of life, a due caution and circumspection are always commendable; but these may be exercised, for the most part, in a fair and honourable manner, and without necessarily offending the feelings of the relative parties. In America it does not seem to be considered essential to attempt any little amiable disguise where you have a doubt that all is not correct; and yet business is commonly done in a roundabout way, because it either is not in the nature of the people, or, at all events, no part of their education, to go directly into any transaction at issue at once. I have been a witness to very many instances of this peculiarity, some of which applied individually to myself, others to persons with whom I was intimately acquainted.

On one occasion, a friend of mine commissioned me to call upon the agent of one of the largest landholders in that part of America, to receive for him the sum of 1000 dollars; the said agent having previously been advised that he was to pay that sum to my friend or his order. My friend addressed a note to this individual, of which I was the bearer, requesting that he would pay the said sum to me—at the same time stating that I was his friend—as it would save him the trouble of riding over himself. I was then almost a stranger in that part of the country, and had never been in the village where the agent resided, neither had I ever seen him. When I called at his office, I found him disengaged; so I presented my friend's note without any circumlocution. He perused it, and then inquired, if I had left my friend, Mr W——, quite well, and if I had seen him lately. To the latter part of the inquiry I remarked, that the date of the note would probably be a satisfactory explanation, as it was, I knew, written that morning. 'I calculate,' said he, 'that you are a stranger in those parts; have you long been acquainted with Mr W——?' I observed, that I was quite a stranger at Chinango, but that I had known Mr W—— intimately for some years. Having hemmed once or twice, and spat

upon the floor as often, he carefully perused the note a second time, when he said: 'Why, a thousand dollars is rather a large sum; I feel somewhat curious to know what Mr W—— can want with so much cash just now.' I told him it was out of my power to inform him; all I knew of the matter was, that, knowing I was about to visit Chinango, my friend had requested me to receive the money for him; and if he, the agent, did not feel satisfied, and refused to comply with the order I had brought him, I must wish him a good-morning. Looking again at the note, which lay beside him, he said: 'Now, I declare, that Mr W—— is a quick hand with a pen; this is regularly like nobody's writing but his own; you've often seen him write, mister, I calculate?' At last, getting a little out of patience with my interlocutor, I told him that I had other business to attend to, and could not spend the whole morning in listening to observations that I considered quite uncalled for; that if he chose to hand the money to me, I was prepared to receive it; but if not, he was of course at liberty to do as he pleased. 'Why,' said he, 'a thousand dollars, I guess, require a little looking up; so, as you seem to be in considerable of a hurry, I presume you might as well call again in an hour or two.' Suspecting that my taking back the money with me might be a convenience to my friend, I judged it better to comply with the terms of the cautious agent; so at the appointed time I called at his office, and again found the gentleman disengaged. He again scrutinised my person rather closer than I approved of; and was about commencing cross-questioning me respecting my friend and my own business and connection with that part of the country, when I cut him short by telling him, that I could not see what such questions had to do with the business I had called about; and that, if he did not feel disposed to comply at once with the note I had delivered to him in the morning, I should instantly take my departure. 'I guess,' said he, 'mister, you ben't a Yankee, you get so considerable sharp in talking over business matters a little, which I consider no more than altogether regular. To

be sure I have looked up the money; but if so be as you object to receive it for Mr W——, you know I cannot help it; if you will wait a little I will just write a line to say so.'

'I will not wait another minute,' replied I, 'nor be the bearer of any communication to that effect. If you choose to hand the money to me, I will take it; if not, I desire you will return my friend's note, which I consider an order for its payment.'

Having once more examined the order, he pulled out a drawer from beneath his plain, unpolished pine-desk, and deliberately counted out the one thousand dollars, handed them to me, and 'guessed I should find them all right.'

Since this little affair occurred, I have often, in my intercourse with persons of a similar class to the cautious and anxious agent above alluded to, got sadly annoyed and out of humour at their suspicious and roundabout way of doing business; and though it may not appear peculiarly amiable to make a boast of it, I have ever found that a promptness and decision, and a little extra asperity, have greatly accelerated the settling matters of business, cutting short their own ordinary plan of drawling and guessing, and calculating and scheming, to which many of them are so much addicted.

I will mention but one more instance of this peculiar degree of caution and mistrust to which I was subjected. It took place at Geneva, in the western part of the state of New York, during an excursion I made into that part of the country, for the purpose of purchasing 1200 or 1500 sheep. One of the city banks had, previous to my setting out, remitted me 8000 dollars, all in five-dollar bills, struck from a new plate, and none of which had previously been in circulation. In my own neighbourhood I had no opportunity of getting them exchanged for such notes as I knew would be more acceptable to the farmers in the district I proposed visiting; but knowing there were two or three banks in that vicinity, I presumed that I should experience no difficulty in getting my city bank-notes exchanged—

although belonging to another state—at any of the banks in the interior of the country. Having, after two or three days' travelling, reached Geneva, I called at the banking institution of that place, made its officers acquainted with my wishes, and then exhibited my bundle of handsome new bank-notes. They evidently were a curiosity, for the whole of the parties I saw upon the premises assembled to inspect my money. They were pronounced 'very elegant notes'—'no doubt they were perfectly genuine'—but not one of them remembered to have seen notes of the same pattern. After consulting some time amongst themselves respecting what was to be done, I was at length given to understand, 'that it would not be convenient for them to exchange my money;' which meant, I knew, that they considered my bundle of bank-notes forgeries. Without pressing the matter upon them further, I returned to the tavern where I had left my horse, but had not been there many minutes before I recognised two of my bank acquaintances in earnest conversation with the landlord; and from their side glances directed towards me, not to be misunderstood, I felt assured that I was the subject of their deliberations. I afterwards learned that the bank people had, as I suspected, considered my bundle of notes forged ones, and that they had applied to the landlord of the tavern, who was a magistrate—a very common case with tavern-keepers in the interior of the country in America—to consult with him what was best to be done in the case. The landlord had recommended the postponement of any harsh steps until the following morning, and perhaps he felt a little interested in so doing, as I had made known to him, on my arrival, that it was my intention to remain all night; whereupon my horse had been unsaddled, and my valise safely deposited in the bar—in his possession; so that he 'guessed *he* was all right.' During the evening, I strolled into one of the principal stores; and mentioning to the store-keeper my having in my possession some amount of city bank-notes, which I wished to exchange for western notes, he unhesitatingly informed

me, that it would be a great accommodation to him to make such an exchange, as he was about to set out for the Atlantic cities in a day or two, where he presumed he should have to allow a discount on his country notes of two or three per cent. The exchange was immediately effected between us; the news was soon circulated that the stranger's bills were not spurious; the bankers and the landlord put the best face on "the mistake" they were able; and I left that delightfully situated little town of Geneva on the following morning, to pursue my journey and transact my business, instead of being committed to durance vile as an impostor and a vender of forged bank-notes.

[To the above anecdotes we would append the remark, that the excessive cautiousness, or rather distrustfulness of the Americans, must necessarily be a consequence of the unusual prevalence in that country of a desire to deceive and cheat; for men, in ordinary circumstances, are not disposed to be very cautious, and the state of mind itself is one productive of pain and inconvenience to all parties. The utility of *confidence* in business transactions and every kind of intercourse is of immense importance; the prevalence of a contrary feeling tends to obstruct and even extinguish business, to an extent which few are aware of. This is, indeed, one of the cases in which moral conditions tell directly and powerfully on the substantial affairs of life, and serve to shew how the adoption of all approvable means of bettering those conditions is as much the duty of a government as the immediate protection of life and property. The distrustfulness of the Americans must be nearly as fatal to commercial relations between man and man, as prohibitory duties are to the same relations between state and state.]

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

THERE hangs over the boyish days of Napoleon Bonaparte a mystery somewhat similar to that which rests on the opening years of Shakspeare. In the case of the latter, we are totally at a loss to comprehend by what species of training that wonderful mind was developed, and whence was derived that boundless knowledge of human nature, and of the phenomena of the universe, which his writings display. With the like feelings of uncertainty do we muse upon the early life of Napoleon, wondering in what manner that prodigious amount of intelligence was accumulated which gave him such a sway in after-days over his fellow-men, and rendered him never for one instant at a loss, amid the most varied and trying circumstances in which man could be called upon to act. Bonaparte appeared to burst at once upon the world with the experience of fifty lives concentrated in his young mind, ready to take up at will the parts of warrior, ruler, legislator, or diplomatist, and to cope with and foil those who had grown gray in studying the duties of but one or other of these difficult characters. These circumstances throw a peculiar interest over the youth of Napoleon. Fortunately, during the period of the Consulate, he gave directions for the preservation of various letters and papers connected with his early history, and from a notice of these, published some years ago in France,* we shall proceed to draw several particulars.

Paoli, the Corsican patriot, seems to have been a material instrument in moulding the character of the young Napoleon. Genoa had assumed the right of selling Corsica to France, in the time of Louis XV., and that monarch sent an army to take possession of it. The Corsicans resisted, under the guidance of Paoli. Charles Bonaparte was a warm partisan of that chief; and, in the

* In the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

campaign of 1769, which gave France the ascendancy, was personally in the field with his wife Letitia, who, at that very time, in the midst of peril and alarm, gave birth to Napoleon. During the childhood of the latter, Paoli was constantly in the mouths of those around him, and he grew up with a deep admiration of the character of the exiled general then living in England. When the French Revolution broke out, Paoli was recalled, and Napoleon became his close personal friend. The old general had penetration enough to discern the remarkable character of the youth. 'You are one of Plutarch's men,' he used to say to him—a compliment of no slight kind. It has been often asserted, that Napoleon never acted under the impulse of feeling, but was always guided by motives of self-interest and cold calculation. Not so was it when Paoli, having incurred the suspicion of the French Convention for his denunciations of the execution of Louis XVI., was summoned to appear and answer for himself in Paris. Napoleon, who had then received a commission in the French service in Corsica, had the generous boldness to write to the Convention in his old friend's defence. 'One of your decrees,' says the letter, 'has deeply afflicted the citizens of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old man of seventy, loaded with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, charged, through misunderstanding, as corrupt and ambitious. Representatives! when the French were governed by a corrupt court, and placed credence neither in virtue nor patriotism, then might it have been said, perhaps, that Paoli was ambitious. It is by despots alone that Paoli should now be deemed ambitious; at Paris, in the midst of French liberty, he ought to be regarded as the patriarch of freedom, the precursor of your republic; so will posterity think, and so do the people now believe. We owe to him all, even the happiness of being a portion of the French republic. He ever enjoys our confidence. Repeal your decree, and render us happy.' Napoleon's bold appeal was not listened to, and Paoli was compelled to look for safety to England.

Another person who exercised much influence over Napoleon in his youth, was Father Dupuy, sub-principal of the school of Brienne. As became common in the case of Corsican families of respectability, after the island was incorporated with France, Napoleon was sent to the college of Autun at the age of nine, and afterwards to the school of Brienne. Bourrienne mentions, in his memoirs of Bonaparte, that the Emperor never could spell properly; but he does not tell the reason. The fact was, that Napoleon could not speak a word of French when he came to the school first mentioned. He picked up the tongue through his intercourse with others, but never was taught it grammatically. He was engaged in learning the classics, when he ought to have been set to the French language by his teachers. His excessively careless penmanship in later days was supposed to be partly affected, in order to hide his faulty orthography. Dupuy, who formed a strong attachment to Napoleon, and was shewn the essays from his pen, did all he could to correct the style and spelling; but the evil was not thoroughly removable. One of the early essays of Napoleon was a history of Corsica, which was composed in the form of Letters, addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Lucien Bonaparte mentions this work in his memoirs. 'It was written,' he says, 'in the vacation of 1790, at Ajaccio, and two copies were made of it by myself. One was sent to the Abbé Raynal, who found the composition so remarkable that he shewed it to Mirabeau. The latter, on returning it, said to Raynal, that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. Napoleon was delighted with these praises.' The work was represented by Lucien as lost, but in reality it is still in existence, having formed part of a bundle of early writings lodged by Napoleon in the hands of Cardinal Fesch. It is written with great vigour, and an uncompromising boldness of speech. Every page proves, moreover, that the author had been indefatigable in his researches into authorities, and even unpublished documents. Napoleon's mode of reading books was

peculiar, and well calculated to fix on his memory whatever fell under his eye. His custom was to read with the pen in his hand, and to mark passages which he approved or disapproved; and frequently, when he was especially struck with anything, he made it the subject of a distinct critical disquisition. In this manner did he go over all the most grave and learned works in the stores of literature. Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and all the other historians both of Greece and Rome; the annals of England, and all the most important modern countries in the world; natural history, geography, medicine, and physics—all of these branches of learning his papers shew him to have studied attentively. But, above all, his favourite authors were Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and other writers on political economy, legislation, and the moral sciences generally. For seven years—namely, from 1786 to 1793, while a student and lieutenant of artillery, now in one place and now in another—such was the training to which his papers shew him to have subjected himself. Men have marvelled that the soldier of Italy should have started up, as it seemed, a legislator by intuition—*intuition!* such is the word under which men too frequently shelter their own apathy and deficiencies. *Years of patient study*, while other lads were fooling away their time, would, at least in this instance, have been a more correct form of expression. Napoleon's ability as a soldier was not less puzzling; but comprehensiveness and promptitude of thought, produced by the same preparatory studies, united with a sound physical development, formed the true explanation of the phenomenon. What is curious, however, Bonaparte sometimes left his grave studies for the slightest of all varieties of literary composition: he wrote *novels*. One of these was an English romance, entitled *The Earl of Essex*, being founded on the story of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite. Another tale was composed by him on a Corsican subject, and he also wrote some Oriental apologues, bearing covertly on the politics of the passing day. The idea of the man

who wielded such mighty elements in after-days, devoting time to story-writing, is startling enough. It has the same apparent incongruity as the idea of his being glad to borrow a few shillings from Bourrienne in the days of his lieutenantship.

We cannot well give a specimen of the stories of Napoleon, but in place of these, our space permits of our quoting one of the most remarkable of all his papers. This is a document in which he discusses the propriety of *suicide*. Many features of his future character seem to have originated in youth in his isolated position. From the age of nine to seventeen, he was absent from home. He dwelt alone, and formed those habits of self-dependence which at once constituted a great quality in him, and isolated him, in a measure, from human sympathies. His note-book was the sole confidant of his secrets in his youth. Whatever struck him forcibly, even a simple conversation with a lady, was committed to paper, and beyond question this plan led him ever to reason coolly before action. The following are his thoughts on the subject of self-destruction:—'Ever alone in the midst of men, I return to dream with myself, and to give myself up to all the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point is it now directed? To the side of death. Yet in the morning of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I have been absent seven years from my country. What pleasure shall I not taste in revisiting, in four months, my relatives and compatriots! Filled with the tender sensations which the remembrance of my youthful pleasures inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? And what madness, then, urges me to wish for my destruction? Doubtless, I may say, What have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not as well to end my life at once? If I had passed through sixty years, I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and wait patiently till nature had completed her course; but since I begin to experience misfortunes, since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I go on enduring unprosperous days? How far have men

wandered from nature! How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more those brave Corsicans, whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud, and full of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day; tender and natural affection rendered his nights comparable to those of the gods. But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams! Frenchmen, not content with having reft from us all that we cherished, ye have also corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country, and my powerlessness to effect a change, form a new reason for quitting a scene, where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home, what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy, in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant, and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden, because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun. I cannot follow the sole mode of life which could make it endurable, and a disgust for all is the consequence.'

This passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen, characterised Napoleon. The death which he meditates is the death of Cato, not of Chatterton. It is not the pressure of penury which disgusts the extraordinary boy with life, but the slavery of his country and the

degradation of his species. There is ample evidence existing among his early papers to prove, that he was in his youth a genuine and ardent lover of republican liberty, and that he disliked the French, fixing his whole thoughts on Corsica. As his mind became matured, however, he saw that Corsica was too insignificant in extent, and possessed resources too limited, to permit it to flourish independently amid states so much superior to it in power; and he turned to France, as affording full scope for the development of those great problems in social government which occupied so much of his youthful attention.

Among the thirty-eight bundles of papers consigned by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, one curious paper deserves to be briefly referred to. It is a *Dialogue on Love*, which proves how early his opinions had been formed on this as on other points. He never was remarkable for *sentiment*, and, at the commencement of his dialogue, he speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes:—'I believe it to be hurtful to society, and to the individual happiness of men; I believe, at least, that it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it, and deliver men from its influence.' Notwithstanding this denunciation, he was beyond question devotedly attached in his life to at least one woman—Josephine. His letters to her from Italy carry passion even to extravagance.

The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from whom we derive these notices of Napoleon's early days, concludes by observing, that 'everything proves him to have exemplified, like other men of genius, that law of humanity which ordains that nothing great can be accomplished without great efforts. In spite of his superior talents, he had studied long and carefully those subjects in which he afterwards shewed himself a master. During many years, he never ceased to read and reflect on the most profound existing works. If he displayed ideas so correct on legislation, finance, and social organisation, these ideas did not spring spontaneously from his brain.

On the throne, he only reaped the fruits of the long labours of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He formed his character by the means suited for the development of superior men—by toil, solitude, meditation, and endurance. The Revolution offered to him a vast and brilliant field; but without that revolution, he would still have been distinguished, for characters like his seize on fortune, and make it serve them. Let it be no more said that chance elevated Napoleon. When, after seven years of retirement, he appeared for the first time on the stage of the world, he contained already all the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous in his case. He struggled to rise, and left no occasion unused to make himself known. He himself, therefore, must no more be permitted to ascribe his elevation to fatality.'

To these truths nothing can be added. Never was it more fully shewn than in the case of Napoleon—that *industry is the better part of genius.*

TERRIBLE INCIDENT AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

On the 19th of July 1853, an event took place at the Falls of Niagara which caused great excitement in the neighbourhood. Three men had got into a small boat, which was speedily swamped; and being thus immersed in the water, which rushed with great force, they were hurried down the rapids. Two of the men were at once carried over the Falls, and perished. The other, named Avery, struck by chance on a stump in the river, midway between the Falls and Goat Island bridge, and there he agonisingly clung for security. The catastrophe drew a crowd to the brink of the rapids, and the utmost sympathy was manifested in the fate of the poor fellow.

A newspaper, published at Buffalo, near the Falls, gives

the following account of this terrible adventure :—Up to six o'clock last evening, the public were kept in a state of excitement by dispatches received at intervals from the Falls, bringing information of the situation of poor Avery, each report fluctuating between hope and fear—now expressing confidence in his eventual safety, and now almost despairing of his rescue. A large number of persons left this city by the trains for the scene of excitement, and swelled the thousands already gathered round the spot. We have been furnished with an account of the proceedings since one o'clock yesterday, by an eye-witness; but we are under obligation to the operators upon Kissock's Canada line for the earliest intelligence of the result. Our informant tells us, that the man was in a part of the rapids where the rocks rise nearly to the surface of the water. A log of wood, apparently wedged tightly between the rocks, and crossed by another, still higher out of the water, was his resting-place. Here he remained, half clinging to and half perching upon the log, from which he would occasionally slip down and walk a little on the rocks, which were only a short distance under water. A few feet in advance was a small fall of about four or five feet, and here and on each side of him the waters rushed wildly on at a speed of about forty miles an hour. A raft was constructed, formed of crossed timbers, strongly fastened in a square form, a hogshead being placed in the centre. The raft was strongly secured with ropes on each side, and was floated down to the rocks upon which Avery was stationed. As it approached the spot where he stood, the rope got fast in the rocks, and the raft became immovable. Avery then appeared to muster strength and courage, and, descending from the log, walked over the rocks to the place where the rope had caught, and laboured long and hard to disengage it from the rocks. After some time he succeeded, and then, with renewed energy, inspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled manfully at the rope, until he succeeded in bringing the raft from the current towards his fearful resting-place.

Avery now got on to the raft, making himself fast thereto by means of ropes, which had been placed there for that purpose; and those on the land commenced drawing it towards the shore. It had approached within thirty feet of one of the small islands towards which its course was directed, when suddenly it became stationary in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having again caught in the rocks. All endeavours to move it were found to be in vain, and much fear was entertained that the strain upon the ropes might break them, and occasion the poor fellow's destruction. Various suggestions were now volunteered, and several attempts were made to reach him. One man went out in a boat as far as he dared to venture, and asked him if he would fasten a rope round his body, and trust to being drawn in by that. The poor fellow, however, shook his head despondingly, as though he felt that he had not strength enough remaining to make himself secure to a rope. At length a boat was got ready—a life-boat, which had arrived from Buffalo—and was launched. Seeing the preparations, Avery unloosed his fastenings, with the intention of being ready to spring into the boat. Borne on by the rushing waters, and amid the breathless suspense of the spectators, the boat approached the raft. A thrill ran through the crowd—the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck the raft—a shout of joy rang forth from the shore, for it was believed that he was saved—when suddenly the hope that had been raised was again destroyed; a moment's confusion followed the collision, and in the next the victim was seen in the midst of the waters, separated from his frail support, and struggling for life. For a minute or two the poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam towards the island, and the cry echoed from shore to shore that he would yet be saved. But soon the fact became certain that he receded from the shore—his strength was evidently failing. Gradually he was borne back into the fiercest part of the current, slowly at first, then more rapidly. Swiftly and more swiftly he approached the brink of the fatal precipice—the waters had him at last their undisputed

victim, and madly they whirled him on to death, as though enraged at his persevering efforts to escape their fury.

A sickening feeling came over the spectators when, just on the brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprang up from the waters, clear from the surface, raising himself upright as a statue, his arms flung wildly aloft, and, with a piercing shriek that rang loudly above the mocking roar of the cataract, fell back again into the foaming waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal precipice.

We have no heart for comment upon this melancholy and awful event. The fate of poor Avery will add another to the many fearful local incidents already related by the guides at the Falls; and for years his critical situation, his hard struggles, his fearful death, will be the theme of many a harrowing tale. And visitors to the mighty cataract will seek the scene of the terrible catastrophe with a shuddering curiosity; and the timid and imaginative will fancy, in the dusk of the evening, that they still hear above the waters' roar the shriek that preceded the fatal plunge.

TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT.

JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT, one of the most enterprising and indefatigable of modern travellers, was a Swiss by birth, being descended from a respectable family long established at Kirchgarten, near Lausanne. His father had been tried and persecuted by the French republic, on a charge of assisting the Austrians during the wars consequent on the Revolution, and was thus obliged to remove from his native district to Basle, where he entered a Swiss corps in the service of England. John Lewis, who was born about the year 1785, received his early education at Basle, and was afterwards placed at the

university of Leipsic. From childhood, he was attached to the British nation, and, on completing his academical course, resolved to visit England. The celebrated Blumenbach, to whom he had recommended himself by his talents, application, and good conduct, gave him letters to Sir Joseph Banks and other men of eminence in London. Already had young Burckhardt devoted himself in thought to the arduous occupation of an exploratory traveller, and, on his arrival in England, the African Association received and accepted his offer of journeying into the interior of Africa. The plan of the expedition being settled, Burckhardt diligently set about the necessary preparations for his enterprise. It had been resolved that he should make the perilous attempt to pass as a Mussulman in the course of his journey; and accordingly he suffered his beard to grow, accustomed himself to the dress and manners of the East, and made himself a proficient in the Arabic tongue.

In the beginning of 1809, he left England, and appeared soon after in Aleppo, in the character of a Mussulman, assuming the name of Ibrahim Ben Abdallah. Two years he spent here, perfecting himself in the Eastern languages, and acquiring a thorough acquaintance with the Koran, and the religion and laws of Islamism. With a degree of patience almost unparalleled, he then made various exploratory tours in Syria and on the Nile, all of them preparatory to his great African project. From regular journals which he kept of these expeditions, and which he transmitted to England, a work, entitled *Travels in Syria*, was compiled and published in his absence. In the early part of 1812, he went to Damascus, and thence proceeded to the Arabian deserts, east and south of the Dead Sea, where he made a variety of interesting observations, which were given to the world in due time from his journals. A pilgrimage to Mecca, moreover, was performed by him as a Mohammedan in 1813 and 1814, and he twice made an incursion into the interior of Nubia. His privations and sufferings on these journeys were very severe; yet in 1815, he undertook a journey to

Mount Sinai, through the deserts of Arabia, where hardships of a still more serious kind fell in his way. At length, in April 1817, the caravan and escort, with which he intended to penetrate into the African interior, were ready for the route. But Burckhardt had already tasked his constitution too hard. When on the eve of starting from Grand Cairo for his great enterprise, he was seized with an illness which terminated his life.

The discoveries upon which the reputation of Burckhardt as a traveller will chiefly depend, are those made by him in his tour through Arabia. He was the first traveller who gave a minute and accurate account of the pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina, and also the first who found out the site of the city of Petra, the capital of ancient Edom, so remarkable for its rock sculptures. Altogether, the journeys of Burckhardt are so deeply interesting, and evince such an amount of patience under toil and suffering on the part of the traveller, that we believe some excerpts from his diaries will prove acceptable to every reader of the present work.

The two volumes drawn up from Burckhardt's notes, entitled *Travels in Arabia*, are chiefly devoted to an account of Palestine and the holy cities of the Mohammedans, visited by the traveller in the character of a true believer. There was great boldness shewn in the attempt to assume such a character, because, had he been detected, his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. However, the adventurous Swiss joined a party of pilgrims, who, in the spring of 1814, crossed the Red Sea to Djidda, the seaport of Mecca, the principal of the two holy cities. In Djidda, Sheik Ibrahim, as Burckhardt called himself, was taken ill, and ran short of money. His condition became deplorable; but at length Mehemet Ali, the pacha of Egypt, who was then in Arabia, heard of his misfortunes, and sent for him to the camp at Tayf. At the pacha's head-quarters, the traveller received a loan of money, which induced him to set out by himself for Mecca, being determined to see that city at all risks. The cities of Mecca and Medina are situated in the Arabian

province of Hedjaz, on the eastern coast of the Red Sea, and nearly under the tropic of Cancer. Arriving at Mecca, Mr Burckhardt found nearly 70,000 pilgrims there assembled. He saw this immense multitude assume the white uniform appointed for the occasion, and undergo the stated number of ceremonial ablutions; he joined them in walking round the Kaaba, or holy-stone, seven times, each circuit being accompanied by a kiss; and, in short, under his ostensible character of a Mohammedan, the Christian traveller gained an insight into all the mysteries hitherto confined to the breasts of true believers.

With a small caravan of hadjis, or pilgrims, Mr Burckhardt proceeded from Mecca to Medina. The last of these cities is held as scarcely inferior to the first in sanctity, containing, as it does, the tomb of the Prophet Mohammed. This, the 'precious jewel of Medina,' is contained in a large mosque, 165 paces in length and 130 in breadth. It is surrounded on all sides by covered colonnades, composed of from three to ten rows of pillars, one before another. These pillars are painted with flowers and arabesques in a gaudy style. The interior walls of the central building, enclosed by these pillars, is partly cased with white marble, having inscriptions upon it in gilt letters, which produce a fine effect. The floor is paved with marble, white and mosaic mixed. 'Near the south-east corner,' says Mr Burckhardt, 'stands the famous tomb, so detached from the walls of the mosque as to leave between it and the south wall a space of about twenty-five feet, and fifteen between it and the east wall. The enclosure, which defends the tomb from the too near approach of visitors, forms an irregular square of about twenty paces, in the midst of the colonnade, several of its pillars being included within it; it is an iron railing, painted green, about two-thirds the height of the columns, filling up the intervals between them, so as to leave their upper part projecting above it, and entirely open. The railing is of good workmanship, in imitation of filigree, and is interwoven with

open-worked inscriptions of yellow bronze, supposed by the vulgar to be of gold, and of so close a texture that no view can be gained into the interior, except by several small windows, about six inches square, which are placed in the four sides of the railing, about five feet above the ground. On the south side of the railing, where are the two principal of these windows, before which the visitors stand when praying, the railing is thinly plated over with silver, and the often-repeated inscription of "La Illaha il Allah al hak al Mobyn"—"There is no God but God, the evident truth," is carried in silver letters across the railing all round these windows. This enclosure is entered by four gates, three of which are constantly kept shut, and one only is opened, every morning and evening, to admit the eunuchs, whose office it is to clean the floor and light the lamps. What appears of the interior is a curtain carried round, which takes up almost the whole space, having between it and the railing an open walk, of a few paces only in breadth.

'According to the historian of Medina, the curtain covers a square building of black stones, supported by two pillars, in the interior of which are the tombs of Mohammed, and his two earliest friends and immediate successors, Abou Beker and Omar. As far as I could learn here, these tombs are also covered with precious stuffs, and in the shape of catafalques, like that of Ibrahim in the great mosque of Mecca.'

The old European tradition of Mohammed's coffin being suspended in the air, is unknown in the Hedjaz. Formerly, immense quantities of treasure, in the shape of golden vessels and precious stones, are said to have been accumulated round the prophet's tomb, but little of this has escaped the rapacity of invaders and unscrupulous Arab chiefs. Between the curtain of the prophet's tomb and the encircling railing, glass lamps are hung up, which are kept burning all night. Over the enclosure, or Hedjra, is placed a lofty dome, rising far above the other domes of the city, and ornamented with a large globe and a crescent, both said to be of pure gold. Next to the

Hedjra, the most sacred place of the mosque, is a place called El Rodha, or the Garden, pointed out by Mohammed in the words: 'Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of Paradise.' Excepting as regards the flowers painted upon the columns of the Rodha, there is no other trace of a garden about it. 'The entrance to the Rodha, near Bab-es-Salam, has a splendid appearance; the gaudy colours displayed on every side, the glazed columns, fine carpets, rich pavement, the gilt inscriptions on the wall to the south, and the glittering railing of the Hedjra in the background, dazzle the sight at first; but, after a short pause, it becomes evident that this is a display of tinsel decoration, and not of real riches. When we recollect that this spot is one of the holiest of the Mohammedan world, and celebrated for its splendour, magnificence, and costly ornaments, and that it is decorated with the united pious donations of all the devotees of that religion, we are still more forcibly struck with its paltry appearance. It will bear no comparison with the shrine of the most insignificant saint in any Catholic church in Europe, and may serve as a convincing proof, that in pious gifts the Mohammedan have at no period equalled the Catholic devotees; without noticing many other circumstances, which help to strengthen the belief that whatever may be their superstition and fanaticism, Mohammedans are never inclined to make as many pecuniary sacrifices for their religious establishments, as Catholic and even Protestant Christians do for theirs.

'The ceremonies on visiting the mosque are the following:—At first the pilgrim, before he enters the town, is to purify himself by a total ablution, and, if possible, to perfume his body with sweet odours. When he arrives in sight of the dome, he is to utter some pious ejaculations. When he intends to visit the temple, the cicerone, or, as he is here called, mezowar, leads him into the gate called Bab-es-Salam, passing his right foot first over the threshold, which is the general custom in all mosques, and particularly insisted upon here. While reciting some prayers he steps forward into the Rodha, where he performs a

short prayer, with four prostrations, as a salutation to the mosque, during which he is enjoined to recite the two short chapters—109th and 112th—of the Koran. He then passes through one of the small doors of the Rodha, and walks slowly towards the railing of the Hedjra, before the western window of which, on its south side, he takes his stand; with arms half raised, he addresses his invocations to Mohammed, in the words: "Salam aleyka ya Mohammed, Salam ya Rasoul illah," &c., recapitulating about twenty of the different surnames or honourable titles of Mohammed, and prefixing to each of them "Salem aleyk." He next invokes his intercession in heaven, and distinctly mentions the names of all those of his relations and friends whom he is desirous to include in his prayers; it is for this reason, that an inhabitant of Medina never receives a letter from abroad, without being entreated at the end of it to mention the writer's name at the tomb of the prophet. If the pilgrim is delegated on the pilgrimage for another, he is bound here to mention the name of his principal. In this prayer an expression is used, as at all the places visited for their sanctity about the town, but which appeared to me little calculated to inspire the visitor with humane or charitable feelings; among other favours supplicated in prayer to the Deity, the following request is made:—"Destroy our enemies, and may the torments of hell-fire be their lot."

'After these prayers are said, the visitor is desired to remain a few minutes with his head pressed close against the window, in silent adoration; he then steps back, and performs a prayer of four prostrations, under the neighbouring colonnade, opposite the railing; after which he approaches the second window, on the same side, said to face the tomb of Abou Beker, and goes through prayers similar to those said at the former window—called *Shobak-'en-Neby*—which are recited in honour of Abou Beker. Stepping back a second time to the colonnade, he again performs a short prayer, and then advances to the third window on this side of the railing, which is opposite that part of the curtain behind which the tomb of Omar is said to lie;

similar prayers are said here. When this ceremony is finished, the visitor walks round the south-east corner of the Hedjra, and presents himself before the tomb of Setna Fatme, where, after four prostrations, a prayer is addressed to *Futme-e'-Zohera*, or the bright blooming Fatme, as she is called. He then returns to the Rodha, where a prayer is said as a salutation to the Deity on leaving the mosque, which completes this ceremony, the performance of which occupies at most twenty minutes.

'On every spot where prayers are to be said, people sit with handkerchiefs spread out to receive the gifts of the visitors, which appear to be considered less as alms than as a sort of toll; at least a well-dressed visitor would find it difficult to make his way without paying these taxes. Before the window of Setna Fatme sits a party of women—Fatme being herself a female saint—who likewise receive gifts in their handkerchiefs. In the Rodha stand the eunuchs, or the guardians of the temple, waiting till the visitor has finished his last prayer of salutation, to wish him joy on having successfully completed the *zyara* or visit, and to receive their fees; and the great gate of Bab-es-Salam is constantly crowded with poor, who closely beset the visitor on his leaving the mosque; the porter also expects his complement, as a matter of right. The whole visit cost me about fifteen piastres, and I gave ten piastres to my cicerone; but I might perhaps have got through for half that sum.

'The ceremonies may be repeated as often as the visitor wishes; but few perform them all, except on arriving at Medina, and when on the point of departing. It is a general practice, however, to go every day, at least once, to the window opposite Mohammed's tomb, and recite there a short prayer: many persons do it whenever they enter the mosque. It is also a rule never to sit down in the mosque, for any of the usual daily prayers, without having previously addressed an invocation to the prophet, with uplifted hands, and the face turned towards his tomb. A similar practice is prevalent in many other mosques in the East, which contain the

tomb of a saint. The Moslem divines affirm, that prayers recited in the mosque of Medina are peculiarly acceptable to the Deity, and invite the faithful to perform this pilgrimage, by telling them that one prayer said in sight of the Hedjra is as efficacious as a thousand said in any other mosque except that of Mecca.'

The town of Medina is described as tolerably well built, but having no other source of wealth than the pilgrimages, and containing no object of especial interest but the great mosque. In this respect, moreover, it does not enjoy advantages equal to those of Mecca. Immense numbers of pilgrims certainly visit Medina yearly; but the visit is rather regarded as a meritorious action than as a duty incumbent on the faithful. Yet he who recites forty prayers at the tomb of Mohammed will be delivered, says the creed of Islamism, from all torments after death.

The civilised world owes much to Mr Burckhardt for the information which he gave, and was the first to give, on this curious subject.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

THE fact of children being occasionally reared apart from all human society, is one calculated to attract the attention of the philosopher, as well as to excite an interest in the common mind. It might at first appear nearly impossible that a child accidentally lost in a forest could sustain itself and grow to maturity; yet there are several authenticated instances to assure us of the contrary. While this is in itself the solution of a curious problem, we have others to consider in the degree in which the ordinary human faculties are liable to be developed in such circumstances, and the effect which the long dormancy of the most of them is calculated to have

in obstructing all future efforts to educate and humanise. With the view of throwing as much light as possible on all these questions, we have brought together a few of the most perspicuously recorded instances of forest-reared children.

The story of the Wild Girl of Champagne is detailed by a trustworthy French writer, M. de la Condamine. One evening, in September 1731, the people of the village of Songi were alarmed by the entrance into the street of a girl, seemingly nine or ten years old, covered with rags and skins, and having a face and hands black as those of a negro. She had also a gourd-leaf on her head, and was armed with a short baton. So strange was her aspect, that those who observed her took to their heels, and ran in-doors exclaiming: 'The devil! the devil!' Bolts were drawn in all quarters, and one man thought to insure safety by letting loose a large bull-dog. The little savage flinched not as the animal advanced in a fury, but throwing herself backwards on one limb, and grasping her club with both hands, she discharged a blow at the head of the dog, as it came nigh her, with such force and celerity as to kill it on the spot. Elated with her victory, she jumped several times on the carcass; after which she tried in vain to enter a house, and then ran back to the wood, where she mounted a tree, and fell asleep. Thirst, it was supposed, had led her to the village.

The Viscount d'Epinoy, then in the country, was quickly told of this apparition, and a search being made early next morning, the little wanderer was observed at the top of a lofty tree. Supposing that she was thirsty, they brought a pitcher of water, and set it below the tree. The wild girl, after cautiously looking all around, came down and drank; but being startled, she reascended the tree before she could be approached. In the hope of startling her less, a woman and child were then directed to offer food to her, and entice her down. This plan was successful, and the savage was caught. She struggled violently, but was carried to the house of M. d'Epinoy. In the kitchen, fowls were being dressed at the moment,

and she instantly flew on one of them, tore it to pieces, and ate it. An unskinned rabbit was placed before her, which, with amazing rapidity and voracity, she also skinned and devoured.

It was soon found that if the little savage possessed any speech whatever, it was merely a word or two in some foreign or instinctive tongue. The usual sound uttered by her was a wild scream, not articulated, but formed entirely in the throat. If any one approached to touch her, she grew wild, and shrieked violently. She had blue eyes, and, strange to say, it was speedily discovered that her skin was really white, or nearly so, a black paint having been apparently laid on her face and hands. It was noticed that her thumbs were very large, and this was afterwards explained by her, as arising from her habit of springing like a squirrel from tree to tree, by resting upon them. Being placed by M. d'Epinoy under the care of a shepherd, she at first gave much trouble by scraping holes in her place of confinement, and flying to the tops of trees or the house roof, where she was as much at home as on the level ground. She could run with immense speed, and, some time after she was taken, frequently shewed her powers by catching rabbits and hares at the request of her patrons. Her food had been raw flesh, fish, roots, fruits, branches, and leaves; and she never chewed her meat, but swallowed it whole. It was found extremely difficult to wean her stomach from the taste for raw food. When first taken, she was allowed by M. d'Epinoy to cater for herself about his ponds and ditches. She swam like a duck, and was extremely dexterous in diving for and catching fish, which she brought ashore in her teeth, and then gutted and ate. Frogs were a peculiar dainty to her. One day, when presented to a dinner-company at M. d'Epinoy's, she looked around at the table, and seeing none of her own good things, she suddenly ran out to the nearest ditch, where she speedily gathered an apronful of frogs. These she brought into the dining-room, and, before the guests knew her drift, she had spread her collection over the whole of their plates.

It may be guessed what consternation was caused by the leap-frog game which then took place.

When she had learned to express her ideas in speech, she informed her friends that she had had a companion, a girl somewhat older than herself, and black, or painted black. They had quarrelled about a chaplet, dropped by some one. The elder girl struck the younger one on the arm, and the younger one returned the blow by a violent stroke of the baton on the brow, which felled the other to the ground, and 'made her red'—that is, drew blood. Sorry for her companion afterwards, the younger took the skin of a frog, and spread it over the wound. They parted, however, each taking separate directions. Before this happened, the pair had crossed a river, which must have been the Marne, three leagues from Songi. It had been their custom to sleep all day in trees, which they could do with perfect safety. The elder girl alluded to was sought for, but was never found. A rumour went that a black girl had been found dead not many leagues from the spot where the other was taken; but as it was long ere the latter could tell the story, the affair could not be unravelled at that distance of time.

Le Blanc, as the little savage was named, had a distinct recollection of being twice at sea, and of latterly escaping with her companion from a ship by swimming. From her statement it was conjectured that Le Blanc, at least, was from the coast of Labrador, and had been kidnapped and carried to the West Indies. Failing to sell her by the trick of colouring her as a negro, the kidnapper seems to have brought her to some coast near to France. The hazy recollections of Le Blanc, which had reference partly to canoes and seals, and partly to sugar-canes, confirm this conjecture. How long the wanderers had been in Europe it is impossible to say, but it is evident that Le Blanc had been long familiar to solitary as well as savage habits. The attempts made to accustom her to cooked food nearly cost her her life, and her acquired voracity could not be overcome. At the hospital of Chalons, and subsequently in a convent, where she spent much of her

after-life, she was civilised, however, in every respect. The Duke of Orleans, and many great people, were kind to her. She was of course an object of great curiosity to all. The period of her death is unknown to us, but in 1765 she was still living in Paris. Some peculiarities marked her through her whole life, and particularly a certain rolling motion of the eyes, acquired when she wandered in the woods, and had to guard against surprise. She knew then no fear, however, and hesitated not to front the wolf or wild-cat. Besides the bludgeon mentioned, which she said she brought from *her own country*, she had for defence a stick pointed with iron, which she brought, she said, from the *hot country*.

The connection she had had with society in early life may be supposed to have in some measure cultivated the intellect of this extraordinary creature. Not so with another noted savage called Peter the Wild Boy. 'He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provisions as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

'Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

'He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at

being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been, baptised; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.' Lord Monboddo, whose researches led him to interest himself in Peter, visited him at Berkhamstead in 1782, when the Wild Boy had become an old man of above seventy. The poor creature looked 'sagacious for a savage,' his lordship says, but could only articulate a word or two. In youth he was peculiarly strong and nimble, but an illness weakened him. He had learned to eat and dress like others, but in many respects he seemed out of the pale of humanity. 'He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a forefeeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and shewing great disorder, before it comes on. If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it.

'Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day, and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude; and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked; but when made angry by any person, he would run after him,

making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand.

'Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything in which he can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as may be judged from the following circumstance:—Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished; but as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully engaged in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.' Peter died in 1785, at the farm in Hertfordshire.

Another authentic case of a boy surviving alone in the woods is that of Victor, the savage of Aveyron. 'Towards the end of the year 1798, a child, apparently about eleven or twelve years of age—who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune, in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted—was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them.

'How this unfortunate child was at first abandoned to a state of nature could not be discovered. One circumstance affords room to conjecture that at the time when this took place an attempt had been made on his life. On the forepart of his neck was a scar of considerable extent, which appeared to have proceeded from a wound made by some sharp instrument. Some persons, more disposed than accustomed to acts of cruelty, had doubtless attempted the life of the child, who being left for dead in the woods, owed to the timely assistance of nature the cure of his wound. Besides this, he had, on various parts of his body, twenty-three scars, some of which appeared to have come from the bites of animals, and others from

scratches and excoriations, affording incontestable evidence of the long and total abandonment of the unfortunate youth. From the testimony of the country-people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve, which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune.

When he was first brought into society, he lived on acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequently near escaping, and at first shewed great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another, without ever fixing on any. The organ of hearing was equally insensible to the loudest noises and the most harmonious music: that of voice was still more imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes, and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way.'

After many escapes, he was finally placed under the care of M. Itard, at Paris. It was found that he had all his senses and faculties, but that they were almost incurably dormant. His acquired freedom of will rendered him impatient under instruction. 'His paroxysms of rage became more frequent and more violent, but his passion was directed less against persons than things. When in this humour he would gnaw not only his bed-clothes but even the mantle-piece; throw the fire-irons, the cinders, and the hot coals about the room; and conclude the scene by falling into convulsions, with symptoms resembling those of epilepsy.' The further history of this poor boy is not stated.

Judging from these three instances, we are assured of the almost irreparable evil of a total want of early education. Here it must be remarked, that no child reared in society is uneducated, as speech and a thousand other gifts are acquired from even the most unenlightened

parents and neighbours. But in the case of the child reared solitarily in the wild, there is no external power to draw forth the faculties or to confer accomplishments, excepting the necessity of gathering or seizing food, and providing for shelter and protection against dangerous animals. A mind thus allowed to remain nearly dormant and savage till the age of maturity, appears, from the cases we know of, to become almost unfit for subsequent culture.

A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

In the year 1822, while resident in Madrid, I had frequent opportunities of seeing those savage exhibitions, the bull-fights, of which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their partial regeneration, still continue to be passionately fond. For their own sake, such spectacles are not worthy of description, but they serve as records of national manners, to be contrasted with something better in our own country, and I will venture to depict one of the exhibitions at which I chose to be present.

The place of the spectacle was at the amphitheatre, situated beyond the Puerta del Sol, one of the outlets from the city. The edifice is formed of wood, of a circular form, having no roof, and seated quite round, except at the place where the bulls are kept: these seats are somewhat like pews, those for the people of the highest rank being nearest the top of the building. The place in which the bulls are kept is a cellar under ground, whence the ascent to the arena is by a dark passage, with two doors—one at the end of the passage, and the other opening on the arena; and these doors, at the entrance of the bull, are opened by men in such a manner as completely to cover their persons.

Several days before the exhibition takes place, the bulls are confined in the cellar; and during the interval,

are occasionally soundly whipped, in order that they may be rendered still more ferocious than they might otherwise be. Bulls for this purpose, at Madrid, generally come from the wilds between La Sierra Morena (the Black Mountain) and La Mancha.

On the day spoken of, the king, the court, all the grandees, and their ladies, were present, so that a most favourable opportunity was afforded me of seeing whatever Madrid boasted of beauty, rank, and fashion, more especially as my seat was in the very highest row. The first *paleos* (boxes) were adorned by some of the handsomest dark-eyed ladies that could be seen in Spain, their rich *basquinas*, and mantillas—a particular dress for Spanish ladies—being worn with infinite grace. An immense deal of ceremony takes place before the real business of the day commences. Exactly opposite to the door by which the bull enters, the box of the king is placed, and of course the highest is allotted for the purpose. Should the king be absent, the highest in authority, whether civil or military, takes his place. Civil officers are appointed to give orders to those having charge of the bulls. The principal magistrate, attended by two *alguazils* (inferior officers of justice), having ascertained that everything is ready, comes forward in front of the box occupied by the authorities, and, after a formal salutation, requests leave to proceed with the entertainment. This being accorded him, he goes out of the ring, and gives the signal: immediately the two folding-doors fly open, and a bull rushes furiously into the arena; but, upon seeing the assembled multitude, he makes a pause, and looks around, as if seeking some object on which to spend his rage. The *picadors*, attired in the ancient Spanish dress, are stationed on horseback, lance in hand, at the part of the ring which faces the bull's entrance. On this occasion an Asturian damsel was acting as a *picadora*, the only difference between her and the others consisting in this, that in place of stopping the bull with the lance, she used large darts, which she threw at him with great dexterity.

On the occasion of which I am speaking, the first bull which rushed into the arena glared with savage bewilderment, and roared prodigiously. The Asturian was the first to present herself before him, and adroitly fixing one of her darts in his shoulder, galloped round, the bull running towards her. Rapidly returning to the charge, she again planted another piece of iron in his neck; but, whilst endeavouring to treat him to a similar enlivener for the third time, the bull plunged his horns into the belly of her horse, and tossed horse and woman to a great height. They fell as if dead; and while the bull was endeavouring, amid the applause of the multitude, to put a finish to what he had so well commenced, the *banderilleros* (young men on foot, dressed in red cloaks, and armed with darts of wood, shod with iron at the one end, and having a squib at the other, which takes fire on being fixed), with their red cloaks, came to distract his attention, and gave the woman an opportunity to escape.

A general shout of '*Bueno! Bueno! viva el toro!*' (Bravo! bravo! long live the bull!) was thundered in the amphitheatre, while the woman and the horse were being removed from the arena. The woman had her right leg broken.

The first attacking party being thus off the field, the next picador advanced towards the enraged animal; the bull sprung forward at him, but he was arrested by the lance; however, he returned to the charge before the horse could face about, and fixing his horns between the horse's thighs, tossed him in the air, and overthrew the rider. Instantly the banderilleros again appeared, and horse and man were removed.

A third picador offered battle to the bull, which rushing at him, was stopped by a lance firmly planted in the shoulders; in vain did the bull try to overcome his antagonist by pressing upon him, while the steel was in his body; every effort only served to fix the lance the deeper, till at last he disentangled himself by drawing back, which, in the estimation of the Spaniards, is a very cowardly thing. They manifested their disapprobation by loud cries, and forthwith, to excite the unfortunate animal,

the banderilleros threw their darts at him. The poor bull was quite mad; the same picador again stopped the beast; he was very weak from loss of blood, and therefore offered little resistance to the attack. Unable to combat, the time for the *matadors* to despatch him soon came. The first matador (literally, murderer), holding in his left hand the *moleta* (muller), and in his right the sword, drew near him; and the very instant when the animal rushed towards him, he made his allonge, the sword being directed to the heart; the creature staggered, but was not dead. The turn of the second matador now came, and this official soon gave a blow by which the animal fell lifeless to the ground. The moment the poor creature fell at the feet of the second matador, trumpets were heard, and four mules entered to drag the carcass from the arena.

I might describe the various combats which took place with the different bulls; but as, with very little difference, one narration may serve for all, I shall confine myself to relating a ludicrous circumstance that happened in the fight with the fifth animal brought into the arena. This toro was very successful in disabling the several opponents he had to encounter. The three first picadors were all more or less injured; and of their horses, one had his legs broken, and the two others were ripped up by the enraged brute. At such excess of good-fortune on the part of the bull, the applause of the Spaniards was boundless. A French drummer, sitting on the lowest bench, and who was tipsy at the time, annoyed at so many being forced to retire before the bull, leaped the barrier separating the arena from the spectators, and went staggering to set the bull at defiance. Mingled roars of laughter, and cries of 'Long live the drummer!' struck upon the ear. Meantime the man advanced as well as he could, putting himself in a fencing attitude, apparently forgetful, however, that his sabre was hanging by his side.

The bull rushed towards him, and while the drummer appeared desirous of boxing his ears, he was forced, from the effects of the liquor he had taken, to measure the length of his back on the ground. The scene now became

amusing in the extreme. Stretched on the sand lay the luckless drummer, moving his feet to whatever direction the bull made the attack, and making a multitude of ejaculations each time that his enemy came to an unpleasant propinquity; though the danger was more apparent than real, as, owing to his antagonist not being able to bring his horns sufficiently low to do him serious injury, he was scarcely touched. The animal, after trying to toss the recumbent drummer, contented himself with simply smelling at him; and then, seeing that nothing could be done, retreated several steps, being obliged to do so by the flashing of the red cloaks of the banderilleros, who came to succour the inebriated combatant. The drummer was quickly removed, almost unhurt, though his antagonist was not so fortunate, for, after having received several lances, he was despatched by the unerring dagger of the matador.

What must appear to the spectator the cruelest part of this exciting spectacle, is the manner in which the poor horses are treated. Their eyes bandaged, they are subjected to the unsparing control of their riders; they are forced, even when wounded, to continue to minister to the gratification of an anxious and sanguinary crowd. No relaxation is afforded them; and till nature, entirely exhausted, refuses them strength to remain any longer standing, they are obliged to bear their part in this brutal entertainment.

No man can reflect on the character induced by the continued indulgence in these *amusements*, without attributing to their influence a considerable part of the disregard for human life always manifested by the Spaniards. The circumstance of frequently beholding the blood of the noblest animals shed without remorse, for no useful end, at last must lead to an entire contempt for the shedding of human blood. The surprise, therefore, that one at first feels on hearing of the atrocities perpetrated during the late civil war in Spain, by the several factions, must disappear when one of the principal causes is assigned.

THE FUNERAL OF LOUGH ERNE.

THERE is not in Ireland scenery much more beautiful than that which borders Lough Erne. Part of it is highly cultivated, adorned with views of seats, the grounds of which, richly planted, run shelving down to the lake, on whose waters the long arms of the lime and drooping-willow, at the season I write of, lay sweeping in their summer luxuriance; other parts are wild and mountainous, barren and bare. We had gone out in the morning from the neighbouring house, where I was a visitor, to enjoy a view of this scenery from the water; but after an hour's sail, the wind rose, the sky became cloudy, and we landed. I soon separated from my party, and indulged my solitary fancies by striking into a wilder and more secluded path.

The storm was gathering fast, but the sky was not dark, except when masses of cloud, passing rapidly along, cast deep shadows over the scenery, which brightened again under that red and stormy sky. These clouds were congregating thickly to windward; yet, notwithstanding, I seated myself on a piece of detached rock, upon the lofty bank, which afforded me two views of striking contrast. On the right, looking up the lake, you saw the cultivated grounds I have mentioned, where deep woods, tinged with autumn's varying shades, opened to give outlets to glimpses of sloping lawns and pastures, dotted with flocks; the stately mansion, the white, peaceful-looking dwelling, the distant uprising spire—these lay on one side. On the other, the hills ascended to mountains, bleak, frowning, and distinct; the sides of the lake were bare, and, instead of being bounded by a similar precipitous and thickly wooded bank, presented a level shore of shelly sand, on which stood a fine dilapidated fortress, one of the strongholds of the Irish at the time when both natives and royalists fell before the

devastating Cromwell. A little further from the shore, where the ground rose rather abruptly, there lay a ruin of another description, equally common in Ireland—an old church or chapel, with its ivied tower; and around it, hanging, as it were, on the sloping hill, the ancient burial-ground, the resort of devotion and affection, where the rude enclosure of osier-work, or the wooden cross, marked the site of the narrow dwelling, or the curiously cut paper-garland waved at its head, speaking in strong simplicity of the depth of the love which fills an Irish heart, even in company with feelings which are apt to seem the most inconsistent with it.

My attention was attracted by a peculiar sound, which at first I thought was a forerunner of the approaching storm. I rose and listened; again it fell, distinct, mournful, and prolonged, upon my ear, and I distinguished that strange wild dirge denominated the Irish Cry. It came onward, floating on the whistling breeze, and winding among the declivities and down the sides of the wild and lofty hills.

The Irish custom of expostulating with the dead for having left this world is, I believe, well known; and as I listened, my slight knowledge of the language, and early familiarity with that singular death-wail, enabled me to make out several expressions of this nature, mingled with epithets of peculiar and touching endearment. The following lines of irregular verse were composed then. I called them—

WORDS TO THE IRISH CRY.

Oh! joy of our hearts, why left ye us mourning,
To sleep 'neath the turf, and to dwell in the grave?
Why did ye go without hope of returning
To hear our glad welcome?—oh! why did ye die?
Why did you die, and thy house filled with plenty,
And the wife of thy youth and thy children all there?
Why did you go where their love had not sent ye?
Avourneen, avourneen!—oh! why did ye die?

Light of our eyes, the glad sunshine is glowing,
But cold is the gloom of the dark narrow house;

Sweet is the breath of the summer wind blowing—
Acushla, acushla!—oh! why did ye die?
The house of thy dwelling is still as the grave,
The wail of thy children floats wild on the air,
The dog waits thy coming, the boat rides the wave—
Why did ye leave us?—oh! why did ye die?

O'er thy cold narrow house shall the wail of her sorrow
Rise wide on the gale from the wife thou hast left;
And the eyes of thy children shall wait for the morrow,
To see thee returning—oh! why did ye die?
Why did ye die, when the world had not grieved thee,
And each cherished blessing of life was thine own—
When no joy had forsaken, no friend had deceived thee,
Gramachree, gramachree!—why did ye die?

The funeral procession was for some time in my sight; but I was rather surprised to find it halt immediately beneath me. A rude coffin, covered with black, was laid upon the sands, and the party attending it separated into groups, and fell into conversation. It was strange to see a party with such a spectacle of mortality full before them, bearing all the appearances of indifference, discussing the affairs of this life, jesting, if an occasion arose, but not even feigning concern for the event that called them together. Yet this was not, like many Irish funerals, a scene of reckless and indecent mirth. There was an air of anxiety, if not uneasiness, in most of the countenances, not excepting that of a beautiful girl, who appeared to follow the movements and watch the looks of the men, as their heads turned often in opposite directions, with a gaze of expectation or a glance of fear. I found they were waiting here the arrival of the priest, who was to perform the service before the body was carried for interment across the lake; and that they also feared the advance of another party, who would obstruct the design of burying the deceased in the old chapel ground. The case was this: the man who lay within the coffin had been a member of one of the factions that disgrace Ireland. The party to which he belonged had caused the deaths of two young men of the opposite faction. Revenge was as usual sworn, and this unfortunate man, though guiltless of the actual offence, was, as one

of the faction, so severely beaten at a fair, that he died in consequence. His own party, looking on him as a sort of martyr, resolved to give him the benefit of a grave in the old church-yard; these ancient places being, in the estimation of the people, doubly hallowed ground. This design, however, as its accomplishment would be a mark of respect to the fallen man, it was feared the adverse faction would oppose; and as its power was much greater, and its members were likely to come prepared, the safety of the persons who undertook this funeral enterprise was considered very questionable. These circumstances were mostly known to me before; for I gathered enough from the words I heard beneath me to ascertain, that this was the funeral of a man whose death we had lamented over a day or two before.

Two persons of the group especially engaged my notice. One was a man above middle age, whose mild and pensive cast of countenance seemed to me to indicate a soft and superstitious turn of mind; perhaps, however, my skill in physiognomy was aided by some actual knowledge of the character. The other was the young girl before alluded to. My attention was first drawn to her by this man saying these simple words: 'Aileen, astore, here's a seat for you.'

'Take it yourself, father,' she replied, throwing herself on the sand as she spoke, with a laugh that spoke that merriment of heart which is a continual feast to its possessor.

I never saw a finer picture of a country-girl than this Aileen. She was in the first bloom and blush of youth: she wore the unusual equipment of a bonnet, which is more common in the north than in other parts of Ireland; it had previously been much blown about by the wind, and fell back entirely as she threw herself on her lowly seat; and while with one hand she endeavoured to push back the loosened hair that blew over a face to which the common emblem of lilies and roses would be more applicable than to that of many high-born dames, and with the other drew on the unusual covering, a look of

vexation gave a comical turn to her laughing features, as she cried: 'Ah, then, weary on you for a bonnet; it's always for leaving me you are!'

To gaze on that healthy-looking girl, free from all visitings of pain and grief, or even thought, no one could have helped prognosticating that length of days, and these spent in joyousness, would be her lot. But who sees the end from the beginning?

The approach of the priest was announced: the wind was now boisterous; and finding myself somewhat inconveniently placed, and thinking it might not be decent to walk by while his reverence was engaged in his sacred office, I prepared to leave my hiding-place. Before I emerged into the sight of the company below me, my foot struck against a piece of rock, which, being thrown off a rather precarious balance, rolled down on the shore with some noise.

What a cry followed its descent! 'Mother! mother! mother!' Aileen screamed in accents of fear or agony, and throwing herself on her father, circled him in her arms. The cause of that cry was this: poor Aileen feared not for herself; but that strange presentiment of coming events, which sometimes so unaccountably overhangs the mind, had much disturbed her mother's, which was by no means a weak one; and when she found that her timid and really superstitious husband felt bound by a sense of honour to brave the danger which she somehow fancied threatened him on that day, she, being herself detained by illness, sent her young daughter to defend him from it or deter him from seeking it. It is common in Ireland for women to flock to every scene of anticipated riot or danger, either to be the preventers or the instigators of evil. The fall of the stone was mistaken for the advance of the hostile faction, and Aileen's cry and action arose from her desire to fulfil her mother's behests. Poor woman! she had adventured the whole of her treasures with a view to save a part.

My appearance quickly dissipated their fears. 'Why then, Aileen, agra,' said the father, disengaging himself;

'isn't it yourself that's the poor foolish creature? The heart of a cat isn't in you, alanna.'

'I am sorry I alarmed you,' I said, looking at Aileen, who, deeply blushing, again pulled on her bonnet, and begged my pardon.

'Oh, no,' I answered, 'I ought to ask yours.'

'The goodness keep us from that—that you should go for to ask pardon, ma'am! But it wasn't for myself I was afeard; only my poor mother, ma'am, she laid it on me to bring father home safe to her.'

'Well,' I said, 'if there is any danger around you that you cannot of yourselves avoid, I hope you will seek the protection of Him who can deliver from all evil.'

The people all bowed their heads reverently; and with expressions of 'True for you, ma'am,' and 'Sure enough, that's all that's in it,' and such like, they opened a way for me to pass on to a more retired and sheltered spot.

Before the funeral-service was over, the apprehensions of the people had greatly changed their object. There was no appearance of the hostile faction; but the lowering clouds, the boisterous wind, and stormy lake, led them to fear that a passage over it might be attended with some risk, as well as unpleasantness. The water was already dark and heavily rolling; and the wind still increasing in violence, most of the persons assembled asserted that it would be wiser to put off the interment of the corpse until the next day, and deposit it till then in a secure situation; but the nearest relatives of the deceased were vehemently opposed to a plan that would allow time for opposition on the part of their enemies. Among the strongest opposers of the further prosecution of the design, was poor Aileen: she implored her father to desist from it, and used all her rustic eloquence to prevail on the persons who wished to carry it into effect. Patrick Moran, a man easily persuaded, and always inclined to yield to his only and loving child, took her hand, and was turning away with her to go home, when

one of the brothers of the deceased, placing himself in his path, thus addressed, or rather, in the Irish mode, interrogated him: 'Then, Patrick Moran, is this yourself? You that was ever ready to help the right side? Then, have you the heart of a man in you at all at all? and his reverence standing by to look at you; and isn't it a burning shame to think you'd be after turning your back on us in this way?—and he that died in the cause, and all.'

'I tell you,' said Moran, 'it's not for myself I'm afeard; if it wasn't for this young creature, it's a hundred such lakes I'd be after crossing to do him any sarvice. Will you go home to your mother without me, Aileen, aroon? My blessing be with you, and do—— Oh! avourneen—you see, now, Bryan, how it's with me,' said the father.

'Bah! and you to be ruled by the word of a silly colleen! But haven't you any faith at all, man? Isn't there Father M'Mahon standing beside us, and don't you know that if he was to lay his hand to it, he could send us across the lake like a sea-gull, if it was rolling as high as the ocean itself, let alone that bit of a swell?'

'I'm not for denying that,' said Moran; 'the goodness keep us from all such thoughts! No mistrust of his power came over me; but, you see, he hasn't done it.'

The hint was taken, the priest was spoken to; the merits and necessity of the case were urged, and prevailed: some ceremonies were performed, and some prayers muttered, and it was then declared as safe to cross the stormy lake in that frail but charmed conveyance as to walk on dry and level earth. Moran's fears were at once allayed; he stepped in perfect security into the blessed boat, which had been for some time rocking its only freight—the coffin and the dead; but though he said that no mischief could happen to them now they had got the blessing, he yet added an entreaty to Aileen to go back with those who, it had been previously arranged, should only attend the procession to the water's edge. Aileen replied by stepping into the boat, and saying;

'Well, then, father, the blessing will hold good for me as well, I suppose; and whether or no, I'll never face mother till you are with me.'

The drawing-room of the house where I was staying was cheerful and bright; but, without, the tall trees bent, and seemed to groan in the howling wind. A gentleman, who had been out on a visit to the stables, came in, and said to me that great apprehensions were felt for the safety of the boat, the adventures of which I had been relating at dinner. One of the servants, who had walked a considerable distance, had seen it leaving the opposite side at a time which allowed scarcely any hope but that it must have arrived unless some accident had occurred. The wind was boisterous, but no rain fell; the moon, struggling with clouds that drifted across her, emitted a faint, pallid light: we secured ourselves as well as we could, and, with the help of the gentlemen's arms, reached the lake.

Its shores were not solitary: the moonlight was sufficient to give a view of the anxious faces that looked over its waters; a stillness like that of coming death prevailed; not even a surmise was heard; awful suspense held every heart and tongue. It was not possible to see many yards over the lake; the wind, which blew in strong, fitful gusts, curled up high and foaming waves, that broke with a hollow roar, and lay still until another blast upraised them.

The only hope was, that the boat, unable to maintain a direct course, might be beating down the stream; the notion was quickly caught, and the bystanders turned their wailings into prayer. Some of them flew for the priest who had blessed the boat, and, hurrying him down, besought him again to exert his power. With marks of considerable agitation, he read the prayers for allaying storms; he then cast holy-water on the troubled lake, and motioned the sign of the cross against the stormy sky: and the one, just then, blew one of its loudest gusts, and the other, lifting a crested wave, dashed it at his feet.

The gentlemen who accompanied us devised other means of succouring the distressed, if, indeed, such were still needed. They had fires lighted in the safest landing-places, and listened, as they stood in their wide-spreading light, to hear if any answers came to the shouts with which for some time the shores re-echoed. No responding sound came over the dark waters; one or two bright flashes of lightning glanced over the angry sky, and shewed further the surface of the lake, but shewed nothing upon it. A loud peal of thunder was the prelude to a heavy fall of rain; and, heart-sick, we returned from our expedition.

The next morning all was known. The sun was bright; the wind, allayed by the rain, had sunk almost to rest; the waters of the beautiful lake were still discoloured and swollen, but calm; and there was the boat floating, keel upwards, upon them! Aileen and her father lay, with all its other passengers, low, low beneath them! There were many sharers in their fate; but—alas for human nature!—the heart pauses the longest over the fate of the young, the lovely, and the loved.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XXIV.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS, LONDON,
AND EDINBURGH.
1853.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THUROT, THE NAVAL PARTISAN,	1
MAY-DAY,	8
VINCENT DE PAUL,	18
THE SHAKSPEARE HOAX,	25
THE BABES IN THE WOODS,	30
THE RIOTS OF 1780,	37
THE LOBSTER-POTS,	45
THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES,	57
'UNDER TRUSTEES'—(VERSES),	64
GLACIERS—ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU,	66
THE KRAKEN,	77
NARRATIVE OF MR G. FRACKER,	82
THE FLOWER-GIRL OF MADRID,	93
GOD IN THE STORM—(VERSES),	99
FISHING IN THE OHIO,	101
JAMES WALLACE,	106
A QUEER CASE FOR THE LAW,	115
A STORY OF LONDON LIFE,	120
THE DUNNED POET,	135
AN INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE,	143
INSURRECTIONS AT LYON,	150
STAYS AND SLIPPERS: A TALE,	166
SINGULAR LETTERS,	183

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

THUROT, THE NAVAL PARTISAN.

FRANCOIS THUROT, an adventurer of the Paul Jones class, whose career presents some remarkable points of interest, was born in the year 1727, at Nuits, in Burgundy. According to the best accounts, his paternal grandfather was an Irishman of the name of Farrell, a captain in the Irish army of James II., and one of the exiles who followed that monarch's fallen fortunes. While attached to the establishment of James at St Germains, Captain Farrell gained the affections of Mademoiselle Thurot, niece to a member of the Parliament of Paris, and wedded her, to the great indignation of her relatives. The latter discountenanced the pair in every way; and it was only on the decease of both that their son was adopted by his mother's friends, and received their family name of Thurot. In the course of his mature years, this individual was three times married, and his second wife brought him the son whose history we are about to relate. She died in giving the child birth; and while he was being carried to the font, the mother was receiving the last offices of humanity in the adjoining place of sepulture. An incident

of some importance to the boy at a future period, was the consequence of this somewhat striking circumstance. It was customary at that time for ladies of rank to go to the churches about Christmas, and offer themselves as sponsors for any of the children that might be brought there for baptism, with the charitable view of doing some good to them in their after-lives. One Madame Tallard offered in this way to be sponsor for young Thurot; and being led to inquire into the cause of his father's obvious and unusual grief, she was so much moved by what she heard as to make the boy a handsome present, and to promise to do something for him in succeeding years. The promise, it will be found, was not forgotten.

The English memoir-writers say that all these things took place at Boulogne, but the French Biographical Dictionary informs us, that the Thurot family were at this time resident in Burgundy, and that Francois was sent by his father to the Jesuit school of Dijon, in order to learn the art of surgery. We are also told, by the same authority, that the boy shewed an unconquerable passion for adventure, and military or rather naval affairs, and that he ran off, when about fifteen years old, to the seaport of Dunkirk. Either at the latter place, or at Boulogne, he appears to have become acquainted with one Farrell, an Irishman, who followed the profession of a smuggler. The name of Farrell led to an acquaintance between this man and young Thurot, in consequence of which the latter was induced to make a voyage to Ireland, being told that the O'Farrells were still a flourishing house in Connaught, and that he might there get into the way of advancing his fortunes.

After voyaging as far as the Isle of Man with his Irish cousin, the high-spirited lad took some offence at his conductor, and chose to stay on the island behind the vessel. 'The world was now before him where to choose;' and his first thought was to enter on board of any vessel that came in the way. But none touched at the time at the island, and Thurot was glad to

earn his bread by becoming servant to a gentleman from Anglesey, of the same disreputable profession with Mr Farrell.

The Anglesey smuggler was indeed old in the trade of 'running goods;' and, taking a fancy for the handsome, active French youth, employed him in various commissions betwixt Man and the Anglesey coasts. Here Thurot learned the English tongue, and acquired that strong taste for naval adventure which characterised him through life, as well as that skill and experience in contraband trading no less characteristic of his after-years. Growing wearied of his position, Thurot seized an opportunity afforded to him of visiting Dublin, probably having some curiosity about his Irish relations. Being furnished, at his arrival, with only eleven shillings, he soon fell, as may be imagined, into a state of distress, and found himself obliged to enter the family of Lord B——, in the capacity of valet. The handsome Frenchman, however, excited some unpleasant suspicions in that family, and was forced to shift into that of another nobleman, who dwelt in a country situation by the sea-side.

For a time Thurot was here occupied in rural sports; and entering into them with his usual energy, acquired much celebrity for activity, skill, and utility as a caterer for amusement to his master and friends. But numerous smugglers frequented that portion of the coast, and, ere long, our hero involved himself deeply with these people, among whom his dexterity and experience speedily raised him to be a leader. His generosity in distributing teas, brandies, and stuffs of value among his friends and favourites, at length betrayed him, and his smuggling associates were watched by the revenue-officers. Several laden boats were taken; but Thurot, who had gone on board of one, contrived to escape with it, and made his way to Scotland. His share of the saved cargo amounted to L.150; and with this sum he made a figure for a short time in Edinburgh. Ultimately, a gentleman of French extraction met with him, and was induced to give, or get for him the mastership of the sloop *Annie*,

with which Thurot went to London on an honest commercial trip. But the sloop was accidentally burned on the Thames, and its late master was again left without regular employment. For the next four years—betwixt 1748 and 1752—Thurot passed frequently betwixt London and France, having devoted himself to his old employment of smuggling. In 1752, he went to reside at Boulogne, and continued in the same line.

By his daring, skill, and success, as well as by the extraordinary generosity and humaneness of character which he displayed, he had now made himself the king of the smugglers. His boats ran an immense quantity of goods between the French and English coasts, usually succeeding in carrying out and in nearly L.20,000 worth annually. English and French revenue-coasters might sometimes seize a cargo; but in vain did they attempt to capture or check Thurot in his expeditions. The French writers also say that he was a bold and most successful privateer. At length the French government ordered the president of the province to take up all persons suspected of smuggling at Boulogne, and Thurot had the ill-luck to be one of the first seized. He was carried to Dunkirk, and evidence was gathered against him sufficient to convict him capitally; but now the sponsorship of Madame Tallard proved his safeguard. The president just mentioned was the son of that lady, and he was induced so to exert himself, that the life of her godson Thurot was spared.

This seeming check in the roving career of Thurot was, in reality, the means of advancing him to honours and rank far above his wildest hopes; and he had ever shewn a spirit of ambition that soared above his ordinary employments. The President Tallard had represented, it is probable, the possibility of his being made a highly useful man to his country. He was sent for to Paris; and being examined respecting the smuggling trade, he gave such proofs of his skill, experience, and daring in naval matters, that the government resolved to employ him in the event of a renewal of the war with England.

The war did break out in 1755, immediately afterwards, and Thurot received the command of a sloop of war. But this was an instrument too petty for his views, and he asked and obtained leave to join the privateers of Dunkirk. It was at this time that, by his brilliant exploits, the subject of our memoir made his name truly terrible to the merchants of Britain. He took many ships, and deeply injured their commerce in the Channel. Attracted by his increasing celebrity as a naval partisan, the French court again sent for him in 1757, and he was nominated to the command of the frigate *Friponne*. In this he continued so to distinguish himself, that Marshal Belleisle got him appointed to the command of a little squadron of two frigates and two corvettes, and he was sent to the northern seas, to intercept a large convoy of British merchantmen from Archangel. Thurot had now means somewhat commensurate with his abilities and comprehensive views. After taking nearly ten merchantmen, and cruising a long time, he fell in with four English vessels of war, two of them larger than his own, and an obstinate engagement ensued, in which Thurot was the victor. He subsequently took to Christiansund, in Norway, not fewer than fourteen captured ships. He issued thence again, approached the Scottish coasts, and took one brig of eighteen guns, with a number of large merchantmen, and returned to the port of Dunkirk, after a restless and brilliant course of two years. The British were deemed so completely masters of the seas, and it was so unusual for French captains to meet them on anything like terms of equality, much less of superiority, that Thurot, at this time (1758) but a man of thirty years of age, was received almost with triumphal honours at the French court, and became the lion of the hour. Seeing every other seaman baffled by the enemy, the government turned to Thurot as to an anchor of hope, and sought his advice on the conduct of their naval affairs. Like Paul Jones in later days, he was impressed by a knowledge of the unfortified state of the coasts and towns of Britain; and, like him also, he boldly counselled

a descent on the island. The advice was taken. Intending to act on several points at once, the government gave Thurot five frigates, of 168 guns in all, with a complement of 700 sailors, and 1270 soldiers, to attack the Irish coasts. The British ships, with the aid of winds and weather, ultimately defeated the other parts of the scheme, but the indefatigable Thurot vindicated his repute to a certain extent in the fulfilment of his own task. No longer a contraband trader or unauthorised privateer, but an honoured servant of his country, he sailed from Dunkirk in October 1759, and got safe to Ostend. But in attempting to pass around the north of Britain, the Channel being avoided as filled with British ships, the French frigates were met by a terrible storm, and one of them was so much injured as to require being sent home. At length the squadron reached the Derry coast, but ere they could land, were again driven to sea, and another ship was permanently separated from the number. Thurot's men had now begun to suffer greatly from fatigue and want of provisions, and the other captains entreated him to return to France; but he was unsubdued in spirit, and firmly refused. In order to procure refreshments, he anchored, on the 16th of February, off Islay, and, being able to enforce his will, obtained supplies, for which, however, to his honour, he paid punctually, and even most liberally. The state of his men, after only four months of the sea, may be guessed from the fact, that on getting ashore, they ate grass with avidity. Here, too, Thurot heard of the failure of the rest of the invading squadron; but still he persisted in his course, and, with his scanty stores, moved for Carrickfergus, determined at least to wipe so far away by one retaliative descent, the memory of some of the many similar insults inflicted by Britain on France. On the 21st, he anchored in Carrickfergus Bay, and, about three in the afternoon, landed his soldiery, now reduced to about 600 men, along with 200 or 300 sailors. Carrickfergus was then surrounded by an old and ruinous wall, and its castle by one equally old and ruinous. The place was garrisoned with four companies of men, but they were

poorly furnished with ammunition. Therefore, though the commandant, Captain Jennings, made a defence, Thurot soon forced the gates, and entered the town. He then marched along the streets, keeping up a fire with the garrison, which was retreating to the castle. Here an incident took place which shews the humane character of the assailing party. A little child, in thoughtless play, ran between the combatants, when a French officer started forward, and, taking up the child tenderly, carried it to the next door, which chanced to be the paternal one. Unfortunately, the gallant man exposed himself too much, and was shot. Thurot continued to press on the castle after the garrison had entered, and quickly compelled them to capitulate.

Master of the town, he now demanded supplies of stores, which the magistrates most imprudently hesitated to comply with. In consequence, the town was plundered, Thurot telling them that the fault was their own. After taking what he could, the French commander, satisfied with what he had done to sustain his character, resolved immediately to quit the coast. But the career of the brave adventurer was drawing near its close.

The news of his descent had spread; and ere he could leave Carrickfergus Bay, three British frigates, under Captain Elliott, had arrived to encounter him. Nothing daunted, however, Thurot prepared for action; nor could the issue of the contest have been, with any certainty, pronounced beforehand. The vessels were equal in numbers on both sides; and though the French crews were more numerous, they and their ships were in a very worn-out condition, while the British seamen were unspent by toil, and their vessels a little heavier in metal than the others. The engagement commenced with great spirit on both sides. Thurot maintained his character for seamanship and courage, and fought without flinching or retrograding one inch. The well-manned guns of the British covered his decks with dead bodies; a shot struck his own ship under water, and the sea rose high in the hold; yet still Thurot

struggled for a chance of victory. Its sun smiled not then upon him. He was not destined, however, to become the captive of a mortal enemy; he fell dead amid his companions on the deck; and, after a contest of an hour and a half in all, the French ships became the prize of the British.

Thus perished, in the prime of manhood, a man of whom his national enemies had learned to think with esteem and respect. 'The public,' says the *Annual Register* for 1760, the year following the event above related, 'lamented the death of the brave Thurot, who, even while he commanded a privateer, fought less for plunder than honour; whose behaviour was on all occasions full of humanity and generosity; and whose undaunted courage raised him to rank and merited distinction. His death secured the glory he always sought.'

Our readers will see a striking resemblance betwixt the career of Thurot and that of Paul Jones, as well as between the characters of the two men. They exhibited skill, courage, and humanity in no ordinary degree; and both evidently possessed those characteristics which go to the composition of the Nelsons and the Napiers. Large opportunities, however, for proving their endowments were not granted to either — for our country we may perhaps say happily so, since they were her enemies.

MAY-DAY.

A SOUND of laughing villages comes over the imagination at the very name of May-day. This, in times when festivals were real observances of the people, was one of the most signally and cheerfully kept, although it has not the least trace of Christianity about it, but may be said to be pagan all over. The celebration of May-day must have been prompted by nature herself: the time of the

young flower and leaf, and of all the promise which August fulfils, could not but impress the minds of the simplest people, and dispose them to joyful demonstrations in word and act. The sun, as the immediate author of the glories of the season, was now worshipped by the Celtic nations under the name of Baal; hence the festival of *Beltein*, still faintly observed in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Even in Ayrshire, they kindled Baal's fire in the evening of May-day, till about the year 1790. The Romans held games called Floralia, at which there was great display of flowers, and where women danced, if we are to believe Juvenal, only too enthusiastically. The May-day jollities of modern Europe seem to be directly descended from the Floralia.

In England, we have to go back a couple of hundred years for the complete May-day; since then, it has gradually declined, and now it is almost extinct. When it was fully observed, the business of the day began with the day itself—that is to say, at midnight. We have the authority of Shakspeare, that with the populace of England it was impossible to sleep on May morning. Immediately after twelve had struck, they were all astir, wishing each other a merry May, as they still, at the same hour on the 1st of January, wish each other a happy new year. They then went forth, with music and the blowing of horns, to some neighbouring wood, where they employed themselves in breaking down and gathering branches. These they brought back at an early hour, and planted over their doors, so that by daylight the whole village looked quite a bower. The citizens of London went a-Maying in this fashion, notwithstanding their comparative distance from woods. They went marshalled in parishes, or in unions of two or three parishes; their mayor and aldermen went also; and we read of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine riding from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, attended by lords and ladies, to join in the sport. In some places, the Mayers brought home a garland suspended from a pole, round which they danced. In others—and this was a more general custom

—there was an established May-pole for the village, which it was their business to dress up with flowers and flags, and dance around throughout all the latter part of the day. A May-pole was as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons, painted with spiral stripes of black and white, and properly fixed in a frame to keep it erect. Here lads and lasses danced in a joyful ring for hours to the sounds of the viol; and masquers personating Robin Hood, Little John, Maid Marian, and others of the celebrated Sherwood company of outlaws, as well as morris-dancers, performed their still more merry pranks. May-poles, as tending to encourage levity of deportment, were condemned by the Puritans in Elizabeth's time; James I. supported them in his Book of Sports; they were altogether suppressed during the time of the Commonwealth, but got up again at the Restoration. Now, change of manners has done that which ordinances of parliament could not do. This object, so interwoven with our national poetical literature, is all but rooted out of the land. Washington Irving speaks of having seen *one* in the earlier days of his acquaintance with England —probably thirty-six years ago. 'I shall never,' he says, 'forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my

imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by—the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic—the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick-walls of the city.'

It is not unworthy of notice, that the late Dr Parr was 'a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish May-pole, which on the annual festival was dressed with garlands, surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was "first of the throng," and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in a closet of his house, from which it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers, preparatory to its elevation, and to the doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself and advantage to his neighbours.'*

A certain superstitious feeling attached to May-day. The dew of that morning was considered as a cosmetic of the highest efficacy, and women, especially young women, who are never unwilling to improve in this

* Hone's *Everyday Book.*

respect, used to go abroad before sunrise to gather it. To this day, there is a resort of the fair sex every May-morning to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for the purpose of washing their faces with the dew. Mr Pepys, in his curious diary written in the time of Charles II., gravely tells us of his wife gone to Woolwich for a little air, and to gather May-dew, 'which Mrs Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world [Rowland's Kalydor not being then invented] to wash her face with.' Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, speaks of a sprig of hawthorn gathered on May-day, and hung in the entry to a house, as a presumed preservative against all malign influences. We find another quaint superstition as to May-day in Gay's *Shepherd's Week*:—

> 'Last May-day fair, I searched to find a snail
> That might my secret lover's name reveal.
> Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
> For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
> I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
> And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
> Slow crawled the snail, and if I right can spell,
> In the soft ashes marked a curious L.
> Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
> For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.'

There was also a practice of making fools on May-day, similar to what obtains on the first of the preceding month. The deluded were called *May-goslings*. It was held unlucky to marry in May—a notion which, we learn from Ovid, existed among the Romans.

A gentleman residing at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, communicated to Mr Hone a curious account of the way in which May-day is observed at that place. The Mayers there express their judgment of the estimableness of the characters of their neighbours by fixing branches upon their doors before morning; those who are unpopular find themselves marked with nettle or some other vile weed instead. 'Throughout the day, parties of these Mayers are seen dancing and frolicking in various parts of the town. The group that I saw to-day, which remained in Bancroft for more than an hour, was composed as follows:—First came two men with their faces blacked,

one of them with a birch-broom in his hand, and a large artificial hump on his back; the other dressed as a woman, all in rags and tatters, with a large straw-bonnet on, and carrying a ladle: these are called "Mad Moll and her husband." Next came two men, one most fantastically dressed with ribbons, and a great variety of gaudy-coloured silk handkerchiefs tied round his arms from the shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and legs to the ankles; he carried a drawn sword in his hand: leaning upon his arm was a youth dressed as a fine lady, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from top to toe with gay ribbons; these, I understood, were called the "Lord and Lady" of the company. After these followed six or seven couples more, attired much in the same style as the lord and lady, only the men were without swords. When this group received a satisfactory contribution at any house, the music struck up from a violin, clarionet, and fife, accompanied by the long drum, and they began the merry dance, and very well they danced, I assure you; the men-*women* looked and footed it so much like *real* women, that I stood in great doubt as to which sex they belonged to, till Mrs J—— assured me that women were not permitted to mingle in these sports. While the dancers were merrily footing it, the principal amusement to the populace was caused by the grimaces and clownish tricks of Mad Moll and her husband. When the circle of spectators became so contracted as to interrupt the dancers, then Mad Moll's husband went to work with his broom, and swept the road dust all round the circle into the faces of the crowd; and when any pretended affronts were offered (and many were offered) to his wife, he pursued the offenders, broom in hand; if he could not overtake them, whether they were males or females, he flung his broom at them. These flights and pursuits caused an abundance of merriment.'* The Hitchin Mayers have a song much in the style of a Christmas carol, which Mr Hone has also given.

* Hone's *Everyday Book*.

'Remember us, poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day;
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!'

In London, as has been said, May-day was once as much observed as it was in any rural district. There were several May-poles throughout the city, particularly one near the bottom of Catherine Street, in the Strand, which, rather oddly, became in its latter days a support for a large telescope at Wanstead, in Essex, the property of the Royal Society. The milkmaids were amongst the last conspicuous celebrators of the day. They used to dress themselves in holiday guise on this morning, and come in bands with fiddles, whereto they danced, attended by a strange-looking pyramidal pile, covered with pewter plates, ribbons, and streamers, either borne by a man upon his head, or by two men upon a handbarrow: this

was called their *garland*. The young chimney-sweepers also made this a peculiar festival, coming forth into the streets in fantastic dresses, and making all sorts of unearthly noises with their shovels and brushes. The benevolent Mrs Montagu, one of the first of the class of literary ladies in England, gave these home slaves an annual dinner on this day, in order, we presume, to aid a little in reconciling them to existence. In London, May-day still remains the great festival of the sweeps, and much finery and many vagaries are exhibited on the occasion.

The Robin Hood games and morris-dances, by which this day was distinguished till the Reformation, appear, from many scattered notices of them, to have been entertainments full of interest to the common people. Robin has been alternatively styled in at least one document as the King of May, while Maid Marian seems to have been held as the Queen. The various scattered particulars respecting these festivities, which make but dry reading by themselves, have been wrought up to some advantage by Mr Strutt in his *Queen Hoo Hall*, where he describes May-day as celebrated by the servants and dependents of an English baron of the fifteenth century. (We abridge a little in the matter of costume.) 'In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the enclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required. Six young men first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy leaves, intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated with ribbons of various colours interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters equipped in green tunics, with

hoods and hosen of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldrick of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief-falconer, who personified *Robin Hood;* he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were party-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rosebuds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantine, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold. Fabian, a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellerman, the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courtpies, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the *Maid Marian*, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground. She was supported by two bridemaidens, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles. After them came four other females, in green courtpies, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Sampson, the smith, as *Friar Tuck*, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris, the mole-taker, who represented *Much*, the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the *May-pole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours, and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the hobby-horse and the dragon. When the May-pole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation. During the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottle-ground were opened for the villagers to ap-

with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them. The pole being sufficiently onerated with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant, and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The *woodmen* and the *milkmaidens* danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief-minstrel, on the *bagpipes*, accompanied with the pipe and tabor, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory, the jester, who undertook to play the *hobby-horse*, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of Much, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the enclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the meantime, Sampson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back. The well-nurtured

beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed; and their two companions followed their example, which concluded this part of the pastime. Then the archers set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades, and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again, when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second-best performer in that contest. The pageant was finished with the archery, and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom.'

VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE name of Vincent de Paul is almost unknown to the general public of Britain. The case is very different, however, as respects France, the land of his nativity. There he holds the same rank which the Howards hold in our own country; and, like these individuals, he deserves to be known wherever benevolence is honoured and genius admired.

Vincent de Paul was born at Ranquines, a hamlet in the department of the Landes, on the 24th of April 1576. His parents were not wealthy, and in boyhood he was intrusted with the humble office of tending their sheep. At the age of twelve, he was placed under the

cordeliers of Acqs, in order to receive his education. He made rapid progress in his studies; and, at sixteen, had qualified himself for becoming tutor to a respectable family, in which he acquired sufficient means to recompense his parents for their past outlay, and complete his course of training for the priesthood. In 1596 he received the tonsure; and, for the next seven years, supported himself by teaching, preferring to continue the while his theological studies rather than accept a curacy, for which he conceived himself not fully qualified. A considerable sum was left to him in 1605, soon after which event, while sailing with a friend to Narbonne, he was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair, and carried to Tunis. There he was sold as a slave, and for two years endured the hardest fortunes, under successive masters. At length he fell into the hands of a Savoyard renegade, one of whose wives was of Greek extraction. This woman used to visit the fields where Vincent de Paul followed his laborious occupations, and one day she asked him to sing a hymn to that God who seemed to be so much in his thoughts. With tears flowing from his eyes, he sang to her the song of the expatriated children of Israel, commemorative of the time when they hung their harps upon the willows by Babel's streams. The Greek woman was herself far from home, and the mournful melody went to her heart. She had great influence with her husband; and the issue of her representations was, that he not only gave the French captives their liberty, but accompanied them in their flight to Avignon, where he was publicly restored to the bosom of the Christian church.

Soon after his return on this occasion, Vincent de Paul accompanied the vice-legate to Rome, and gained so much on the esteem of the pope, and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, that he was sent by them on a mission to Henry IV. in the year 1609. His subsequent nomination to the office of almoner to the French queen, Marguerite of Valois, exposed him to such temptations, that he soon resigned the office, and sought repose of conscience in

retirement. After holding a rural curacy for some time, Vincent was appointed tutor to the three sons of the Count de Joigny, absentee-governor of the convict-galleys at Marseille; but pressed again by a tender conscience, he left for a time that household, to undertake the spiritual charge of Chatillon-les-Dombes, in Bresse. This place, notorious for the vicious habits of its population, became, under the eye of its zealous pastor, the abode of happiness and virtue. The poor and infirm were already the peculiar charge of Vincent de Paul; and it was here that he established, for their benefit, his first Fellowship of Charity (*Confrérie de Charité*)—an institution which became the model of numerous others subsequently formed in France. Vincent returned to the family of De Joigny in 1617, at the pressing entreaties of the countess, who had felt his loss deeply. He now entered earnestly on the formation of missions for the religious instruction of rural places where it was greatly required. But a much more striking task to which Vincent de Paul devoted himself, was one connected with the galley-convicts. He visited the prisons where they were for a considerable time confined before being sent on board the ships at Marseille. He then saw, to use his own words, 'unfortunate beings shut up in dark and deep dungeons, devoured by vermin, attenuated by want and misery, and entirely neglected both in body and soul.' This state of things excited in him the profoundest emotions of pity and sorrow, and he resolved that it should exist no longer. Receiving leave from the Count de Joigny, he commenced by purchasing, in the street Saint Honoré, a building large enough to receive all the convicts of Paris condemned to the galleys. He then made an appeal to the charity of his friends, in order to enable him to perfect that establishment for the reception of the convicts. The result was, that, by indefatigable personal exertions, he restored comfort to these unhappy persons, and converted them from reckless and blaspheming maniacs into peaceful and resigned penitents. All men marvelled at the change effected by the unwearied

zeal of a solitary individual, and the king was so much struck by the spectacle, that he appointed Vincent de Paul, in 1619, almoner-general of the convict-galleys of France, in which office it was in his power to extend greatly the range of his benefactions. He was also intrusted with the government of the first convent of the Visitation at Paris.

The year 1622 was remarkable for one of the noblest acts which Christian charity ever prompted a human being to perform. Vincent de Paul had quitted his duties in Paris in order to satisfy himself, with his own eyes, of the condition and mode of management of the convicts in the galleys at Marseille. To prevent prepared exhibitions, he went without warning, and unknown. In passing from rank to rank of the convicts, he came to one poor young man, who appeared far more desolate and despairing than the others. Vincent inquired into his case. He had been condemned to three years of the galleys for smuggling, and the cause of his deep sorrow was the miserable condition to which his wife and children must have been reduced by his absence. Touched to the soul by the tears of the convict, Vincent took a resolution which few men could have taken. In alleviating the sufferings of the condemned, he ever impressed upon them the necessity that existed for bowing to the laws; and he would not, even in this case, teach an opposite lesson by applying for a reprieve, but gave the laws a victim in his own person, and sustained their dignity. With consent of the superintendent, the young man was freed, and Vincent took his place. For eight months he endured all the hardships of the galleys, working daily with a chain around his leg, which left a weakness never effaced during his life. Nor was this done in ostentation. So different was the case, that, though the fact was proved on his posthumous canonisation, the probation was rendered difficult by his never having been known to talk of it during his life, even to his most intimate friends.

In 1623, Vincent de Paul established, at Macon, two

Fellowships of Charity, one for men and the other for women. The principle of these institutions was, to give alms and relief daily to certain poor persons inscribed in the list after inquiry; to give a lodging to poor travelling persons for one night, and to send them on their way next morning with a small sum of money. Such were the institutions, resembling our Houses of Refuge, which Vincent de Paul was the means of originating and spreading throughout France. For these institutions alone his country owes him a deep debt of gratitude. To understand fully the difficulties which he had to overcome, the temper of the age in which he lived must be borne in mind. 'When I established the charity at Macon,' says he, 'every one mocked me. I was pointed at with the finger on the streets. No person believed that I could ever attain my end; and yet, when the thing was successfully done, many wept for joy, and all combined to pay me so much honour, that I was constrained to leave the town in secrecy to avoid their applauses.'

Continuing closely occupied with the formation of charities and missions, Vincent de Paul, in 1625, carried out the latter object by the establishment of a great religious community in the college of the Bons Enfants at Paris, for the purpose of instructing rural districts, and training young men to the ministry. The great object of the founder was to take away from the church the scandal resting on the ignorance and licence of the clergy. This institution, called the Congregation of the Mission, became a noble one, and its influence was felt not only over France, and in all parts of the world where they had formed settlements, but over all Catholic countries. Its great utility was acknowledged by the popes, and by Louis XIV., who assigned to it a large income.

The establishment of the order of the Daughters of Charity, so famous in France for their attention to the indigent and the sick, was the next great work of this indefatigable man, whose touching appeals moved even

the most insensible to contribute to the ends of charity and benevolence. He also established the order—at first a distinct one—of Female Visitants to the Hospitals for Disease. In the war of the Fronde, several thousand Germans, who had been induced to enter France, were left by their employers to perish, and would have perished had not Vincent stirred up a general spirit of charity in their behalf, and got them sent back, clothed and fed, to their own country. The calamities of the same war were fearful in many French provinces. Famine and pestilence ravaged the ranks of the soldiery, and the fields were covered with unburied bodies. Vincent raised 12,000,000 of francs, which he, with his coadjutors, carried to the relief of the sufferers, giving them food, attire, and medicine, and saving numberless lives from too probable destruction. De Paul went on his knees before Cardinal Richelieu, to entreat that minister to assent to peace. His petition was not without its effect.

During the regency of Anne of Austria, Vincent was named president of the Council of Conscience, and, in that position, brought his influence to bear on many new abuses. As one example, he procured the renewal of the ancient ordinances against duels; but the most famous of his actions was his permanently fixing the lot of foundlings in France. These unfortunate victims of error and wretchedness, for whom Vincent de Paul had already done some good, having had provision made for many of them, in various quarters, were about to be abandoned to their former misery for want of funds and sympathy. Vincent, who allowed no obstacles or toils to stop him in the cause of humanity, made exertions for the assembling of the women of Paris, of higher and lower rank; and, when they were met, addressed them in the most moving terms in behalf of the poor innocents, whom their unhappy or unnatural parents left to the mercy of chance and the pity of strangers. 'These unfortunate and guiltless children,' he cried, 'will live if you bestow on them your charitable cares; death is their

inevitable portion if you abandon them.' His language so moved his auditory, that an instant subscription of 40,000 livres took place; and erelong, an annual income of the same amount was insured for this benevolent end. The king granted a building for the reception of the foundlings, and their comfortable maintenance was placed beyond the effects of chance or change. In this instance, the effect of De Paul's efforts may be of a doubtful nature; but the excellence of his motives cannot be disputed.

Besides all these acts of benevolence, Vincent de Paul obtained numerous benefactions for existing charities in France, and otherwise improved their condition. His personal influence with courts and nobles became latterly very great; but his deeds of charity were effected chiefly by personal exertions, in which neither danger nor ridicule could make him pause. His manner was gentle and attractive, and his eloquence of that kind that alike touched the heart and convinced the judgment. In early days, indeed, the repulses which he encountered had made him harsh and rough in his address; but he detected the fault, and, by a strong effort, permanently cast it off. Vincent de Paul died at Paris in September 1660, at the age of eighty-five. He received the honours of canonisation, the highest of his church, in 1737, from Pope Clement XII.

The whole career of this estimable character affords a strong proof of what may be done by the indomitable will and untiring energies of one man.

THE SHAKSPEARE HOAX.

ALLUSIONS being often made to the Shakspeare or rather Ireland forgeries, while the generation familiar with them has nearly passed away, it becomes in some measure necessary, for the sake of the general reader of the present day, that an account of that extraordinary imposture should be presented.

Mr Samuel Ireland, who became deeply mixed up with the 'Shakspeare Forgeries,' was a person of excellent private character, and of some eminence in the world of letters, being the author of various antiquarian and topographical works, published about the end of last century. He was particularly distinguished among his friends for his devotion to the memory of Shakspeare. The slightest scrap of ancient writing, referring even indirectly to that great name, was to Samuel Ireland a treasure of priceless worth, and an autograph of the bard himself was a thing meriting almost the reverence of idolatry. Unfortunately, however, only two or three scraps of Shakspeare's writing had descended to posterity, the signature of his will being the most certainly authentic of these. In such circumstances, the delight and triumph of Mr Ireland may be imagined when, in 1795, his own son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, a lad of eighteen years of age, not only announced his discovery of a deed bearing the *sign-manual of William Shakspeare*, but at the same time placed that very deed in his father's hands. The father was almost beside himself, in fact, with joy, and called around him, on the instant, all the antiquaries and Shakspearian enthusiasts of London, in order to astonish them with his prize. The relic, which purported to be a mortgage-deed betwixt Shakspeare and one Michael Fraser and his wife, was viewed with such rapturous and soul-engrossing veneration, that only after the lapse of several days did some individual grow calm enough to

inquire where the document had been found. Young Ireland, the discoverer, was at that time in the office of a conveyancer, but deeds of such antiquity were not likely, it was apparent, to have existed there. Accordingly, when referred to, the young man assigned a different source to the precious relic. He had become acquainted, he said, with a gentleman of ancient family, who had permitted a search to be made among his numerous family papers, and there, said the youth, had the deed been found. The gentleman had presented it to the fortunate discoverer; but being a very retiring and diffident person, and knowing the stir which would be made about the matter, he had bound the other solemnly to the concealment of the giver's name. This statement of young Ireland, in place of meeting with discredit, was most readily swallowed, and even threw a deeper interest over the affair; and the cry of all enthusiastic antiquaries was for more—more signatures—more deeds! The Honourable Mr Byng, Sir Frederick Eden, and a great number of other literary amateurs, unanimously declared that, where this one deed had been found, the identical mass of papers beyond doubt existed which had been long sought for in vain by the commentators on Shakspeare.

Young Ireland, urged on all hands to continue his researches, erelong gratified the expectations of the curious, by producing, one after another, 'Shakspeare's Profession of Faith,' a 'Letter to Lord Southampton,' a 'Letter to Anne *Hatherwaye*' (the poet's wife), 'Five Poetical Stanzas' to the same lady, a 'Letter to Queen Elizabeth,' and several notes of hand and other minor documents, all of them apparently either in Shakspeare's own handwriting or signed by him. These documents were laid before the first antiquaries and men of letters of the day, and were received by all, with the exception of a very few persons, without suspicion. Not even the production of a 'Deed of gift to *William Henry Ireland*,' described as the friend of the poet, and as having saved his life on the river Thames, brought any discredit on

these wonderful discoveries, though certainly the production of such a deed, with such names, was a pretty sharp trial of the *swallow* of the antiquarian world. Among the noted men who saw and implicitly believed in the authenticity of the Shakspeare papers, Dr Samuel Parr may be mentioned in the first place. The doctor drew up and signed a certificate, stating that 'the undersigned had inspected the Shakspeare papers, and were convinced of their authenticity.' The name of Parr was followed by those of Herbert Croft, the Earl of Lauderdale, Valpy, and many others. James Boswell was among the subscribers; and 'previous to signing his name, he *fell upon his knees*, and, in a tone of enthusiasm, thanked Heaven that he had lived to witness this discovery, and exclaimed that he could *now die in peace!*' Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms, Jonathan Hewlett, translator of the Old Temple Records, and several of the principal English heralds—men accustomed to minute examinations of ancient documents—were also among the vouchers for the antiquity of the Shakspeare papers. But perhaps the most remarkable name in the list was that of John Pinkerton, the historian and antiquary, whose experience in antique writings may be held to have exceeded that of any other man of his day. It is needless to go further into the list, after mentioning such names as these. The strange truth respecting these papers must now be told. Can the reader hear without wonder and amaze, that the papers under notice, asserted to be *two hundred* years old, had been fabricated, in most instances, not many *hours* previous to their production before the eyes of these experienced and admiring antiquaries! And they had been fabricated, moreover, by a lad of eighteen, totally unskilled beforehand in the art of copying ancient writing!

According to the confessions of young Ireland, which were published in 1805, his original motive for the execution of these forgeries was simply to give pleasure to his father. He had long sought for an autograph of Shakspeare to present to the latter, and being unable to

find one, at length bethought him, in an evil hour, of producing a spurious copy. He did so, and his father was rendered happy. In departing thus far from the straight path, the young man foresaw none of the consequences which followed. He conceived, he says, that his father would be pleased, and 'there an end.' But the inquiries made compelled him to fabricate a story regarding their source; and the demand for further Shakspearian relics led him on, according to the common law in morals, from lie to lie, and from the production of paper after paper, until he had coiled around himself a mesh of deceit which he might well tremble at the thought of unweaving. How could he venture to confess his forgeries, after having led such men as Joseph Warton and Samuel Parr to commit themselves by the most extravagant eulogies of the pseudo-Shakspearian compositions! 'We have many fine things,' said one of these individuals, 'in our church-service, and our Litany abounds in beauties; but *here*, sir, *here* is a man who has distanced us all.' This said of the hurried composition of a smart lad of eighteen! Parr afterwards tried to back out of the scrape into which he had fallen; but he was undeniably, and grossly, and egregiously deceived at the outset of the affair. Our faith in taste and criticism receives a sad shock from such circumstances as these.

Pushed and pushing onwards in his course, young Ireland at length announced the discovery not only of the manuscript originals of many of Shakspeare's plays, but also of a new and hitherto unknown one, with the title of *Vortigern and Rowena*. A new drama by Shakspeare! The literary world was wild with expectation. And all the while, according to his own account, the youth of eighteen, who had ventured upon this daring announcement, had not penned one line of the promised piece, and, indeed, had never written a verse in his life. The announcement of the play brought out an attack from Malone, one of the few who denounced the Ireland papers as forgeries, although it is to be feared that he

was actuated more by a bitter jealousy of the invaders of his province of collector of Shakspeariana than by any other motive. He warned the public not to be imposed upon by the spurious play, as he was just about to prove the whole affair a tissue of forgeries. The elder Ireland defended the authenticity of the papers in a pamphlet. The play was written, and shewn to antiquaries, and, even then, criticism continued completely at fault. The great theatres were both eager for the play, and Drury Lane was the successful competitor, Sheridan being then at its head. James Henry Pye, the poet-laureate, and Sir James Bland Burgess, contended for the honour of writing a prologue to the piece, and the baronet carried the day; while another literary amateur wrote an epilogue. The 2d of April 1796 was the day appointed for the representation, and all London looked with eagerness to the event.

But there was one man who knew Shakspeare too well to be gulled like others around him, and that man was essential to the success of the pseudo-Shakspearian play. John Kemble did take upon him the part of Vortigern, but he took it at the command of his superiors, and did not hesitate to call the whole a downright forgery. The author, in a published edition of the play, ascribes to John Kemble's contempt of his part the consequences that followed the representation. A house, crowded to excess, met to listen to the piece, and all, says the author, went on well, until John Kemble came to the line—

'And when this solemn mockery is o'er,'

which he pronounced in so pointedly scornful a manner, that an irrepressible clamour commenced in the house, and settled for ever the fate of Vortigern.

The truth seems to be, that, whatever might be the case with critics and antiquaries, the *public* were not in this case to be hoaxed. They knew the mettle of their illustrious and enduring favourite too well to be deceived, and their award decisively closed the Ireland imposture.

The eyes of the learned few were opened by the plain common-sense of the illiterate many, and all men cried out against the impudent forgery. Poor Samuel Ireland suffered grievously in character; and it was to protect his father, the son says, that he came forward and made a full confession. The consequence of his misdeeds, he further says, was a life of voluntary yet painful exile, and the endurance of all manner of obloquy, for years in succession. The doom was certainly not altogether undeserved.

We have now had enough of this sad affair, which certainly forms one of the most curious instances in literary history, of critical judgment thoroughly at fault. In this respect, it gives a lesson at once amusing and instructive. But it is unnecessary to dwell on the *morale* of the affair, which is so obvious that it may be safely left to the reader's own reflections.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

[We copy the following from the *Nova Scotian*, a newspaper published at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where the incident alluded to appears to have caused a sensation creditable to the feelings of the inhabitants.]

Most children who can read, have read the touching little nursery tale of *The Babes in the Woods*, and thousands who cannot read have wept over it as better informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poured it into their infant ears, with various embellishments and exaggerations, which, if all duly preserved, would fill a book as large as *Robinson Crusoe*. The incident which we have now to relate, shews that the main features of this tender legend have not been overdrawn, and are, in reality, true to nature.

The town of Dartmouth lies on the eastern side of Halifax harbour, directly opposite to the city of that

name. The township of Preston lies to the eastward of Dartmouth, and embraces scattered agricultural settlements, through the principal of which the main road runs which leads from Dartmouth to Porter's Lake, Chezetcook, Jedore, and all the harbours upon the south-eastern sea-board. About half a mile from this road, at the distance of some four miles and a half from the ferry, lived John Meagher, a native of Ireland, his wife, and a family of four children. His house is prettily situated on an upland ridge, between two lakes, and overlooking the main road. His cleared fields were chiefly in front, the rear of his lot being covered by a thick growth of bushes and young trees, which had sprung up in the place of the original forest, long since levelled by the axe or overrun by fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction, lay a wide extent of timber and scrambling woodland, barren granite and morass, the only houses in the neighbourhood lying east or west, on ridges running parallel with that on which Meagher lived, and which are separated from it by the lakes that extend some distance in rear of his clearing.

On Monday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher, his wife, and two of the children, being sick with the measles, the two eldest girls strolled into the woods to search for *lashong*, the gum of the black spruce-tree, or tea-berries. Their names were Jane-Elizabeth and Margaret, the first being six years and ten months old, and the latter only five years. The day was fine, and the girls being in the habit of roaming about the lot, were not missed till late in the day. A man-servant was sent in search of them, and thought he heard their voices, but returned without them, probably thinking there was no great occasion for alarm, and that they would by and by return of their own accord. Towards evening the family became seriously alarmed, and the sick father roused himself to search for his children, and gave the alarm to some of his nearest neighbours. The rest of the night was spent in beating about the woods in rear of the clearing, but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls

so small could have strayed more than a mile or two from the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings having reached Dartmouth, Halifax, and the neighbouring settlements, several hundreds of persons promptly repaired to the vicinity of Meagher's house, and dividing into different parties, commenced a formal and active examination of the woods. In the course of the day, the tracks of little feet were discovered in several places on patches of snow, but were again lost; the spot at which the children crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Loon with Lake Charles was also remarked. A coloured boy, named Brown, whose dwelling lay about three miles to the north-west of Meagher's, also reported that he had heard a noise as of children crying, the evening before, while cutting wood, but that, on advancing towards it, and calling out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, thinking it was perhaps a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the coloured boy's report, and the subsequent discovery of a piece of one of the children's aprons stained with blood, at the distance of three miles from their home, gave a wider range to the searches of the benevolent, who began to muster in the neighbourhood of the place in which the piece of apron was picked up, and to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle of several miles beyond and in rear of it. Monday night was mild, and it was pretty evident the children survived it. Tuesday night was colder; and about two inches of snow having fallen, the general conviction appeared to be, that, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having no outer clothing, they must have perished. Still, there was no relaxation of the exertions of the enterprising and benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the woods each day; and many persons, overpowered by the strength of their feelings, and gathering fresh energy from the pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generous purpose of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the lives of the innocents, from the wilderness. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed away, and no further trace was discovered of the babes in the woods; every news-

paper that appeared was eagerly searched for some tidings; every boat that crossed the harbour was met by anxious and inquiring faces; Dartmouth was the centre of excitement, and the Preston road was constantly occupied with vehicles and pedestrians moving to and fro.

As the week closed, all hopes of finding the children alive were of course abandoned, and yet nobody thought of discontinuing the search. An air of mystery began to gather about the affair. The accounts of the man-servant and of the coloured lad were eagerly canvassed. What meant the blood upon the scrap of the apron? Had there been crime? Had wild animals destroyed them? How could hundreds of persons have traversed the woods for five days without finding them? All these were questions which everybody put to his neighbour, and which none could answer.

On Sunday morning, it was quite evident that the interest had rather deepened than declined. A load seemed to hang upon the mind, which was excessively painful. Many who had been confined all the week, unable to join in the good work, determined to spend the Sabbath in searching for the children, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave examples of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion. Many others thought to throw off by locomotion, and a sight of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery, and apprehension, which oppressed them. From early morning till eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering the steam-boat, with hunting-coats and strong buskins, evidently bound for the woods. The Preston road was covered with the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all ages, pressing onward with a zeal and determination worthy of any good cause.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive, seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of

death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could 'not be comforted,' because her children 'were not.' All they could do was to shew, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies, had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on and on, occasionally exchanging greetings or inquiries with parties crossing or recrossing our line of march. As we proceeded, clambering over windfalls, bruising our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud-holes, the sufferings of these poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If we, who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours' tramp —if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we slumped through the half-frozen morass—what must have been the sufferings of these poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands, and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine? Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must have been their sufferings. We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a woodpath, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search, should

have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sunk into their final rest on the bleak mountain-side.

In a few moments after, we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful, and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half-hour we shall never forget. As we pressed up the hillside, dozens of our friends and acquaintance were ascending from different points—some, having satisfied their curiosity, were returning, with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle, about half-way down on the other side. This seemed to be the point of attraction. New-comers were momentarily pressing into the ring, and others rushing out of it, overpowered by strong emotion. When we pressed into the circle, the two little girls were lying just as they were when first discovered by Mr Currie's dog. The father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to his bosom; but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to shew the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. Jane-Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep, or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of the Angel of Death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses. Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her fair, almost white hair, unkemped and dishevelled, strewed the wild heath upon which they lay. The elder girl appeared to have suffered more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last; her features were pinched and anxious, as if years

of care and anguish had been crowded into those few days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do, and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years.

We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle: there were men of all ranks and ages; soldiers in fatigue-dress—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man, with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town, and Cole Harbour farmers, in their homespun suits—the Chezetcook Frenchman in his moccasons—the coloured man in his motley garb—and, apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and unruffled amidst the general excitement of the scene.

The hill on which the children were found was the last place anybody would have thought of looking for them; and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended in order that they might ascertain where they were; and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog, and wild barren, stretching for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for further efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it—'in death they were not divided.' It was clear that there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If

she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion in the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature, and broken the bonds of the best-cemented friendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks, it was evident that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth.

THE RIOTS OF 1780.

Our fathers, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, knew no more serious instances of popular violence than the riots which took place in London in 1780. The cause which led to these outrages was the passing of a bill to do away with some of the severer penal statutes against the Catholics of England. This act of the legislature roused the indignation of a large portion of the people, and produced much excitement; under the influence of which some riots took place in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1779. A vastly ramified body, taking upon itself the name of the Protestant Association, undertook to petition for the repeal of the act; and at their head they placed Lord George Gordon, a young member of the House of Commons, who had distinguished himself by the part he took in the movement.

Lord George was a younger son of the deceased Duke of Gordon (a family recently Catholic), and was in his twenty-eighth year. He had served in the army, but retired from it in disgust; his mind seems to have been ever liable to enthusiasm and eccentricity. In parliament, he dissented from Tories and Whigs alike; so that a

saying arose, that 'there were three parties in the House —the Ministry, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon.' In especial was this young nobleman zealous in denouncing all propositions for relieving the Roman Catholics from their burdens and disabilities. On this account he acquired a degree of notoriety throughout the country, as almost any public man may do who adopts a hobby and adheres to it obstinately. In parliament, he was generally thought a well-meaning man, with a slight craze upon the subject of religion. In manners, he was modest and reserved, though warm at times in his oratory. It is stated that, on one occasion, he went and asked an audience of the king. His request being granted, he entered the royal closet, and deliberately bolted the door behind him. He then gravely addressed his majesty, and, warning him of what had pushed the Stuarts from the throne, asked him to order his ministers to support the Protestant petitions. The king said, that not he but parliament had passed the relief-bill; and Lord George could get no more out of him.

Things gradually assumed an alarming form. Deputation after deputation came from the country, and large aggregate meetings took place in London. An anti-Catholic petition was drawn up, which received what was then the unusual number of 120,000 signatures. Great influence was used by the friends of Lord George to wean him from his connection with a body to which his name added some respectability; but their exertions were in vain. At length the crisis arrived. An assembly was held in Coachmakers' Hall, for the purpose of considering the best way of presenting the great petition to the House of Commons. The chairman, Lord George Gordon, spoke warmly, and recommended that the association should meet in St George's Fields, at ten o'clock on the ensuing Friday, the 2d of June, when they might accompany him to the House, and give him the weight of their countenance while he presented their petition. He warned them to appear in numbers, as he would not present the petition unless 20,000 men were assembled. For the

sake of distinction, he told them to come with blue cockades. All this was agreed to.

The poor young man, vain, doubtless, of his position, little thought what an engine of mischief he was setting in action, and how vain his own power to check its operations. At ten o'clock, on the 2d of June, a vast multitude assembled at the appointed spot: it was said to have numbered from 40,000 to 60,000 persons. At eleven, the hero of the day appeared, and arranged the procession. It came clearly out on trial, that he did not wish the whole to advance to the House, but he wished a parade; and one party was ordered to cross London Bridge, another across Blackfriars, and a third was to follow himself across Westminster Bridge. Away, accordingly, they went, with banners flying and music playing. They reached the House with all due decorum; but when Lord George had entered, they fell into great disorder. Blocking up the avenues to both Houses, they engaged in bawling their favourite rallying cry of 'No Popery!' and soon began to notice the obnoxious members, peers, and commoners, as they passed. The archbishop of York was grossly abused; Lord Bathurst was hustled and kicked; Lord Mansfield had his carriage smashed; the Duke of Northumberland had his pocket picked; the bishop of Lichfield had his gown torn; the bishop of Lincoln had the wheels pulled from his carriage, and he only preserved his life by entering a house, and escaping by the leads; and Lords Townshend, Hillsborough, Stormont, and others, were roughly used, the queues being torn from some of their heads.

Meanwhile, Lord George Gordon, who saw not all that was going on without, left the body of the House every short while, and from the top of the gallery stairs, harangued the people, who had made their way into the lobby. His lordship told them that certain members, and particularly Mr Burke, were opposing the cause. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'Lord North calls you a mob.' This was the way, certainly, to make matters worse, and worse they accordingly became. The House was in a state of siege.

The entering members were maltreated, and attempts were made to force a way into the body of the senate, the sitting members of which remained in great alarm. Lord George, who, according to the evidence, seemed inflated with childish joy at this display of his influence on the masses, was warned, remonstrated with, and even seriously threatened, by his friends. General Grant, a near relative, said to him: 'For God's sake, Lord George, do not lead these poor people into danger;' and Colonel Gordon, another relative, loudly accosted him, in the hearing of the people, with the words: 'My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, when the first man of them enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his, but into your body!' Lord George only smiled, as if in superior wisdom, and continued his addresses, remarking on the vain efforts made to dissuade him from his duty.

A party of the Horse-guards had been sent for, and arrived under Justice Addington. With great good sense, that gentleman prevented the apparently impending conflict, by assuring the people that he would send away the military, if they would promise to disperse quietly. By this means, he got many of the better-disposed to go home. The great petition being only supported by six members, Lord George was persuaded to enter a chariot and go away, as a means of dispersing the rest. The remaining rabble drew him to the city in triumph. Somewhat alarmed by this time at sight of the many-headed creature he had stirred up to fury, he begged earnestly that all would go home. But mischief was yet to come of this assemblage.

Order had been restored around the Houses of Parliament, but not elsewhere. The mob separated into divisions, and proceeded to vent their excitement on the Roman Catholic places of worship. The fine chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and also that in Warwick Street, Golden Square, were attacked and stripped of their ornaments; the altars, pulpits, pews, and benches, were made fires of, and nothing was left

but the bare walls. The military were called, but did not arrive in time to prevent the evil, though several rioters were captured. Here it may be remarked, once for all, that great blame was subsequently attached both to the civil and military powers for their inefficiency during the whole riots. They did attack, and shoot, and slay, but not with such concentration of their force as might be expected to make a decided impression. The lord mayor was much blamed for want of energy, and, indeed, the civil power was generally much at fault.

On Saturday, the destruction was slight; but on Sunday some of the remaining chapels, and the houses of the Catholics in and about Moorfields, were gutted, and bonfires made of the furniture. On Monday, a party destroyed the Catholic chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping; and a second party went to Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, where they destroyed chapels, and committed other outrages. The houses of Sir George Saville, the mover of the relief-bill, and of two merchants, were also reduced to bare walls.

But on Tuesday, though proclamations and rewards were issued, though the city was laid under martial law, and though the soldiery repeatedly used their arms in the streets, the audacity of the rioters rose to a still greater height. Among the private houses utterly destroyed on this day, were those of Justice Hyde, Justice Cox, and Sir John Fielding. Of many such atrocities which succeeded, it is unnecessary to speak, the destruction of private property being immense. Proceeding from less to more, the mob now attacked and gained an entrance to Clerkenwell Prison, and speedily set the prisoners at liberty. Newgate underwent a worse fate. The mob commanded the keeper to deliver up the confined rioters. He firmly refused; on which they began to break the windows, to batter the gates with pickaxes and sledge-hammers, and to attempt to climb the walls. The effective mischief, however, was done by combustibles, which they threw into the keeper's house, till it was in flames. These were soon communicated to the chapel,

and subsequently to the prison. During the spreading of the conflagration, the rioters had made their way among the cells, and, by means of their sledge-hammers, released all the prisoners, amounting in number to 300, among whom were four condemned to death. These auxiliaries from Clerkenwell and Newgate were not likely to compose the excited city. Many lives were lost at the burning of Newgate.

The climax of the confusion was still to come. Encouraged by the disgraceful supineness of the civil authorities, they became so insolent as to send notice to the prisons of King's Bench, the Fleet, New Bridewell, at what hours they would come and burn these buildings down; and they faithfully acted as they promised. The same kind of fiendish outrage was exercised towards Mr Langdale, distiller, Holborn, whose store-houses and stock, amounting in value to nearly L.100,000, were consumed and otherwise destroyed. At the close of Wednesday, London presented a spectacle scarcely to be paralleled even in the annals of war. Six-and-thirty fires were blazing at one time in different quarters of the city. At the prisons, and in Holborn, the conflagrations were dreadful beyond description. And while the trembling citizens glanced from their loopholes at the sheets of fire and clouds of smoke floating over the capital, they also heard the fierce roaring of the authors of the mischief, alternating with the ominous report of musketry, discharged in platoons. A few hours before, the king had held a privy-council, at which the feebleness of the magistracy, and the probable destruction of the city, were taken into serious consideration. The Attorney-General, Wedderburn, afterwards Chancellor under the title of Lord Loughborough, of course attended. The king asked Mr Wedderburn for his official opinion, when the learned gentleman stated, in the most precise terms, that such an assembly of depredators might be dispersed without waiting for forms, or reading the Riot Act. 'Is that your declaration of the law as Attorney-General?' asked the king. Wedderburn answering directly in the affirmative, the king said:

'Then let it be so done.' The Attorney-General immediately drew up the order, which was afterwards generally acknowledged to have come just in time to save the city. Armed with this authority, the officers now proceeded to act vigorously for the suppression of the riot. Powder and ball, however, were less destructive to the rioters than their own indulged appetites. At the distilleries, in particular, of Mr Langdale, from whose vessels non-rectified spirits ran for hours along the gutters, the mob lifted the liquid in pailfuls, and great numbers drank till they killed themselves on the spot, were trampled to death, or perished in the flames.

During Wednesday, two attempts were made on the Bank, but a very strong guard baffled their efforts. Through the night that followed this awful day, men, women, and children, ran up and down the streets intoxicated or laden with plunder. The Thursday saw something like a cessation of the work of mischief, the regular army and militia having poured into the city in such numbers, as to give ample means of defence. Confusion still reigned, however, and the shops were everywhere shut. On Friday, the metropolis became calm, and on that day the Gordon Riots may be said to have come to a close.

The number of persons who perished in these riots could not be accurately ascertained. According to the military returns, 210 persons died by shot or sword in the streets, and 75 in hospitals; 173 were wounded and captured. How many died of injuries unseen, cannot be computed. Many more perished in the flames, or died from excesses of one kind or other. Justice came in at the close to demand her due. At the Old Bailey, 85 persons were tried for the riots, and of these 18 were finally executed—one woman, a negro, being of the number. By a special commission for Surrey county, 45 prisoners were tried, and 26 of them capitally convicted, though two or three received respites.

What did Lord George Gordon all this while? 'Filled with consternation at the riots,' as his counsel on trial said, he, on the 7th of June, the terrible Wednesday,

sought an audience of the king, professing that it would be of service in checking the riots. No doubt the poor young nobleman would have asked the king to proclaim the intention of repealing the relief-bill, as if such a step would have had the slightest effect. But the king told him first to go and prove his loyalty by checking the riots, if he could. Lord George did really go into the city; but the president of the Protestant Association was now powerless, and does not seem even to have spoken to the mobs. One act he did which has been hastily brought up against him by a late novelist. A young man came to the door of his coach, and besought his lordship to sign a paper drawn up for the purpose, which ran thus:—'All true friends to the Protestants, I hope, will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant, as I am well assured the proprietor of this house is a stanch and worthy friend to the cause.' It has been insinuated that Lord George Gordon wrote for friends many protection-papers like this, the language of which certainly implies a knowledge and approval of the intent to attack those who were considered enemies. But the young man proved that it was written by himself, and that Lord George signed it hurriedly in compassion. When shewn to the mob, it saved the man's house.

Lord George was arrested on the 9th of June, and conveyed to the Tower under a strong guard. The government thought it prudent to allow eight months to elapse before trying him; and he was then absolved, justly to all appearance, of any foreknowledge or approval of the rioting. The after-life of this nobleman was marked by vagaries which confirmed the probability of his being afflicted with a degree of insanity. In 1786, he openly embraced Judaism, and soon after was convicted of a libel on the queen of France. He fled, to escape the sentence, but was retaken in a few months, and confined in Newgate, where he lived until fever cut short his career, on the 1st November 1793, at the age of forty-two. He was much beloved by the prisoners, and with good reason, being generous and humane. Two Jewish

maid-servants, partly through enthusiasm, waited on him daily up to his death. The last words of Lord George Gordon were characteristic. The French Revolution had attracted him as a glorious event, and he died crazily chanting its watchword—'*Ca ira!*'

THE LOBSTER-POTS.

THERE wasn't a widow in the parish of Kilkettle to come near the Widow Wade. She had a handsome cabin, a good slip of a garden at a low rent, a cow and a calf, a sweet pigsty, and a sweet face; to say nothing of a sweet temper, now that her husband, poor Thady Wade, was dead. She had, I had almost forgotten to mention, a stout yawl, and made a handsome thing of the lobsters she took out at Skerry Island, and sold to Green, in William Street, Dublin. It would have been a pity to forget this, since on these lobsters my story as much depends as did her income and her happiness. She had, indeed, a sort of monopoly of the Skerry Isle lobsters; and whether it was the respect borne to the memory of her deceased husband, as connected with lobsters, or the approbation of the village and neighbourhood of the perseverance with which she—though, from her sex and habits, herself precluded from taking a principal part in the capture of these *recherché* animals—pursued them, through the instrumentality of her well-paid crew, I know not, but certain it is that two rival yawls, which had been well-tarred and set on the same ground in the same line, had become successively bankrupt; and it was but seldom that a fisherman was driven to such desperation, by bad success elsewhere, as to poach upon the widow's manor of Skerry Island. There might have been other causes for this, perhaps: she retained none in her service but the stoutest and ablest-bodied of the 'boys' about 'the

ground,' as this spot of ocean was termed. This circumstance also favoured her neighbours' honesty—it was retired, and far from the observation and interference of meddling witnesses; and an occasional sound drubbing to the whole of the crew of a rival boat was an offence which, committed on the high seas, was beyond the legal grasp of the village attorney, and had to be proved by bystanders. Whether such means were ever resorted to, I have no way of knowing, nor indeed any right to inquire. Of this fact I am positive, however, that Widow Wade was exceedingly excitable on the subject of her lobster-pots; and her temper, angelic as it is stated to have been, is known to have given way at the bare mention of a good take of lobsters on the coast of Skerry Island by any other yawl than the *Jolly Boy* of Kilkettle.

But although I have stated that lobsters formed an equal part of her income and happiness, it remains for this story to prove that the setting up of any idol in the heart brings its own punishment, in that idol itself being made the source of misery to its adorer.

One fine evening three 'boys' sat on the top of a low wall built of loose stones cemented with sea-sand, between the suburbs of Kilkettle and the sea, with their faces turned towards the latter, having the rock called the Skerry Island opposite, and consequently—but this must be evident. Their names were Pat Nelligan, Jerry Green, and Billy Slattery; and their business seemed to be that of pulling down the aforesaid wall, since, according as they talked, they kept loosening the stones, and rolling them into the field at their feet. Whether they were hired for this express purpose or not, I cannot say; they seemed to take it very easily, and the occupation appeared quite subordinate to their conversation, which referred to the vested rights of the Widow Wade, and which they could not by any process of reasoning see the rights of. That night, to cut a long story short, they were to shove out the mackerel-yawl after dark, and make for the 'ground' off Skerry Island, and the take was to be sent

up by Billy Slattery's potato-cart, which was to quit Kilkettle before dawn the next morning for Dublin, with a load; the profits to be fairly divided between the parties, share and share alike.

The compound word 'lobster-pot,' not explaining itself, and some of my expected readers probably living where they never heard its parts connected, except when the kitchen-fire was considered an inseparable adjunct, I think it needful to explain, so far as to say that it is *not* the vessel in which the fish is to be boiled that is let down into the sea to catch him; on the contrary, the 'pot' preliminary—pot the first, as it may be termed—is a sort of trap made of stout osier-twigs, of the shape and construction nearly of certain cage rat-traps, and, the bait being placed within, the animal is induced to squeeze his body through some re-entering rods, which, having bent a little to facilitate his entry, present their points, with cruel indifference, to the gentleman, who, having regaled himself, expects, in common justice, to be allowed to go about his business again. The machines which act so unhandsomely towards their prey, and so cleverly for their employers, are sunk with weights to the bottom of the sea, where it is of a moderate depth, and rock and sea-weed present a likelihood of the presence of the fish —a stout line being attached to the 'jetsam' (as lawyers might term it), thus converting it into 'flotsam,' by means of a range of corks placed along it near its other extremity at equal distances, and which are as well the guides to the locality of the pot and expected lobsters beneath, as the means of both being hauled conveniently to the surface of the water, or, as the widow and her myrmidons would have more curtly expressed it—*viz.*

Well, then, about eleven o'clock of the night following the evening in question, a clumsy but strong-built yawl came dodging up upon the undulating surface of the sea, into a lonely and wild creek upon the north shore of the rock called Skerry Island. The cliffs of black and weather-beaten limestone rose perpendicularly out of the water to the height of between 100 and 200 feet, and,

in the darkness of the night, were defined no further than by the numerous nests of sea-fowl, which, with their white inmates and white deposit, shaped out in some degree the fissures and projections of the mass. The echo caused by its vast reverberating surface in the little bay seemed asleep now, only repeating, as if in a dream, the plash of the little yawl between the seas, the stroke of her oars, and the occasional chick of a gull or gannet, as, snug in a cleft, it hinted to its companion to lie over a little. There was a snore, too, as if Dame Echo drew long breaths with her mouth shut; but this must have been nothing more than the tide beginning to flow through the North Sound.

The boys knew the 'ground' well, evidently, for they pulled as straight for the lines as if there was a flag-staff to mark them.

'Now, Jerry, hould way on her,' said Pat Nelligan in a low voice, for the echo alarmed him; 'hould way till I get a grip ov the line. The tide'll dhrop us away.' So saying, he went forward in the boat till he reached her bows, when he leaned forward and over the gunwale, so as to seize the line attached to the corks near its extremity.

'Hould it! hould it!' cried both the oarsmen, who now saw that he had grasped it—'hould it till we ship the oars and riz it all together!'

'I've missed it—shlipped out betune my fingers!—make a grab at it, Billy!—you'll have it to larboard!'

And accordingly the cork, after ducking beneath the keel of the boat, emerged to the surface just under the towel-pin of Billy's oar. To seize it, and jerk it into the boat, was the work of a moment; and all three laying hold of the wet and splashing line, drew up the 'pot' safely to her side. Here the precious article was set upon with a curiosity worthy of antiquaries over a mummy-case, and examined as to its contents. They were average—a few tolerable fish, and a number of worthless fry; the latter were restored to their element, making good the remark, that insignificance is safe when eminence suffers; but the former were carefully bestowed

in the bottom of the boat, after which they pulled a few strokes to the next line.

How frequently do our most pleasant exploits furnish a lash to scourge us! Little did Pat Nelligan know what a whip he was preparing for his own precious back, when he was hauling up the pots of the Widow Wade! Was not that honourable lady at that very moment dreaming of Pat? Yes. The fact was undeniable. There *was* a leaning that way. But the Widow Wade had pride—high and inflexible pride; and she never had told her love. If she had even given a hint, Nelligan had as soon have eaten his own fingers down to the first joint as have launched the mackerel-yawl that night; he could have 'riz' the lobsters another way.

The pots were found empty the next morning by the *bona-fide* resurrection-men of the deep, for the lobster-snatchers had forgotten to take bait to put down with the pots again; and it far exceeds the scope of my humble capacity to describe the state of the widowed proprietor's mind at the discovery. To say that she swore would perhaps be, in its worst sense, too much; but as near as she could shave to the third commandment she did, certainly; and her general language, I am afraid, was sadly deficient in the grace of Christian charity for some hours that morning. She hurried down the long and straggling street of Kilkettle in the direction of the harbour, discharging upon every neighbour she met a portion of that vituperation which, like vapour receiving constant accessions from the fire of wrath within her, every instant threatened to burst the machine that confined it. So we have remarked the engineer, with malicious ingenuity, contrive to time the sharp and deafening discharges of his superfluous steam exactly when passenger after passenger is closest to the nostrils of the panting monster.

'They've been at the pots: listen to that, Molly Magrath; they've been at the pots; say! Wait till the lone widdy gets down to the quay, and see what the boys'll say.'

'Whisht, Mrs Wade,' the person addressed might venture to reply, respectfully endeavouring to soothe the exasperated dame; 'maybe it was a bad night for the fish, and'——

'Bad for the fish! dad, it'll be bad for the flesh of them that's robbed me, if I come acrass them! And the likes of you, too, that maybe knows all about it, with your "maybes!"'

'There, Gusty Connor; they've done it at last! Not a prawn in the pots! I wondher they ever left me one—the poor lone widdy that I am! Well, aisy, till I find them; and if my name's Wade, found they'll be, and in Kilmancha, afore the week's over! I'd like to get my hand on them first; I'd comb their heads with a three-legged stool—so I would!'

These successive disclosures of the state of her mind to the various friends who lived in that part of the street between her own house and the harbour, did not tend, as may be guessed, to allay the excitement under which she laboured, and by the time she had reached the sea-side, she had put on the full power of language. Now, it happened that just as the animated engine came smoking round the corner of the harbour-master's house, what should it come full against but the personage who has figured already so prominently in our narrative, and in the lady's dream—Pat Nelligan! She stopped short, and looking in his face for an instant, without uttering a word, at last dashed her arms into the air over her head, her hands quivering till the fingers became invisible, and then, seizing the astonished Pat's collar in both hands, she wrung his neck, and shook him to and fro as an earthquake might be supposed to shake St Patrick's Church, while her heart, with the single intelligible words of: 'Oh, Pat!' gave way within her, like an Artesian well when the last blow is inflicted upon the rock, and gushed to the surface in a flood of tears.

What were Pat's sensations at that harrowing moment? That he was detected, known, betrayed, exposed, ruined, he of course took for granted. With one furious thought,

which included in its scope the whole race of lobsters and proprietors of pots generally, he set himself to think what he had to say why he should not be forthwith committed to his majesty's jail of Kilmancha. He was, however, saved the trouble of moving in arrest of judgment.

'Pat Nelligan, if you had been there, I mightn't have been ruined this morning!'

Here was a most unforeseen disclosure of affairs. Nelligan discovered that, so far from being suspected as the author of the theft, he was clung to as the injured fair one's most confidential protector; and, moreover, he fancied he could trace a certain coquetry in her rage, a sort of stormy *badinage*, which seemed to encourage him to comfort and avenge her, under the hopes of being sweetly successful.

Pat was a man; he was, moreover, an Irishman. It was therefore becoming, natural, and expedient, that he should take advantage of such a state of matters. He did so; and, to make a slight break in this eventful history, a few days had completely altered his position in life. He hoped—for he was given reason to hope—that the widow, the house, the garden, the pigs, and the pots, would all be his own, and that soon, provided—and here was the gall which the whip of his conscience touched with killing smartness—he could silence Bill Slattery and Jerry Green; but so far from doing so, he found that he must still share and share alike in their insidious adventures. This was horribly embarrassing.

'What's the matter wid ye, at all, that ye can't spake like another man?' said the pair one day to Pat. 'Here's your share of the lobsther-money—seven-and-three-ha'-pence; and the next time we'll take bait along wid us.'

Pat Nelligan felt his heart give a small rise and then a great go down. 'The next time!' he faintly ejaculated.

'Ay, Pat Nelligan, the next time,' said Billy; 'that's to-night—do ye mind? At one o'clock the yawl'll be behind the keel rock, and we'll be waiting for you.'

'Oh, Billy! oh, boys!—you wouldn't be afther'——

'By the mass! we would be afther the lobsthers as soon as we dare; sure, arn't we safe wid you that knows when the rale yawl'll be hauling? You must ordher her out iv the way that time, any how.'

To detail the expostulations of the wretched Pat, the thumbing of his stick, and the sweating of his brow, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the intended spouse of the Widow Wade, the expectant proprietor of all the pots of Skerry Island, now found himself in the situation of one who is committing suicide of his best hopes, and robbing Pat to pay Billy & Co. The melancholy crime was perpetrated; with the indifference of despair, Pat went through the irksome duty; and, as is usually the case where there is indifference as to the result, his efforts were crowned with success; they had a splendid take, and put bait down again. The widow's 'boys' had but a poor haul next day, and she was out of spirits accordingly—suffering herself, however, to be comforted by the caresses of the self-upbraiding but too charming Patrick Nelligan.

The thing was now too tempting a speculation not to be carried on vigorously by the parties embarked in it; I mean Slattery and Green, for Nelligan represented the patent discovery in the business, which was used without scruple and at convenience, and the monopoly of which proved the source of profit and success to the shareholders. He was now personating a double character: his life was passed in two distinct hemispheres; in the one, he was the roaring, rollicking boy, the envy of the males and the admiration of the females; in the other, he was the midnight thief, stealing from the haunts of men in the company of scoundrels, and, for a paltry chance of gain, subjecting himself to the momentary chance of detection and disgrace: thus resembling the heavenly twins—one part of this Hibernian constellation being above board, and conspicuous in the firmament of Kilkettle, the other plunged as many fathoms below innocence and safety as the fish for which he sinned crawled beneath the surface of the ocean.

But what most sorely puzzled our friend, the widow, in the whole business was, how it happened that, though she and her trusty 'boys' were fully aware of the constant depredations committed upon her property, not all their vigilance could detect the offenders. Every stratagem was tried, and tried in vain. A viewless unseizable arm seemed to be put boldly down night after night into the water, and empty, as if by magic, the widow's pots, leaving not a shrimp behind.

As my story draws on, it will be observed by the judicious reader how beautifully and naturally the moral works itself out: twining imperceptibly yet substantially with the web I weave, like the 'rogue's yarn' in the dock-yard cables. This was the point in the Widow Wade's character which wanted to be taken hold of by the rough hand of fate, and made the means of teaching her a lesson. The woman was unobjectionable in other respects, but in the matter of lobsters she failed. They were her idol.

Pat had a queer and unsatisfactory part to act. He was placed, by the confiding love of Mrs Wade, as a watch upon the thieves, and thus giving the duty of looking after himself—disagreeable at all times, but doubly so in the present instance, in which fidelity to his employer must necessarily imply injustice to his own interests. His work, too, was hard—double tides, it might truly be called. He had scarcely stepped out of the old mackerel-boat, when he was into the new lobster-yawl, and off to the bay again, where he was sure to find a poor take, and have to report accordingly.

The wedding-day was fixed for the morrow. The mystery of the lobster-pots excepted, there was sunshine in the Widow Wade's breast. She had got everything ready—a new gown, a clean table-cloth, and a gallon of spirits; and hoped that the nuptials, by its ring, its punch, or some other way, might break the charm. As she sat ruminating late that evening, it occurred to her that perhaps the zeal of Pat Nelligan might induce him to be a watcher that night too; and as she had observed

the effects of his vigilance apparent on his brow and bones lately, clouding the one and reducing the covering of the other visibly, she thought it time that he should have some comfortable rest: and so strongly did this wish affect her, that she at last determined to intimate her wishes to their object; but how to do this was the question. Mrs Wade, though a widow, had a maidenly bashfulness with regard to her approaching nuptials; and she could not muster courage to consign the fond message to those about her. To bear it herself, then, was the only alternative; and as Pat's cabin was not far off, and the night fine, she could, as she expressed it, 'shlip out unknownst;' and having only just intimated her wish —for she had high notions of propriety—return to what repose her present position might permit her to enjoy.

But as the dusky gentleman generally contrives to play those who have dealings with him a scurvy trick at last, it so happened, that on the identical night in question, Patrick Nelligan thought that he would indulge in one grand piece of criminality—the summing up, as it were, of all his sins against the peace of her who was to be his sovereign lady on the morrow; and actually, himself and his companions in iniquity, regaled themselves with a feast, composed of the very materials of their plunder—or, in plain words, have a *lobster-supper*. At eleven o'clock that night, the three companions might be seen seated round Pat's deal-table, with the contents of the 'pots'—now turned from black to red, as if blushing at the crime of their devourers—in profusion before them, flanked on one side by a monstrous dish of potatoes, and on the other—for Father Mathew had not then been heard of—by an equally gigantic vessel of spirits, the kettle being on the fire, and a well at the back of the premises.

'Pat, honey,' said Slattery, shoving the bottle over, 'you're low this night; mix a dhrop, it'll riz your sowl.'

'Ay, Pat,' added Green, sending on the liquor another stage, 'fish is dhry aiting.'

'And whishky's hungry dhrink,' continued Billy, seizing on the body of a monstrous lobster, and, like Dirk Hatteraick, breaking its back; 'long life to Mrs Nelligan that is to be, and success to her thrade!'

'Amin, this night,' responded Pat, with a long and sorrowful face; 'an' a mortial take iv fish to uz all this saison! There's as good in the say as ever was caught.'

'And room for us all at the bottom, Pat Nelligan,' added Green, looking over to Slattery; 'that's the bargain—isn't it Pat?'

'Oh, by coorse, when I get the widdy to hear raison. Why shouldn't honest boys fish at Skerry Island as well as herself or her man? But give uz time, boys; them cattle's not come over in a minnit; and the widdy's mighty strong in her mind, till she's made sinsible, boys, ye know. Faith, I heard something like a voice!'

'A voice? maybe it's the widdy herself,' cried Billy, with a derisive laugh, 'come to look afther her lobsthers. By the mass, iv it is, we'll ax her in, to crack a claw wid uz!'

'Well, Billy,' said Pat, 'iv it wasn't that we're here by ourselves, I'd take my oat' there was somebody prisint. May the ears fly off iv me, if they didn't hear a low screech not half a perch off!'

'An' the place full iv the varmin,' replied Billy, again laughing contemptuously; 'what 'id the rats do but run screechin' about, an' they to have such pickin's by'nbye? Aisy, aisy, honey; ye're timersome this night. Mix another tumbler—the kittle's bilin'—and tell uz what it was the widow done to ye that mornin' at the harbour, that coaxed ye on. Ye used to be the bashful, retirin' boy, an' it 'id take a brave man to put the first word to her.'

'Och, ho, ho!' cried Pat, trying to laugh, and scratching his head; 'it was a quare turn, an' I never rightly undherstood it. Up she comes, an' I slopin' down the quay, afeared iv my life iv the light ov the sun, by raison of my conscience not bein' saisoned into lobsther-risin' that time; and jist as I was fetchin' a twisht to shew the

saimes of my stockings (for I made sure she was up to id all), what would sarve her, in the broad daylight, and afore the whole harbour, but up to me she comes, and throws her arms round my neck, and kisses and hugs me' —— The rest of the sentence has never transpired. It was overpowered, if uttered, and interrupted, if not, by the bursting in of the door, and the apparition of no less a personage than the Widow Wade herself, who rushed up to Pat Nelligan, and uttering the same words she had originally addressed to him in the very scene he had just been describing—'Oh, Pat!'—fell on the floor before him.

If a shell with the fusees just burned out had fallen amongst the party, it could not have caused greater consternation or more decisive effects. Billy and Jerry gazed one instant on the prostrate form of the female before them, whom they supposed to be dead, and then looked round for Pat. He had disappeared; and, not to crowd my narrative with superfluous matter, it is enough to say that he was never more heard of in Kilkettle.

The offenders, Billy Slattery and Jerry Green, having lost the start by half a minute, were seized by some neighbours, who rushed out on hearing the uproar; and if they did not suffer the full penalty of the sixty-third of William I., it was more likely it happened from a flaw in the indictment, than from any unwillingness or inability in the witness, Mrs Wade, to give her testimony against them. But, as the direction of the public attention to such matters generally results in public good, the widow's monopoly was at an end; boats from distant villages and towns sunk their lines in the bays about Skerry Island, and though the widow continued to make as much as ever of her lobster-pots, many participated in her gains.

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

ABOUT a dozen years ago, the case of the Amistad Captives, as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing is known respecting them in England, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer *Fulton* and several revenue-cutters were despatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various seaports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the *Amistad*, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point, by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one of whom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havana to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, Josè Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who shipped them on board the *Amistad*, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate

* The exact number is not clearly stated by Sturge: he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five; as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement, till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa.

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all friends of the blacks in America; and every proper means were adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the President, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and fully entitled to their liberty. They were, accordingly, set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the States, and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming, and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were

natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number, as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Ban-na, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences who came to hear them sing, and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, 'three of the best readers were called upon to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related, in "Merica language," their condition in their own country, their being kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havana, the transactions on board the *Amistad*, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn, in a Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countrymen who had addressed the audience in English; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the *Amistad*. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow-men.

'The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follows:—These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from 60 to 120 miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other, nor did they know each other until they met at the slave-factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havana in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named *Tecora*, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the *Amistad*. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until 600 or 700 were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the *Tecora*. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havana. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle-markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Josè Ruiz, and shipped on board the *Amistad*, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The *Amistad* was a coaster, bound to Principe, in Cuba, distant some 200 or 300 miles.

'The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day

or two, and only a small cup of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c., upon the wound, so that they "could know him for their slave." The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by "talking with his fingers"—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a counsel as to what was best to be done. "We feel bad," said Kinna, "and we ask Cinque what we had best do." Cinque say: "Me think, and by and by I tell you." He then said: "If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten." Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

'It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he shewed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years, I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of *Othello* at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two

of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians say: "They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea," but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque replied: "You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel." The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said: "You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do for you too." Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal: he felt very sorry; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days, the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink anything but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards! In a day or two, Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said: "Very well;" but afterwards told his brethren: "We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea.

'At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton table-cloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the

habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making, with their fingers, net-fringes, in imitation, they say, of "Mendi fashion." Large numbers of the audience advanced, and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to shew how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

'These Africans, while in prison—which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country—learned but little comparatively; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said: "It would be good for us in our own country." Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden, fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c., which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake; such sentences as: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting.'

Mr Tappan concludes as follows:—'On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington; and in a few days the Mendians will embark for New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred and homes! Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends, when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must

not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotallers. At a tavern where we stopped, Ban-na took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said: "This bad house—bar house—no good." But the steam-boat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, is about 1000 dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers.'

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone, November 27, 1841, on board the bark *Gentleman*, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

'UNDER TRUSTEES.'

TUNE—*The Jolly Young Waterman.*

O HAVE you ne'er heard of a worthy Scotch gentleman,
Laird of that ilk and the chief of his name,
Who not many years since, attaining majority,
Heir to some thousands of acres became?
He lived so well, and he spent so merrily,
The people all came to his house so readily,
And he made all things in it so much as you please,
And he made all things in it so much as you please,
That this gentleman soon was put under trustees.

O never till then had our worthy Scotch gentleman
Lived for a day as his taste did incline,
There never were wanting some plaguy good fellows
To rattle his pheasants and tipple his wine.

He kept a pack, which the county delighted in,
He gave charming balls, and the ladies invited in;
O he never knew what was a moment of ease,
O he never knew what was a moment of ease,
Till snug he had placed himself under trustees.

Being now in plain truth a Distressed Agriculturist,
No one expects him to play the great man;
He is sure of whatever he needs in this world,
For creditors wish him to live while he can.
Rents may fall, but that doesn't trouble him;
Banks may break, but that cannot hobble him;
At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
Who only will put himself under trustees!

Subscriptions come round for election-committees,
New churches, infirmaries, soup for the poor,
Our worthy Scotch gentleman gives his best wishes,
But of course the collectors ne'er darken his door.
He never is called to look a paper in,
To get up a cup to huntsman or whipper-in;
O who would be *fashing* with matters like these,
O who would be *fashing* with matters like these,
A gentleman known to be under trustees?

When any good neighbour, hard up for the wherewithal,
Looks for some friend who is likely to lend,
Our worthy Scotch gentleman never need care at all—
He's not the man who the matter can mend.
In short, all others have something crossing them,
On beds of trouble are always tossing them;
But only the Income-Tax truly can tease,
But only the Income-Tax truly can tease,
A gentleman snugly put under trustees.

R. C.

July 1842.

GLACIERS—ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

THE icy coverings of the Alps have become the subject of new interest, in consequence of their appearing likely to afford some satisfactory information with regard to certain stony and earthy deposits on the surface of the earth, and particularly with regard to the existence of large boulders or detached masses of stone at great distances from the mountains, to which it is evident, from their material, that they have originally belonged. We do not here intend to go into the particulars of what is now called the *Glacier Theory* of these deposits: we only propose, on the present occasion, to direct attention to an able view of the constitution and whole phenomena of glaciers, which appears in the 151st number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and to an account of the ascent of the Jungfrau, presented some years ago in a number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. The first of these papers is by Professor Forbes of Edinburgh —an experienced cultivator of science, remarkable for a singular activity of intellect, united to an extraordinary solidity and extent of knowledge. The second is by M. Desor, a German naturalist.

The constitution of the ice-covering of an Alpine region, snowy and porous near the top, and more hard and condensed further down—the constant movement of each section of this covering, down through its own hollow in the sides of the mountainous territory (such section being in fact a glacier)—the fissures or *crevasses* into which the glacier is broken—the collection of broken rock which it brings along on its surface—and the grinding and polishing effect which it has on the rock below—all these matters are fully treated by Professor Forbes, who, however, throws great doubt on the various explanations which have as yet been given as to the cause and manner of the movement. Of its character as a fact there can

be no doubt, after what has been observed. For instance, a hut, reared by an investigator named Hugi, in 1827, at the foot of a particular height, was found three years after several hundred feet down the slope; six years later, it had moved in all 2200 feet. In 1839, Professor Agassiz ascertained that this distance had, in the interval, been exactly doubled. It is also stated, that the ladder left at a particular spot by M. Saussure, in 1788, was found in fragments some years ago, several leagues below its original station. Mr Forbes, therefore, regards a glacier bearing stones on its surface as a kind of chronological chart. 'It is an endless scroll, a stream of time, upon whose stainless ground is engraven the succession of events, whose dates far transcend the memory of living man. Assuming, roughly, the length of a glacier to be twenty miles (no uncommon case), and the velocity of its progression (assumed uniform) one-tenth of a mile, or 500 feet per annum, the block which is *now* being discharged from its inferior surface on the terminal moraine may have started from its rocky origin *two centuries* ago! The glacier history of 200 years is revealed in the interval, and a block ten times the volume of the greatest of the Egyptian monoliths, which has just commenced its march, will see out the course of six generations of men ere its pilgrimage, too, be accomplished, and it is laid low and motionless in the common grave of its predecessors.'

Far up amongst the icy solitudes, the leaves of the trees which grow upon the plain many miles off, are found here and there resting on little hollows on the surface, having been driven thither by the violent winds which prevail at some seasons in those regions. In similar little hollows, 'living animals are often found—small black insects which inhabit the snow or ice-cold water, and there propagate their species.' It will be found afterwards, that on the few patches of bare rock at the summits of these lofty mountains, many miles from every other specimen of living vegetation, a few lichens are found growing. One remarkable feature of the

glacier world is beautifully described by Professor Forbes. The surface, it appears, is almost everywhere seamed with the channels of little rills, the result of the partial melting produced during the day in summer. 'These rills combine and unite into larger streams, which assume sometimes the velocity and volume of a common mill-race. They run in icy channels excavated by themselves; and, unlike the water escaping from *beneath* the glacier, being of exquisite purity, they are both beautiful and refreshing. They seldom, however, pursue their uninterrupted course very far, but reaching some crevasse, or cavity in the glacier, mechanically formed during its motion, they are precipitated in bold cascades into its icy bowels, there, in all probability, to augment the flood which issues from its lower termination. Nothing is more striking than the contrast which day and night produce in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No sooner is the sun set, than the rapid chill of evening, reducing the temperature of the air to the freezing-point, or lower—the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently cooling the surface—the glacier life seems to lie torpid; the sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing; their gushing murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradually subside; and by the time that the ruddy tints have quitted the higher hill-tops, a deathlike silence reigns amidst these untenanted wilds.'

The Jungfrau is one of the loftiest and most conspicuous peaks of the Alps of Berne, and, till 1841, it had never been for certain ascended by any but a small party of guides. In the autumn of that year, Professor Agassiz, the eminent naturalist of Neufchatel, Professor Forbes, Professor Heath of Cambridge, and M. Desor, spent some weeks in exploring these wilds, when it suddenly occurred to them to make an attempt to ascend the Jungfrau. In this project they were encouraged by their guides, and the party was quickly reinforced by other two gentlemen, M. du Châtelier of Nantes, and M. Pury of Neufchatel, a student of theology. Their guides were of equal number, the principal being one of uncommon

experience and sagacity, named Jacob Leuthold. Starting from the hospice of the Grimsel, they spent the first night at some chalets, or shepherds' lodges, at Moeril, at the head of the Valais, 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We must pass over the whole of this day's journey, excepting one extraordinary object. In descending some smooth fields of snow which stretch towards the Valais, they observed some small openings, which proved to be sky-lights in the roofs of a series of large chambers in the ice. In these they found an azure light of the most surprising transparency, beauty, and softness, being a reflection from the crystalline walls of the interior.

It was their intention to start about three in the morning, but they were detained two hours for a ladder, which they had to send for to some distance. A ladder is necessary in such expeditions, to serve as a bridge across fissures or rents in the ice. The morning proved extremely favourable, but owing to anxiety about the ladder, some of them had enjoyed no sleep during the night. When all were prepared, the leading guide, Jacob, called them all around him, and harangued them in the following terms:—'We should have set out at three o'clock; it is now five: these two hours we must make up on the plain of the glacier. Let us, therefore, advance at a quickened pace: those who do not feel strong enough to follow me must remain behind, for we will wait for no one.' A leading guide, it appears, becomes in such circumstances a man of some authority. All professed to be eager for the expedition. They ascended to the glacier of Aletsch. To continue, in the words of M. Desor: 'It is reckoned six leagues from the place where we mounted the glacier to the point where the ascent becomes steep; but we were so influenced by Jacob's exhortation, that we accomplished the distance in less than four hours. We arrived at half-past nine at the snow-fields, which commence with the ascent. It was here that we made our first halt, at a place which we called the Repose, because the passage we had made, and the immense heights which rose in stages in front of us,

naturally invited us to take some refreshment. The Repose is one of the most beautiful situations on a glacier that can possibly be met with. We here find ourselves in front of an immense amphitheatre, in which five great confluent branches of the glacier of the Aletsch become confounded with each other. Two of the most considerable of these occupy the background. They descend, one from the sides of the Jungfrau—and it is this which many travellers name the Glacier of the Jungfrau—and the other from the summit of Mönch. To the west of the Repose, on our left, a vast hollow ran downwards between the Jungfrau and Kranzberg, and in this we distinguished a series of terraces rising one above another: it was by this we were to ascend.

'We left at the Repose the greater part of our provisions, carrying with us only a little bread and wine, some meteorological instruments, and articles of different kinds; among others, a ladder, a hatchet to cut steps, and a cord to tie us together. It was ten o'clock when we set foot upon the first plateau of snow; an hour after mid-day, we hoped to be on the summit, if no accident occurred: some of us even thought that we should reach it in two hours. Contrary to our expectations, we at first found the snow not in a very favourable state; it was neither sufficiently compact, nor covered with a crust thick enough to bear us, so that we sunk very deep, in many places up to the knee. We soon came to the fissures, which are everywhere frequent where the declivities begin to become steep. We saw some of them here nearly 100 feet wide, but they were not very continuous, so that we were able to go round them; or else they were masked, and in that case our guides had to use the greatest caution to guard us from danger. On this account, we advanced much less quickly than we wished, and, in spite of all precautions, many of us sunk down, but without sustaining any injury. In this way we scaled many terraces; and always directing our course westward, we arrived at a vast expanse, commanded on all sides by mighty peaks, the highest of which was the

Jungfrau. Jacob made us halt here a second time, no doubt for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground. With regard to ourselves, we saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties on all sides: on the right, vertical precipices; on the left, masses of ice, which threatened to crush us by their fall; and in front, the Great Fissure, to all appearance impassable, so widely did it yawn. It was now near mid-day; the heat was excessive; and the guides, in order to refresh themselves, placed handfuls of snow on the nape of their necks. Many of us did the same, in spite of the remonstrances of others, who, alarmed at such imprudence, forgot that, in these elevated regions, the material organism, as well as the moral nature, is much more independent of hurtful influences than in the plain. The reflection of the light from the snow was likewise most intense and almost insupportable. We proceeded straight in the direction of the Great Fissure, which we reached after surmounting a fourth terrace. It is a gulf of unknown depth, opening upon the declivity of the last terrace but one, and penetrating somewhat obliquely into the snow; in no place is its breadth less than ten feet, so that there is no means of crossing it without a ladder.

'Our ladder was twenty-three feet long; it was consequently more than sufficient to stretch across the Great Fissure. But immediately above the latter, the steepness of the terrace was fearfully great for nearly thirty feet; and, moreover, the snow, which had hitherto been very incoherent and almost powdery, had suddenly become of extreme density—to such a degree, that the guides were obliged to cut steps. Our courage was here put to the first proof. Jacob and Juan were the first to mount. When they were half-way up the terrace, they let down the rope to us; holding it by one of the ends, and the other being fixed to the ladder, it served us as a kind of stair. All of us, in this way, arrived at the summit of the terrace without mishap, but not without difficulties. There now remained only one eminence for us to surmount, in order to reach to Col de Rott-thal [a neck of

the mountain about 800 feet below the peak]. The soft snow had again replaced the hard snow of the steep ascent, so that we walked with the greatest ease. But when we arrived at the centre of the last terrace, which we went along in a sloping direction, we encountered another fissure, which seemed as if it would stop our progress; it penetrated, like the Great Fissure, obliquely into the mass of the snow, so that one of its walls was thinner than the other, and ran beneath it—a circumstance which rendered the passage more difficult. As Agassiz, Jacob, Juan, and I had gone a little in advance, while our companions were still engaged in climbing the first ascent, I proposed that we should wait for them, that we might at least get the rope. Jacob thought we could pass it well enough without this precaution. In fact, he found a place where the fissure was sufficiently narrow to allow him to stride over it; after having done so, he stretched out his hand, and assisted us to do the same. While three of us were standing on the edge of the northern lip of the fissure, we witnessed a very extraordinary occurrence. We suddenly heard a dull crackling noise beneath us; at the same time, the mass of snow on which we stood sunk about a foot. The guide, Juan, was at this moment on the other side; and upon hearing the noise, he saw, simultaneously, the space which supported us sink down. He was so alarmed, that he cried out to us: "Um Gottes Willen, schnell zurück!" (In God's name, return quickly!) Jacob, on the contrary, far from allowing himself to be disconcerted, told him instantly to hold his tongue; and making a sign to us to follow him, he continued the ascent at a quickened pace, repeating, in his Haslian dialect: "Es ist nüt; Ganget numme vorwärts!" (This is nothing; always go forward.) Although we had great experience in glaciers, and were in some degree familiarised with all the dangers they present, I must, however, confess, that at this moment I felt my heart beat quicker than usual. Our other companions joined us a few minutes after; they crossed the fissure and the place that sunk without

difficulty, having no suspicion of the adventure that had occurred to us. It was two o'clock when we arrived at the Col de Rott-thal.'

There now remained by far the most arduous part of this undertaking. The part of the mountain above this col, or resting-place, is about 1000 feet in height, and rises in a slope as steep as the roof of an old-fashioned house, being at an angle of about 45 degrees. This slope is enveloped in a thick case of hardened ice, clear and slippery on the surface. On commencing the ascent, our travellers found it necessary to have a hollow cut by the guides for every footstep they took. Of course, any one diverging in the least from this path would have been precipitated to the bottom. To add to the difficulty, the cold increased, and the party were wrapped for awhile in dense mist. They were upwards of an hour in gaining a point near the summit, which they then saw at a distance of about twenty feet, with nothing intervening but a steep-sided ridge, gradually rising towards the opposite extremity. To reach it seems to have been precisely an adventure like that of a slater moving along the top of a house—there being only this difference, that the top of the Jungfrau is covered with ice and snow, and its sides many hundreds of feet steep down, without resting-place of any kind.

M. Agassiz thought it would be impossible to walk along such a place; but the fearless Jacob quickly shewed how it could be done, by planting his feet on one side, and his pole on the other, leaning across the edge, till he got to the very peak. With some coaxing, like that of a bird with her young, he succeeded in inducing the rest to follow. Each, after passing to the peak, returned singly to the lower point. 'Agassiz,' says M. Desor, 'remained upon the peak nearly five minutes, and when he rejoined us, I saw that he was greatly agitated; in fact, he confessed to me that he never experienced so much emotion. When I was on the summit, I could not prevent myself, any more than Agassiz, from giving way to great emotion at a spectacle of such overpowering

grandeur. I remained only a few minutes; long enough, however, to remove any fear that the panorama of the Jungfrau will ever be effaced from my memory. After examining attentively the most prominent, points of this unique picture, I hastened to rejoin Agassiz for I feared lest an impression so powerful should deprive me of my usual confidence. I had need of grasping the hand of a friend; and I venture to say, that I never felt so happy in my life as when I had seated myself by his side on the snow. I believe that both of us would have wept had we dared; but a man's tears ought to be modest, and we were not alone; and such is the strength of the habits which society makes us contract, that, at the height of 12,000 feet, there was still a regard to etiquette!

'It is not the vast field which the eyes embrace that constitutes the charm of these views from elevated mountains. The experience of the preceding year on the Col of the Strahleck, had taught us that distant views are, in general, very indistinct. Here, from the summit of the Jungfrau, the outlines of the distant mountains appeared to us still less accurately defined. But even had they been as distinct as the line of the Jura, seen from an eminence in the plain, I believe that they would not long have attracted our attention, so fascinated were we by the spectacle presented by our immediate neighbourhood. Before us lay extended the Swiss plain, and at our feet the anterior chains were piled up in stages; and they seemed, by their apparent uniformity, still further to increase the size of the mighty peaks which rose almost to our level. At the same time, the valleys of the Oberland, which, at the moment of our arrival, were shrouded in thin mists, could be descried in many places, and we were thus allowed to contemplate the lower world, in some measure, through the openings.

'On the southern side, the view was intercepted by the clouds, which had been collected for some hours on the chain of Mont-Rosa. But this disappointment was more than compensated by a very extraordinary phenomenon. Thick mists had accumulated on our left, in the direction

of south-west. They always rose from the bottom of the Rott-thal, and began to extend to the north upon the mountains which separate this valley from that of Lauterbrunnen. We were beginning to fear that they would envelop us a second time, when they suddenly stopped at some feet from us, no doubt from the effect of some current of air from the plain, which prevented their extending further in this direction. Thanks to this circumstance, we found ourselves all of a sudden in presence of a vertical wall of mist, the height of which was estimated at 12,000 feet at least, for it penetrated to the bottom of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and rose many thousand feet above our heads. As the temperature was below the freezing-point, the minute drops of the mist were transformed into crystals of ice, which reflected in the sun all the colours of the rainbow; one would have said that it was a mist of gold which sparkled around us. It was a spectacle at once terrible and attractive.

'When we had all again returned to the elbow or projecting angle mentioned above, Jacob poured out a glass of wine for each of us, and we drank with great feeling to the health of Switzerland.'

After some remarks on the form of the mountain, M. Desor proceeds to state, that the thermometer sunk to 26 degrees Fahrenheit, but they did not feel the cold.—'The sky over our heads was perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that it approached to black; we endeavoured to discover the stars in it, which are said to be visible during the day at great heights, but we did not succeed. It has been pretended that this deep tint is only the effect of the contrast with the snowy surfaces which surround the observer on all sides; but if this were the case, the intensity of the hue would be equal in every part of the celestial vault. Now, this is precisely what did not take place.

'To our great surprise, we discovered on the surface of the exposed rock, as well as on the fragments detached from it, many lichens in a very fresh state, some of which

occupied a surface of many inches in diameter. We could not expect to find living beings at such a height; it seemed that even the Podurella of the glaciers did not ascend thus far, for we did not meet with one. To make up for this, we perceived a hawk hovering in the air above our heads. One would have said that our presence excited its curiosity, for it described many circles around us.

'There is another point on which it remains for me to say a single word, and that is, the influence of the air, in elevated situations, on the human frame. Many naturalists and physiologists will doubtless expect that some new facts were observed by us; but I must confess, that during the whole time we were on the summit, and also during the ascent, we experienced none of those occurrences—such as nausea, bleeding at the nose, ringing of the ears, acceleration of the pulse, and so many other inconveniences which those who have ascended Mont Blanc tell us they were subject to. Must we ascribe this to the difference of 1500 feet, which there is between the height of Mont Blanc and that of the Jungfrau? Or rather, should we not seek the cause in the habit we had contracted while living for many weeks at the height of near 8000 feet!'

After fixing a pole with a handkerchief upon it in the snow of the peak, the party commenced their descent at four o'clock. The steep slope down to the Col de Rott-thal had to be descended backwards, foot after foot being carefully retraced in the steps formerly cut by the guides in ascending. This part of the journey occupied a full hour, and it must have been one of great peril. The remainder of the descent was performed without any remarkable difficulty or adventure; and a little before midnight, they regained their lodgings at the Mœril chalets.

THE KRAKEN.

AMONG the various animals whose existence is as yet doubtful or positively fabulous, the first place may be assigned to the creature usually termed the *kraken*, a fish of enormous size, but differing from the sea-serpent, another huge denizen of the ocean. The kraken, if the evidence now to be adduced on the subject entitles us to speak of it as a thing of reality, would appear to be a kind of cuttle-fish, possessing long arms, or tentacula, with which it seeks for and grasps its prey. It seems to be the animal alluded to by Milton, as that

> 'Which God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
> Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
> The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
> Deeming an island oft, as seamen tell,
> With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
> Moors by his side under the lee.'

According to Norwegian writers, the kraken appears occasionally on the surface of the water in calm weather, stretched out far and wide like a floating island, and exhibiting many enormous arms at all parts of its circumference. The numerous accounts given of it differ as regards its actual size; but most writers describe it as about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and as covered on the back with sea-weeds. After remaining some time in the sun, it is said to sink slowly, causing a great eddy in the waters.

The accounts of these authors are in such a style as to betray great exaggeration, and anything but an anxious investigation of evidence. But we must try to sift the real from the unreal. Bishop Pontoppidan states that the fishermen of Norway, when out at sea on summer days, 'often find but 20 or 30 fathoms of water, where they knew they ought to have had 80 or 100 fathoms. At these places they generally find the greatest quantities of

fish, especially cod and ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they may draw them up with the hooks all full of fish. By this they judge that the kraken is at the bottom.' The bishop then goes on to say, that experience has taught the fishermen to fly the instant that the water grows shallower. From a safe distance they then behold 'the enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shews himself sufficiently, although his whole body does not appear. Its back or upper part, which seems to be, in appearance, about an English mile in circumference (some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty), looks at first like a small number of islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. At last, several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water; and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems that these are the creature's arms; and it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to the bottom.' By and by, the monster sinks with a great eddy; and the bishop adds, that it possesses or emits a peculiar scent which attracts fish to feed its unwieldy vastitude.

The most remarkable characteristic of the creature here described consists in its enormous *arms*, distinguishing it at once from the whale or any of that genus. A similar creature is described by Pliny as having been found in the gut of Gibraltar. He states it to have been 'provided with vast *arms*, so widely spread out as to impede the navigation of the straits.' A more modern writer, Paulinus, confirms, in every respect, the account of Bishop Pontoppidan, on the authority of Ambrosius Rhodius, professor in the University Christiana, in Norway, and a man of 'supereminent trustworthiness.' That gentleman related, that near the castle of Wardchuss, on a calm day, an immense monster made its appearance on the surface of the ocean. 'Its circumference was so great that a troop of horse might easily exercise on its back!'

It lay long with its back exposed to the sun, like a rock covered with weeds, and then sunk gradually out of sight. From its long arms, it was called a Herculean crab; and the fishermen said, that if boats approached closely to it, they were seized and submerged by these expanded feelers. Another writer, Olaus Magnus, alludes to the same immense animal; and mentions that an early British bishop, named Brendanus, being on an episcopal peregrination to the north, came with his companions to an island, as they deemed it, on which they were tempted to land and kindle a fire. The island, however, quickly began to descend, and the bishop and his friends escaped with difficulty, made aware that they had been on the back of a living thing. But, passing over such testimonies, which remind one very much of the stories of Sinbad, let us come to a more direct species of evidence. In the year 1680, an occurrence took place, of which an authenticated account was drawn up by the Rev. Mr Frtis, minister of Bodoen, in Nordland, and vicar of the college for promoting Christian knowledge. Into a strait between rocks, in the parish of Alstahoug, an animal of great size was found to have entered, and there to have entangled itself. It had arms of great length and strength, and these were wound among some trees hard by, while the body also was so fixed by projections of the rocks, that the creature could not work itself out, but perished and putrefied on the spot. Such was the length of time which it took to decay, that the whole channel was rendered impassable by the fetor. Large though it was, this animal was held to have been young, as, when advanced in years, they appear seldom to move, and perhaps cannot move far from one spot.

Such being the accounts which we have of the kraken, the question arises—'What foundation may there be for them, and is there any existent creature really approaching this alleged magnitude?' To speak frankly, we think it cannot be doubted that there is some such animal, though its proportions have been monstrously exaggerated. The cuttle-fish, long called a polypus, agrees with the

kraken with respect to its arms or tentacula, and is authentically known to reach a great size. Pennant, in speaking of this animal, mentions that specimens of it have been seen in the Indian seas measuring two fathoms in breadth across the central part, with eight powerful arms, each nine fathoms in length. Shaw observes: 'The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and northern seas can scarcely be doubted; and though some accounts may have been exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas.' Shaw then alludes to the case of Captain Dens, a modern navigator, who lost three men by such a monster in the African seas. As this case is very curious, we subjoin an account of it, abridged from the French of Denis Montfort, a writer who collected various instances of the same kind.

To Denis Montfort Captain Dens related, that while between the island of St Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, in about the fifteenth degree of south latitude, his vessel was becalmed for several days, and he resolved to profit by the occasion to clean the ship. For this purpose several planks, suspended by cords, were let down from the sides of the deck, and several of the men took their station there to perform the work. They were so engaged when one of those monsters, called by the Danes *ankertrolds*, rose suddenly from the deep sea, and, casting one of its arms around two of the men, drew them in an instant with their scaffolding into the sea. Next moment a second arm was thrown around another of the men, but he had sprung up to the strong ropes, and the monster, enclosing these, could only crush him, while he emitted the most piteous cries. Meanwhile, the crew had rushed to his aid. Some began with knives and axes to cut asunder that terrible arm which encircled him, while others launched harpoons into the body of the animal. The man was freed, and it then became the good captain's strenuous endeavour to recover the two other men. Five

harpoons were in the creature's body, as, with its prey, it sought to descend again into the deeps of the sea. The harpoon-lines were allowed to run out in part by the captain's orders, and then he ordered them to be drawn back. This brought the monster a short way up; but it soon resisted, and too successfully. Four of the harpoon-lines broke, and a fifth harpoon came out of the body, leaving the unfortunate victims with their captor. In addition to this sad loss, the man who had escaped died through the night, rather from a delirium of terror than from his injuries, though these were severe. The head of the monster had not been seen, and but a part of its body; but that part of the arm which had been cut off measured twenty-five feet in length, and was as thick at the base as a mizen-mast. The length of the whole limb must have been much greater—probably, as Captain Dens thought, from thirty-five to forty feet.

A case similar to this is illustrated by a picture in the chapel of St Thomas at St Malo, placed there by a ship's crew in remembrance of their preservation off the coast of Angola. An enormous cuttle-fish had grasped their whole vessel in its arms, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when, by the most desperate exertions, the sailors timeously succeeded in hewing off the members which were hauling them to destruction. In their extremity they had vowed vows to St Thomas, and the picture is a memorial of these.

This colossal cuttle-fish as yet remains undescribed by zoologists, for it has never been accurately observed. Admitting that it exists, we can easily conceive how the imaginations of the few mariners and others who have seen it might expand its actually large body into a bulk far beyond what are, to us, the bounds of probability.

NARRATIVE OF MR G. FRACKER.

On the eastern coast of South America, 34 degrees south of the equator, the grand and majestic La Plata flows into the Atlantic Ocean. On approaching the river from the sea, the low and level land appears wholly different in its outline from the wild and towering front along the coast of Brazil. This vast river is 150 miles wide at the mouth, and extends, with a gradual contraction, and in a winding direction, along the shores of Paraguay, in the heart of South America, a distance of 1200 miles. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the river and the adjacent ocean is their exposure to sudden hurricanes, termed *pamperos*, from their blowing from the *pampas* or plains, and which, by agitating the water in the most violent manner, frequently cause the shipwreck of vessels and great loss of life. The following disastrous narrative of a Mr George Fracker, of Boston, United States, refers to one of the too common calamities arising from the unforeseen progress of a pampero :—

In the month of April 1816, while at Buenos Ayres, on board the ship *Ocean*, it was determined to alter the destination of the vessel, and return to New York; but, not choosing to return home, and being desirous of seeing more of the world, I obtained a release of my engagement, and entered as second officer on board the English ship *Jane*, Captain William Seaboth, bound on a voyage from Buenos Ayres to the Brazils. Our departure was some time retarded, owing to the carelessness of the pilot, by striking on the bar in going out, which materially damaged our rudder, and caused our detention nearly six weeks. Towards the middle of June, however, we again set sail, and after a moderate passage of twenty days, anchored in the harbour of Rio Janeiro. Waiting here two months for freight, we at last succeeded in getting it; and on the 3d of September, in company with

a large fleet for different ports, sailed on our return, bound to the ports of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, with a cargo consisting of rum, sugar, tobacco, flour, butter, rice, and dry goods; having on board five passengers, two of them Spaniards, inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, a German, an Englishman, and an American, the three last being freighters of the vessel, and owners of the principal part of the cargo; four blacks, their slaves; and fourteen of the ship's company—comprising in all twenty-three persons. Our passage was agreeable and very favourable; and in fifteen days we discovered Cape St Mary, the northern entrance of the river La Plata. Continuing our course along the banks of the river, with a fine wind, till towards sunset on that day, when the weather becoming foggy, the wind increasing, and the night approaching, it was deemed expedient to haul off shore, and gain an offing for anchorage. We accordingly came to anchor about fifteen miles from Monte Video, our first destined port, near the Island of Flores, or Flowers, that being to windward, and the wind about south-east.

The gale increased to a pampero, or hurricane; still we had good hopes, and at eight o'clock more cable was payed out; at nine, another anchor was let go. From this time the gale still continued to increase, the ship pitching very heavily, and wetting from fore to aft by the spray of the sea. At twelve, midnight, after passing an anxious watch below, owing to the strange rolling and pitching of the ship, caused by a strong weather-current, I came upon deck to relieve the watch. I went forward to examine the state of the cables in the hawse-holes, and then returned to the quarter-deck, to the lead-line, which we had kept over the side; by its feeling, I was fearful that the ship had been, and was still drifting. The motion of the ship and strong current prevented my knowing this to a certainty; both our anchors, which were of over-proportioned sizes, being down, and our cables, nearly new, out, with their whole scope of a hundred fathoms.

While at the lead, I observed something, at a distance to leeward, like a white foam, and remarked it to the boatswain, who was standing near. He replied, he thought it no more than the curl of the waves. Not satisfied with this, I went aft into the yawl astern, and was soon convinced they were breakers, and not far off. I quickly went below to the cabin, awoke the captain, and aroused the passengers. He soon ran up on deck, and had just gained it, when, at fifteen minutes past twelve, the ship struck. Those below were directly alarmed by the shock—for the previous motion, with the noise of the wind and the roar of the sea, must have prevented their sleeping—and hurried affrighted to the deck. The sea began instantly to break over every part of the ship, and all were struck with horror on looking round at the awful prospect, and the inevitable destruction that awaited them. The captain ordered the steward to go down and secure some articles in the cabin: he descended, but soon came up with the dismal tidings that the cabin was full of water. Many, from the violence of her striking, were obliged to hold on by the railing, and the captain, among them, gave orders to cut away the masts. The seas now made complete breaches over every part of the ship; and perceiving I should have to commit myself to the waves, I threw off my pea-jacket and hat. Most of the crew and passengers were holding on to the different parts on the quarter-deck, as the highest part of the ship; many, however, were forced from their holds, and drowned.

Finding it impossible to stand longer this cold and suffocating drenching, I watched my chance, sprang to the rigging, and gained the mizen-top, advising the rest to follow. The ship continued to beat hard upon a ledge of rocks, till she was in pieces. The long-boat, by repeated seas, was forced from her grips and fastenings, and the small boat, astern, instantly after struck, and was carried away upon the top of a sea, with all its appendage of sails, tackles, and lashings. I soon found myself going over with the mizen-mast, which fell, and carried me

along with it. The foremast had now likewise fallen, and numerous pipes of wine, floating around, added to the general wreck. I had fallen in springing among this ruin, and had so far received but one or two serious bruises; but a tremendous wave now swept before it some large spars, and carrying me along with it, my right leg was struck by one of them just at the joint of the knee, which was instantly bruised in a serious manner.

After I had plunged into the sea, and rose, I held on for a moment to the upper works, which were all that was now left of the ship. I then quitted, and began to strip—no easy manœuvre for a person in my then situation, as I had on a thick jacket, waistcoat, two pair of trousers, and neckerchief. Although always an expert swimmer, I found I could barely keep myself above water. Fearless before of wind and water, I was now puzzled; for swimming, even with health and whole bones, was unavailing in a sea like this. Hitherto I had seen no land, but was swept and carried along by every sea which came over me, and I resolved to get hold of the first thing I fell in with, and gain breath, of which I was very short. I soon seized hold of a bale of goods, but it, being wet and heavy, was of no use, for every sea rolled over me, and I quitted it nearly exhausted.

I stood this hard buffeting for about a dozen seas, and nature was fast retreating from the conflict; being desperately pushed for breath, as I could draw but little in the short interval of the seas. I had now been nearly half an hour in the water, and abandoned every prospect of survival; yet, when hope was gone, on looking around I distinctly discovered, a few fathoms from me, something large and light, for it kept constantly above the waves. I exerted my remaining power, and reached it. It was a large crate, containing nothing but straw; clinging to this, I soon recovered breath, as its buoyancy kept it high above the seas. After holding to this some length of time, and constantly turning it round, as my weight pulled it over towards me, I still kept courage, and

dropped myself frequently down, without quitting my hold, with the earnest hope of touching the bottom, but without success. I was much fatigued, and could scarcely keep hold of the crate, for every sea would sweep us at least ten feet before it. I had almost despaired of the land being near, and was fearful that at last it might prove only a shoal. Still, however, holding on with hopeless indifference, I soon after observed a sudden lull, and that the waves were not a third so violent. I shook myself, and roused my drowsy spirits, looked round, and found myself inside the breakers! I quickly again dropped myself down, and with my foot touched the ground. I found it was of sand, and in a few moments I got up to about breast-high in the water, and then, by shoving myself forward by leg and arms, soon crawled out upon the beach. Thus, after being more than half an hour in the water, and making my way, for nearly three-quarters of a mile, through a tremendous sea, at midnight, I at last found myself upon a desert beach, certain that no one could have reached ten fathoms from the ship, which, in an hour and a half after she first struck, was scattered in pieces on the strand. Some idea may be had of the violence of the elements, when not a single mast came on shore entire; and out of twenty-three persons, among whom were four stout African slaves, whose constant practice of swimming renders them almost amphibious, but one body came to land that night. The remainder, buried by the first wave, came not on shore till several days afterwards.

I had a firm opinion that the shore was a barren and desolate country, without inhabitants for a great distance, with no chance of being discovered, impenetrable from swamps and shrubbery; and not being able to move without pain, I was certain I could not survive till the morning. Groping my way at the edge of the water, I felt something large, and found, to my surprise, a staved pipe of wine, and into this empty cask I was thankful to creep for shelter. At daybreak, I looked out of the cask, and

beheld a large sandy beach, covered, to a great extent, on each side of me, with the wreck; but not a vestige of the ship as long as the pump, or anything moving, except the gulls. In fact, I was assured on first reaching the shore, that no mortal alone could make his way through such seas, in such a night, to the land. My own preservation I considered as falling but little short of a miracle. A shipwreck so sudden, an escape so singular, the uproar I had witnessed, and the sight now before me, my scattered senses could scarcely conceive real: I for some time actually doubted myself awake, for it seemed like a horrible dream.

I then again composed myself in the cask, and, owing to pain, and the great exertion I had used, I remained during this day nearly insensible, and in a trance-like stupor. Towards sunset, I was fearful of being carried away by the return of the water, during the approaching night, with the pipe. In this dangerous situation, I reluctantly crawled out of the cask, and gained in this manner the foot of a sand-hill, further up the beach. I crawled up this as high as my strength would permit, to be free from the reach of the sea; and as night was now fast approaching, it was in vain to look further for a shelter. Finding no refuge above the ground, I resolved to seek one below it, and dug a large hole in the sand on the top of the hill, got into it, and, with my disabled leg undermost, pulling and raking the sand over me, lay down. The sand and a shirt were my only covering. The weather was extremely cold, the sand wet, and during the night it rained and blew tremendously; the wet sand drifting around in smothering showers, covered every part of me, and repeatedly filling my hair, ears, nose, eyes, and mouth, kept me constantly spitting it out to prevent suffocation; while the cold compelled me to sit up and thrash myself every ten minutes, to prevent freezing. Once I resolved to shift my position, to get under the lee, or into some hollow upon the sheltering side, and I accordingly crawled to some distance, I knew not in what direction owing to extreme darkness, and

made another hole; then thrashing my arms for some time, again lay down, covering myself as before with sand, to resist the cold. Such was my bed, and such the manner in which I passed this second night of misery.

Next day, I made an ineffectual search for provisions, but found a refreshing spring of water, which greatly relieved me. I had, however, to make the best of my way back at night to my miserable dwelling in the cask. The weather was still inauspicious and cloudy; and when darkness came on, thirst and pain alike kept me awake. My only sustenance consisted of sips of wine from a small keg which was near me. Daylight at last appeared, but my powers were too feeble to undertake a journey to the watering-place, though anxiously longing for a draught of the life-giving element. Another day and night were passed, I can scarcely tell how. I felt that my taper of life began to glimmer in the socket. My strength had utterly failed. I hailed the approaching night as the termination of my cares, considered the mean covering over me as my shroud, and the cask as my coffin, and waited with fortitude the hour of dissolution. But the next was the hour of deliverance!

About four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the auspicious 20th of September, I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of a horse's feet. Uncertain and careless who appeared, whether a friend or an enemy, I waited his approach with calmness, being absolutely indifferent in my choice, 'to sleep or die.' At the next moment, a horse with a rider stopped before the cask. I hailed in Spanish faintly: 'Amigo' (Friend.) He instantly alighted, and, struck at such a ghastly spectacle as I then exhibited, he recoiled a few paces backward. Recovering soon from his dismay, by seeing my helpless condition, he advanced, and stooped to learn by what strange means I had outlived the general wreck. He was a young man, a Creole, or half-Indian, of benevolent features, and dressed partly in the Indian method. I told my tale in a few words, concluding by asking him the distance of a habitation, and the possibility of my

reaching it; if he could bring assistance that day, and promising that he should be rewarded for his kindness.

'In a few hours,' said he, 'I can return with assistance, as the next *rancho*, or hut, is hardly a league distant.' He then expressed his surprise at my providential escape, made the sign of the cross on his breast, praised St George as my special preserver, said I was fortunate in speaking the language so fluently, and that I was greatly so in being discovered by him, whose mother, he said, lived at the nearest cottage, whither I should be conveyed. He said if I had fallen into the hands of the savages, they would certainly have despatched me, for they were merciless and ferocious. 'But first,' added he, 'I'll bring you something to eat, for you look half-starved.'

In about an hour he reappeared, bringing a warm sausage and some mouldy bread, wrapped up in a towel. I greedily seized it, thinking I could devour it at once, but was disappointed to find I could not swallow a mouthful, my throat being contracted, close, and sore. As he was planning the means of my removal, I left it wholly to his care, and only requested to be conveyed to a place of shelter and safety. He then made his *lasso*—a line of green hide, with which they catch wild horses—fast to the handle of the largest trunk, and drove off. Shortly after he had gone, a savage, or *guacha*, of a fierce and murderous countenance, rode up, alighted from his horse, and roughly asked who I was.

I replied: 'A shipwrecked seaman.'

'Are you the captain?'

'No,' I answered; 'I was the mate, and had previously been discovered by a person who had just left me to return with assistance.'

He asked me the road he took. I told him, when he sprang upon his horse, and galloped off in the direction the other had taken.

He soon after reappeared at the cask, with some others, seemingly with a resolution of putting me to instant death; but, most happily, the reappearance of my

deliverer, with his father and several slaves, compelled them to alter their design, and they went off to plunder, abandoning their horrid purpose. My friend advised me to permit him to dress me in some clothes from a passenger's trunk, which they then broke open, alleging that, in my present appearance, I should be taken for a common sailor, and that, clothed in a decent manner, I should gain among them more advantage, respect, and comfort. I accordingly suffered the painful operation of dressing; but my leg, being so greatly swelled, prevented my getting over it anything but a pair of loose drawers. I also got on a surtout and waistcoat. I was then with difficulty lifted upon the back of a horse, and my discoverer got up before me. Holding on to him, I had strength sufficient to keep myself in an upright position. I had just been seated on the back of the animal, when the general (Ortigues) who commanded the troops in that quarter, came up with a guard of soldiers, and several others.

We arrived at last, near dusk, at a small cottage. A number of large dogs gave notice of our approach, but were soon silenced by my companions, who assisted me gently to dismount. I was welcomed, with many blessings, by the old woman, carried into the house, seated in a chair, then stripped of my wet clothes, and put into as good a bed as the hut afforded. This rancho was a small place of only one apartment, built, like all others, of cane, fastened together with strips of green hide, plastered with mud, and a thatched roof. A fowl was killed by the old woman, and some good broth made and given me. After this, my leg was washed with hot vinegar, and my wounds dressed as well as circumstances would admit. I considered myself as peculiarly fortunate in falling into the hands and being under the care of one of those alleviators of calamity—those indispensable attendants of the bed of sickness, where is developed the most estimable and endearing traits of character, usefulness, patience, and compassion—a hospitable old woman. Under the care of this venerable person, I daily mended,

and was enabled to write and send a letter to Monte Video, describing the circumstances of the wreck, and my present condition. Meanwhile, my discoverer, Pedro, was employed this day, with two slaves, in recovering some articles and provisions from the beach, which, he said, was now covered with natives, breaking open trunks, chests, and bales of goods; staving in casks of wine, when any wanted to drink, and exhibiting a confused scene of plunder, fighting, and wanton waste.

I had about this time a great many visitors, who all considered me highly favoured by my patron saint, to whom they attributed my hairbreadth 'scapes. Among them were many old women, who came upon horseback from different parts to barter their commodities. A consultation was held among them respecting my fever, leg, and bruises; and they recommended a large leaf of an herb which grows in those countries, which, dipped in hot oil and vinegar, had a wonderful and salutary effect. Although the application was acutely painful during several nights, the swelling greatly subsided, excepting about the knee. During this time, I could not shift positions without the utmost pain.

On the eighth day, I was agreeably relieved by the arrival of two clerks, an Englishman and a Spaniard, from Monte Video, in consequence of receiving my letter, from the house of the consignees, in order to effect my removal to the city, and endeavour to secure some part of the property. The latter they found totally impossible, nothing of value being found on the strand, everything having been carried off up country by the natives. I was extremely rejoiced at their appearance, and we concerted plans for my departure. They slept one night at the hut, and next day, Sunday, departed; having seen sufficient of the character of the natives, and glad that they had escaped the knives of the guachas, and vowing they would not venture their lives again, among such a murderous crew, for the value of a ship and cargo.

The tenth day came, and we were to depart. A great

number of blankets and coverings were thrown over me after I was in the cart. I shook the hands of the kind old woman and my deliverer most heartily. A crowd of rising emotions almost stifled my expressions of gratitude, and started the tears of overpowered feelings. I left them with fervent benedictions, and we drove off slowly on our way, and arrived about two o'clock at the gates of Monte Video. The novelty of the sight drew many to the windows, as I lay upon my back in the cart, fairly exposed to their view and wonder. We stopped at the house of an English merchant, the consignee, who immediately came out, and, with many friendly congratulations, assisted his slaves in carrying me up stairs.

Here I was confined for nearly twenty days, and my leg was now shrunk and withered to as great an extreme as it was swelled before. By unexampled kindness, I daily improved, and in three weeks was able to leave the room, and sit outside the chamber upon the walk. One of the owners of the ship happening, at this time, to be in Monte Video, speedily came to visit me, and hear the account of the loss of his ship. When I had finished, and when he had heard of the hospitality of the old woman at the cottage, he immediately proposed a subscription among the merchants for her recompense and relief, regardless of his own loss, though he was half-owner of the ship, and that uninsured.

I was now rapidly gaining strength; my leg I could bear my weight on; and after remaining here for two months, I was able to take passage for Buenos Ayres, distant about 110 miles further up, and upon the opposite side of the river. I arrived there next day, and found a great number of acquaintance, who were very kind and friendly. A subscription was directly handed round among the English merchants, by the goodness of the owners, and about 400 dollars were subscribed and collected for my benefit; two hundred dollars were likewise collected for the relief of the old woman at the cottage, and about 200 more previously in Monte Video, and sent down to her. I remained some months in Buenos

Ayres, on account of lameness, and sailed from thence, July 12, 1818, and arrived at Baltimore on the 12th of September.

On Sunday morning, October 4, I arrived at my native place, Boston, after an absence of above two years; when I fully experienced the truth of the observation, that the unavoidable evils and misfortunes of life afford, by their contrast, a tenfold relish to its comforts, which are many, but which before were unprized.

The meeting of relatives must be conceived. I will only add that, safe in the embrace of parents and friends, forgotten, like a dream, were the perils of the ocean.

THE FLOWER-GIRL OF MADRID.

THE unhappy state of Spain—that land where ardent feeling makes every disagreement, personal or political, assume an aggravated and imbittered form—drove many of the inhabitants, some years ago, to the neighbouring territory of France. In Bordeaux alone, as many as 20,000 Spaniards fixed their residence during the struggles betwixt the Carlists and Christinos. The natives and the strangers managed, on the whole, to do very well together; and many permanent connections were formed in consequence of their being associated in one place, by the accidents of fortune and war.

In 1834, the Countess de Villa Fuente came to live in Bordeaux. It was known that she came from Madrid, but few or none seemed to be acquainted with her private history, or with the causes of her exile. No one accompanied her, with the exception of an infant boy, on whom she lavished the most tender cares, and in reference to whom the character of a widow was very generally assigned to her, despite of her youth and unimpaired beauty. She

appeared rich, and kept up a handsome establishment, so that the best society of Bordeaux was open to her at all times. But though not shunning company altogether, she lived, on the whole, in a retired manner, and the most uncharitable could attach no impropriety to her name, although she was a single and unprotected woman, and though more than one suitor fluttered around her and sought her good graces.

Such was the state of matters during the first three years of her stay in Bordeaux. At the end of that time, the countess, without any known cause, assumed all the outward marks of deep mourning, and threw her establishment into the same sable colours. Within a month or two afterwards, it was noticed by observant eyes that she seemed to distinguish more than usually a certain Monsieur Longpré, a wealthy gentleman of Bordeaux, who had pursued her with unabated ardour for three years, in spite of all her reserve, and even her coldness. The alteration in her manner to him was sufficiently pointed to lead people to conclude that he would prove the happy man in due time. But his own thoughts about the matter were very unsettled, as the following words from his lips will partly prove. Seizing an occasion to press his suit, when the countess allowed him the honour of an interview, he broke forth at length in half-reproachful tones: 'Inesilla, why prolong this state of suspense, so torturing to me? Unless I deceive myself, you favour me above others around you; yes, you love me. I own I have this happy belief. What, then, causes your hesitation, since you are a widow, and free? Is it not so? If you are moved by any feelings respecting your child, you know that I love him, and for your sake will love him always.'

The countess, at these words, rose from her seat, walked to where her guitar lay, and ran heedlessly over its strings for a few moments. She then turned to the little boy who was playing near her, and said to him: 'Juanito! Juanito! go and drive your humming-top elsewhere; the noise gives me a headache.' The boy came and sought

a caress, and then ran cheerfully away. After his departure, there was a pause for a minute or two, which the countess broke in upon by saying: 'Let us talk, Monsieur Longpré, on a subject different from the last. This guitar has reminded me of Spain—of Madrid—and of Manuela, a poor girl there. Her story is an interesting one: listen, and I will tell it to you—that is, if you choose to hear it.' Though the lover was by no means pleased at this evasion of the subject which he had so much at heart, there was so much of grave sweetness in the tones with which the countess made the request, that he at once expressed his willingness to hear the story.

'There lived at Madrid, five years ago,' began the countess, 'a merchant named Moralès, whose fortune was so considerable, that his only daughter was deemed one of the best matches in the city. Dolorès, as she was called, joined to her pecuniary advantages a countenance and form which the young men of Madrid declared to be of superior beauty. A cavalier, the flower of the noble youths of Spain, saw and loved her. I will spare you, my friend, an account of all the concerts and serenades by which Don Miguel sought to excite a reciprocal passion in the heart of Dolorès. Young, noble, accomplished, and rich, he soon made the desired impression, and, no obstacles being interposed, he was received in the house of Moralès as an accepted suitor. Like others of her race and sex, Dolorès was jealous of possessing love where she gave love; and again and again, to please her, Don Miguel vowed that the daughter of Moralès was the only woman who had ever touched his heart, and that she should be his last love, as she was his first. The marriage-day of the happy pair was fixed: it came; and before the priest and her friends, Dolorès gave her hand to Don Miguel.

'A ball followed in the evening. It was yet early, when Dolorès, overpowered by the warmth of the dancing-rooms, and agitated by the all-important event of the day, retired for a few minutes with some of her female friends, in order to rest herself and calm her spirits. She was still seated in her chamber with her companions, when a

footstep was heard at the door of the apartment. "You cannot enter—do not enter, Don Miguel!" cried one or two of the ladies, starting up from the easy postures into which, fatigued by the dance, they had thrown themselves. They conceived that Don Miguel had missed Dolorès from the dance, and had come to inquire after her. But when, in spite of their exclamation, the door of the chamber was opened, they beheld—not Don Miguel, but Manuela, the flower-girl.

'Manuela, the flower-girl, was so remarkable for her beauty and handsome figure, that few who were in the habit of walking on the Prado were unacquainted with her by name and appearance. But when she entered the chamber of Dolorès on the marriage-evening of the latter, very unlike her usual aspect was that presented by the flower-girl. Her long black hair hung in disorder around her pale face, and her dark eyes flamed with feverish excitement. She bore before her, by a strap, her flower-basket, in which lay, bedded upon flowers, an infant of two months old.

"Where is the bride?" demanded Manuela hoarsely, as soon as she entered.

"Manuela!" cried Dolorès, trembling she knew not why, yet endeavouring to seem at ease, "I am the bride; and you shall bear my bouquets to court."

"*You* the bride!" exclaimed Manuela, who knew and was known to Dolorès; "is it you whom he is to marry?'

"Whom he *is* to marry, Manuela?" answered Dolorès; "say whom he *has* married? Hath not Don Miguel sent you—sent you to strew our nuptial way with flowers?'

"The traitor!" cried Manuela. "Behold that infant! it is his—it is mine—it is ours!" The tears of the flower-girl here burst forth in torrents; but she checked them, and continued: "Ah! if you knew all his treachery—all his wickedness. I—a poor girl—sought to avoid him; but he married me—yes, he married me, and the marriage was a false one! I discovered his deceit; but he came to my father, and to my mother, and he calmed them by

renewing all his protestations and his promises. It is two months since my child was born; he was with me then, but I knew not, though I know now, that it was but to deceive me the more fully. He already loved you—already."

'Here the poor flower-girl fell down in an exhausted state. She was tenderly cared for by the agitated bride and her friends, and recovered somewhat her strength. "Only to-day, about two hours since, I learned that Don Miguel was to wed another. Then I thought, in my madness, of killing him; but I grew more calm. Poor child! what would have become of him—his father killed—his mother *poisoned!*" The fainting condition of the flower-girl explained her words. She had not avenged herself on Don Miguel—but, unable to live, she had taken poison. "Take my child," said she to the bride, as she grew momentarily weaker; "protect him, watch over him, be a mother to him. If you can still love Don Miguel after his cruel abandonment of his child and me, the poor flower-girl shall not be in your way. But, oh! promise to a dying mother that you will take care of her child!"

'Dolorès had rather signed than spoken the desired promise, when a knock was heard at the chamber-door. Dolorès instantly caused it to be fastened within. The knocks were then repeated, and the voice of Don Miguel was heard desiring admittance. "You cannot enter," answered one of the women. The bridegroom addressed himself to Dolorès, and, seeming to believe her ill, besought admittance. The passionate words of affection which he poured out for the ear of the bride fell unheeded. Dolorès hung over the dying flower-girl. "Manuela," cried she, "this child shall never be parted from me while I live. Manuela! Manuela!" continued she in tones of the deepest sympathy, "live for your child and Don Miguel—he shall be restored to you; mine he is not, and never shall be!. Ah, help! she dies!"

'While Dolorès was thus engaged, Don Miguel continued to press for admittance; and by this time, either

through the noise, or by reason of the bride's absence, a whisper had gone through the mansion that something was amiss. Moralès, with a number of the party, left the ball-room, and came to the door of his daughter's chamber. "My child," cried he, "it is I. Open to me; if anything be amiss, let your father be with you. Open to me."

'On hearing her father's voice, Dolorès, who was tenderly wiping the foam from the convulsed lips of Manuela, roused herself, and gave orders for the opening of the chamber-door. "Let all enter," she said firmly. Her command was obeyed; and the first person who rushed forward was Don Miguel. What was his amazement and horror when, upon the bridle-bed of Dolorès, he saw the pale countenance of one but too well known to him. Manuela had not yet expired. At the instant of his advance, she opened her eyes, and a flash of fire shot across their enfeebled lustre. She slowly raised her finger, and directing it towards him, she said: "Miserable man, I pardon thee! But beware of my father—*he will kill thee!*" As she spoke, Manuela sank backwards, and died almost instantly in the arms of Dolorès.

'The dying woman, her words, and the sight of the infant, formed but too full an explanation of this scene to all who had entered the chamber. Conscience-struck, at least for the moment, Don Miguel fled from the spot. The affair made a great noise in Madrid, but none could condole with Dolorès on the subject, as, on the morning after the event, she had quitted Madrid with the child of Manuela. She fled. Can you guess who she was, and whither she fled?'

'I can—I see her before me!'

'You are right. I fled, in the first instance, with the child of Manuela to a convent, where my father visited me, and where we concerted measures to prevent the assertion by Don Miguel of those marital rights, which worlds would not have tempted me now to concede. It was deemed best that I should go to France. I did so, and was never molested by Don Miguel while he lived:

but within the past year the words of Manuela were fulfilled: her betrayer fell by the hand of her father.

'Now, Monsieur Longpré,' continued the countess, 'you wish me to be your wife. I—I own I esteem—I love you; but my heart trembles at the recollection of the past, for believe not that I escaped without suffering. Assure me on this point, and my hand is yours. I well believe that you would not insult me by paying addresses while bound by other legal engagements; but assure me that none can renew in your case the death-scene of Manuela—that the vows paid to me are not violations of the actual though unacknowledged rights of any other—and I am willingly, gladly yours.'

M. Longpré, need we say, eagerly gave the assurance required. Nor did he deceive her. When their marriage-day came, as it soon did, the happiness of Dolorès suffered no alloy from the cause which she had long feared, and afforded her only a specimen of the uninterrupted felicity of many after-years.

GOD IN THE STORM.

BY MISS PARDOE.

'DID you hear the storm last night, my child,
As it burst o'er the midnight sky,
When the thunder rattled loud and wild,
And the lightning flicker'd by?'
'I heard no tempest, mother mine—
I was buried in slumber sweet;
Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine,
With flowers about my feet.'

'Can it be, my child, that you did not hear
The roar of the tempest-breath,
As it scattered the rent leaves far and near
In many an eddying wreath?'

'No, mother; my happy sleep was full
Of gentle and holy things—
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful,
And the music of angels' wings.'

'Yet the storm was loud, my darling child—
There was death on the hurrying blast;
And vapours dark overhead were piled,
As the hoarse wind bellowed past.'
'I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,
When I rose from my nurse's knee:
You taught me that God is for ever near,
So what danger could I see?'

'I taught you well, my sinless one;
Yet my own weak spirit quailed,
As the midnight blast rolled madly on,
And the moon's calm lustre failed.'
'Were you wrong, then, mother, when you said
That God's eye turned not away,
But in darkness watched about my bed
As it did on my path by day?'

'I am rebuked!' was the meek reply,
As the mother bent her knee;
'On the lip of babes may a lesson lie—
I have learned one, child, from thee:
His wrath, which makes the sinner weep,
By a guilty conscience vexed,
Does but deepen the sinless infant's sleep,
And rock it to gentler rest.

And while thunders hoarsely peal around,
Speaking wo to the worldling's ear,
The Lord in his mercy stills their sound,
When innocence is near:
And while his living fire appals
The guilty here below,
The shadow of the Saviour falls
On childhood's sleeping brow.'

FISHING IN THE OHIO.

Mr Audubon, the ingenious American naturalist, in one of his volumes of ornithology, presents the following simple sketch of the mode of fishing in the Ohio, many years ago, or at least previous to the introduction of steam navigation on the western waters:—

'It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I recall to my mind the many pleasant days I have spent on the shores of Ohio. The visions of former years crowd on my view, as I picture to myself the fertile soil and genial atmosphere of our great western garden, Kentucky, and view the placid waters of the fair stream that flows along its western boundary. Methinks I am now on the banks of the noble river. Twenty years of my life have returned to me; my sinews are strong, and the "bowstring of my spirit is not slack;" bright visions of the future float before me, as I sit on a grassy bank gazing on the glittering waters. Around me are dense forests of lofty trees and thickly-tangled undergrowth, amid which are heard the songs of feathered choristers, and from whose boughs hang clusters of glowing fruits and beautiful flowers. Reader, I am very happy. But now the dream has vanished, and here I am in the British Athens, penning an episode for my Ornithological Biography, and having before me sundry well-thumbed and weather-beaten folios, from which I expect to be able to extract some interesting particulars respecting the methods employed in those days in catching cat-fish.

'But before entering on my subject, I will present you with a brief description of the place of my residence on the banks of the Ohio. When I first landed at Henderson, in Kentucky, my family, like the village, was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses; the former, of my wife, myself, and a young child. Few as

the houses were, we fortunately found one empty. It was a log-*cabin*, not a log-*house*; but as better could not be had, we were pleased. Well, then, we were located. The country around was thinly peopled, and all purchasable provisions rather scarce; but our neighbours were friendly, and we had brought with us flour and bacon-hams. Our pleasures were those of young people not long married, and full of life and merriment; a single smile from our infant was, I assure you, more valued by us than all the treasures of a modern Crœsus would have been. The woods were amply stocked with game, the river with fish; and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our little table. Our child's cradle was our richest piece of furniture, our guns and fishing-lines our most serviceable implements; for although we began to cultivate a garden, the rankness of the soil kept the seeds we planted far beneath the tall weeds that sprung up the first year. I had then a partner, a 'man of business,' and there was also with me a Kentucky youth, who much preferred the sports of the forest and river to either day-book or ledger. He was naturally, as I may say, a good woodsman, hunter, and angler, and, like me, thought chiefly of procuring supplies of fish and fowl. To the task, accordingly, we directed all our energies.

'Quantity as well as quality was an object with us; and although we well knew that three species of cat-fish existed in the Ohio, and that all were sufficiently good, we were not sure as to the best method of securing them. We determined, however, to work on a large scale, and immediately commenced making a famous "trot-line." Now, reader, as you may probably know nothing about this engine, I shall describe it to you.

'A trot-line is one of considerable length and thickness, both qualities, however, varying according to the extent of water, and the size of the fish you expect to catch. As the Ohio at Henderson is rather more than half a mile in breadth, and as cat-fishes weigh from one to a hundred pounds, we manufactured a line which measured about

200 yards in length, as thick as the little-finger of some fair one yet in her teens, and as white as the damsel's finger well could be, for it was wholly of Kentucky cotton, just, let me tell you, because that substance stands the water better than either hemp or flax. The main line finished, we made a hundred smaller ones, about five feet in length, to each of which we fastened a capital hook of Kirby & Co.'s manufacture. Now for the bait.

'It was the month of May. Nature had brought abroad myriads of living beings; they covered the earth, glided through the water, and swarmed in the air. The cat-fish is a voracious creature, not at all nice in feeding, but one which, like the vulture, contents himself with carrion when nothing better can be had. A few experiments proved to us that, of the dainties with which we tried to allure them to our hooks, they gave a decided preference, at that season, to *live toads*. These animals were very abundant about Henderson. They ramble or feed, whether by instinct or reason, during early or late twilight more than at any other time, especially after a shower, and are unable to bear the heat of the sun's rays for several hours before and after noon. We have a good number of these crawling things in America, particularly in the western and southern parts of the Union, and are very well supplied with frogs, snakes, lizards, and even crocodiles, which we call alligators; but there is enough of food for them all, and we generally suffer them to creep about, to leap or to flounder as they please, or in accordance with the habits which have been given them by the great Conductor of all.

'During the month of May, and indeed until autumn, we found an abundant supply of toads. Many "fine ladies," no doubt, would have swooned, or at least screamed and gone into hysterics, had they seen one of our baskets filled with these animals, all alive and plump. Fortunately, we had no tragedy-queen or sentimental spinster at Henderson. Our Kentucky ladies mind their own affairs, and seldom meddle with those of others, further than to do all they can for their comfort. The toads,

collected one by one, and brought home in baskets, were deposited in a barrel for use. And now that night is over, and as it is the first trial we are going to give our trot-line, just watch our movements from that high bank beside the stream. There sit down under the large cotton-wood tree. You are in no danger of catching cold at this season.

'My assistant follows me with a gaff-hook, while I carry the paddle of our canoe; a boy bears on his back a hundred toads as good as ever hopped. [Arriving at the station, and the hooks being baited with toads,] the line is left in the river, and there *it* may patiently wait, until I visit it towards night. Now I take up my gun and note-book, and, accompanied by my dog, intend to ramble through the woods until breakfast. Who knows but I may shoot a turkey or a deer! It is barely four o'clock; and see what delightful mornings we have at this season in Kentucky!

'Evening has returned. The heavens have already opened their twinkling eyes, although the orb of day has yet scarcely withdrawn itself from our view. How calm is the air! the nocturnal insects and quadrupeds are abroad; the bear is moving through the dark canebrake; the land-crows are flying towards their roosts; their aquatic brethren towards the interior of the forests; the squirrel is barking his adieu; and the barred owl glides silently and swiftly from his retreat, to seize upon the gay and noisy animal. The boat is pushed off from the shore; the main-line is in my hands; now it shakes; surely some fish have been hooked. Hand over hand I proceed to the first hook. Nothing there. But now I feel several jerks stronger and more frequent than before. Several hooks I pass; but, see! what a fine cat-fish is twisting round and round the little line to which he is fast. Nat, look to your gaff; hook him close to the tail. Keep it up, my dear fellow. There now, we have him! More are on, and we proceed. When we have reached the end, many goodly fishes are lying in the bottom of our skiff. New bait has been put on, and, as we return, I

congratulate myself and my companions on the success of our efforts, for there lies fish enough for ourselves and our neighbours.

'Several species or varieties of cat-fish are found in the Ohio—namely, the blue, the white, and the mud cats, which differ considerably in their form and colour, as well as in their habits. The mud cat is the best, although it seldom attains so great a size as the rest. The blue cat is the coarsest, but when not exceeding from four to six pounds, it affords tolerable eating. The white cat is preferable to the last, but not so common; and the yellow mud cat is the best and rarest. Of the blue kind, some have been caught that weighed a hundred pounds. Such fishes, however, are looked upon as monsters.

'When the waters are rising fast, and have become muddy, a single line is used for catching cat-fish. It is fastened to the elastic branch of some willow several feet above the water, and must be twenty or thirty feet in length. A piece of fresh venison, or the entrails of a wild-turkey, furnish good bait; and if, when you visit your line the next morning after you have set it, the water has not risen too much, the swinging of the willow indicates that a fish has been hooked, and you have only to haul the prize ashore.

'One evening I saw that the river was rising at a great rate, although it was still within its banks. I knew that the white perch were running—that is, ascending the river from the sea; and anxious to have a tasting of that fine fish, I baited a line with a cray-fish, and fastened it to the bough of a tree. Next morning, as I pulled in the line, it felt as if fast to the bottom, yet, on drawing it slowly, I found that it came. Presently I felt a strong pull, the line slipped through my fingers, and next instant a large cat-fish leaped out of the water. I played it for awhile, until it became exhausted, when I drew it ashore. It had swallowed the hook, and I cut off the line close to its head. Then passing a stick through one of the gills, a servant and I tugged the fish home. On cutting it open, to our surprise we found in its stomach a fine white perch,

dead, but not in the least injured. The perch had been lightly hooked, and the cat-fish, after swallowing it, had been hooked in the stomach, so that, although the instrument was small, the torture caused by it no doubt tended to disable the cat-fish. The perch we ate, and the cat, which was fine, we divided into four parts, and distributed among our neighbours. My most worthy friend and relative, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., who formerly resided at Shippingport, in Kentucky, but now in New York (a better fisher than whom I never knew), once placed a trot-line in "the basin" below "Tarascon's Mills," at the foot of the rapids of the Ohio. I cannot recollect the bait which was used; but on taking up the line, we obtained a remarkably fine cat-fish, in which was found the greater part of a sucking-pig!'

JAMES WALLACE:

A TALE FOR BOYS.*

'How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?' asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and, after regarding him for a moment, he replied: 'I don't know, Harman. How far is it?'

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied: 'Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!' James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

* From an American newspaper.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the passage of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown, until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last wearied nature gave way, and he fell into a slumber, filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

On the next morning, the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret—that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

'But I can study at night while he is asleep,' he said to himself.

Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him: 'How big round is the earth, Jim?'

'Twenty-five thousand miles,' was the unhesitating answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—'Oh, dear! How wonderful wise you are! And no doubt you can tell, how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let's hear.'

'Jupiter has four moons,' James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

'And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?'

'Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts,' James replied in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen. 'I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise,' Harman at length said, with a sneer.

'Not very long,' James replied calmly. 'I have been reading one of your books on astronomy.'

'Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you! Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them! Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work.'

'But I didn't neglect my work, Harman; I read at night after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book.'

'I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone.'

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness. 'Do, Harman,' he said appealingly, 'lend me the book; I will take good care of it.'

'No, I won't. And don't you dare to touch it,' was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he two or three years, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his

having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his natural open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that he had created in his mind. And night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone after he had finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to obtain work he knew not. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds with faded hangings and soiled colours. 'Perhaps,' said he to himself, 'if I could do it cheap, they would let me paint and put new hangings to their blinds.'

The thought was scarcely suggested when he was on his feet moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. 'Well, my little man, what do you want?' was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out. 'The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded.'

'That's a very true remark, my little man,' was the reply, made in an encouraging tone.

'And they very much want painting.'

'Also very true,' said the man, with a good-humoured smile, for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

'Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?' pursued James.

'I don't know. It would certainly improve them much.'

'O yes, sir, they would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you, cheap.'

'Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?'

'My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr Lee, the blind-maker.'

'Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them, and putting on new hangings?'

'I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines.'

'But will Mr Lee let you do this?'

'I don't know, sir; but I will ask him.'

'Very well, my little man. If Mr Lee does not object, I am willing.'

James ran back to the house, and found Mr Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms the meaning of which was hidden from him. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half-dollar, at a second-hand bookstall, a dictionary. By the aid of this, he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labour assigned him.

It occurred, just at this time, that some benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions—an Apprentice's Library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—did the poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade; and, what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information: he was well read in history; had studied thoroughly the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew comparatively but little.

Let us now turn, for a few moments, to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys who were merely designed for trades or store-keeping.

Like too many others, he had no love for learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer he thought would be much more honourable than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A.B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labour, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honourable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient persevering efforts as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although, on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college; the other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four.

Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

[Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill; the lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who entertained for his father's old apprentice the most profound contempt.]

The cause came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence and a marked attention and interest when the young stranger arose in the court-room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain but concise language to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his 'very learned brother,' in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that which his 'learned brother' had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile as Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden-speech shewed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked, that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favour of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue *ever after* a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities; the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for

instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.

A QUEER CASE FOR THE LAW.

In 1838, M. le Baron de Cormann, an opulent German noble, inhabited the château of his ancestors, situated in the environs of Weima. An excellent sportsman, and a redoubted smoker, the baron was at the same time one of the ugliest mortals Germany ever produced. Notwithstanding this circumstance, he was an admirer of beauty in others, and conceived a lively passion for Mademoiselle de Reischberg, daughter of a neighbouring castellan, whose antique domicile constituted nearly his whole property. A formal demand of the lady's hand was made by the baron; and the father, delighted with the prospect of such a match, hastened to give the suitor an assurance of his assent and best wishes. It was not so, however, with the young lady, who, herself endowed with extraordinary charms, could not endure the looks of the baron, and had, besides, long ago given away her heart to one of her cousins, a handsome cavalier, in contrast with whom the baron made a very sorry figure. On this account the assiduities of the latter, and the commands of the father, produced no effect. Mademoiselle de Reischberg conclusively declared, that she would never give her hand to any man so thoroughly ugly as the Baron de Cormann.

One evening she was tempted, by new entreaties on the part of the suitor, to repeat the preceding declaration even more energetically than before. The downcast baron afterwards wended his way home. He sat down by his blazing fire, called for a pipe and ale; and, betwixt the curling whiffs from his only source of consolation, he exclaimed passionately: 'I would give myself to the Old One himself to be as good-looking as that confounded

cousin!' In his energy the baron—who, it will soon be pretty evident, was something of a simpleton—spoke aloud; indeed, he almost roared out the words. After the ejaculation, he smoked on vigorously, every blast-like puff giving indication of the storm within. How long he sat absorbed in this occupation, it is impossible for us to say; but certain it is, that when he laid down the pipe, and the fumes around slowly floated away, he saw before him, to his great surprise, an odd-looking personage, but black all over, in countenance and clothes. 'You have been heard,' said this personage; 'sign this paper, and by to-morrow morning you shall be beautiful in the eyes of all the world, though unchanged in your own!'

Stupified—almost out of his senses—M. de Cormann sat staring without motion. 'Sign!' repeated the figure; 'I am never invoked in vain, and you shall find my words to hold good!' The thought of Mademoiselle de Reischberg crossed the baron's brain. Great was the temptation. He took the pen, and again hesitated, being in a state of unspeakable confusion of mind. Then, as if determined not to trust himself with reflection, he hurriedly signed the paper. The stranger lifted it, bowed, and disappeared.

After this proceeding, which had taken place so rapidly that the baron had had scarcely time for connected thought, he sat in silent dreamy stupor through several long hours. With strange feelings he retired to bed, half afraid of the past, and half eager for the dawn, that he might prove the reality of the promised metamorphosis. Morning broke, and the baron arose. He dressed himself, and perceived no change in his appearance; but he had no sooner descended the staircase, than the reality of a change was made manifest. Two servants stood in waiting, and the instant that they cast eyes on their master, they started back in great surprise. 'Gracious powers! how much my lord is improved in looks! What a noble figure! How beautiful a countenance!' The baron's heart beat thick with exultation. He went out for further proof, bending his course to the mansion of M. de

Reischberg, which was close to his own. Two men met him, and they also started to behold him. 'How noble is my lord's figure!' cried one. 'What a charming countenance!' cried the other; 'surely he is much altered!'

These, and such like ejaculations, confirmed the baron in his impression of the reality of the metamorphosis; and he proceeded, without delay, to the house of M. de Reischberg. Here the crowning stroke was given to his triumph. Mademoiselle de Reischberg appeared equally surprised and enchanted with his form and looks. She seemingly could not conceal or restrain her admiration, and the handsome cousin appeared to be driven out of her thoughts at once by the new and irresistible charms of his rival. Striking while the iron was hot, the baron entreated her to reward his long devotion by consenting to be his. The lady hesitated—the cousin seemed to pass, for a last time, across her thoughts; but the baron pressed his request, and the lady gave her consent.

In passing homewards on that happy day, the baron received additional though superfluous proofs of the change in his looks, from the remarks of various persons who came in his way. When before his own fire, a pipe and ale were again called for to heighten the delightful cast of the baron's ruminations. Long he smoked, gazing on the blaze; but at length he laid down the pipe. Then did he first become sensible of a startling fact. His sable visitor of the preceding evening was again before him. 'If you fulfil the intention you now entertain of leading Mademoiselle de Reischberg to the altar,' said the stranger solemnly, '*you will die on its steps.*' As he spoke he disappeared.

The Baron de Cormann lay for a long time in a swoon after this fearful announcement. When he regained his senses, and could reflect on what had passed, great was his vexation and greater his terrors. He could not conceal from himself the fact, that since his visitor had been able to fulfil one promise so effectually, the same being could not fail to fulfil with equal certainty the menace just made, or at least to foresee the future. He saw that the

fiend, if fiend it were, had 'paltered with him in a double sense,' but the evil was irremediable. Preferring life to every other consideration, the baron, ere long, took a decisive resolution. He wrote to the Reischbergs, announcing his altered intentions respecting marriage, and, in short, declining the honour of the young lady's hand. On the following morning, he jumped into his carriage, and drove off for Paris, after leaving precise orders with an agent to sell his château and property at Weïma without delay.

It was in the end of 1838 that the Baron de Cormann reached Paris, where he took a handsome hotel in the Rue Dominique. A month or two after his settlement there, he was presented with an acceptance of his own for 120,000 francs, purporting to have been granted by him while in Germany, and a demand was made upon him for payment of the same. The holder of the acceptance, and the requester of payment, was the already-mentioned handsome cousin of Mademoiselle de Reischberg, now become her husband.

The baron was struck dumb by this demand. Never in the course of his life was he aware of having signed any such obligation either to the nominal holder of the one before him, or to any person else. Yet he could not deny that the handwriting of the presented bill was his own; it was certainly his signature. Nevertheless, in the consciousness that he really owed no such debt, he refused payment. Immediately afterwards, he went to consult an acute legal friend. After relating the circumstance to that gentleman, and repeating his confident assurance that he never signed, to his knowledge, the obligation in question, though unquestionably his signature was there, the lawyer asked if he never, while in Germany, signed any paper without knowing its contents. The baron thought for an instant, and blushed for his folly. The remembrance of his strange visitant came across his mind with all the attendant circumstances. He compelled himself to tell his legal friend the whole affair.

The acute lawyer saw through the mystery at once.

The baron had been ugly at Weïma, he was ugly at Paris, and he had never been aught but ugly anywhere. The handsome cousin had so suborned his domestics as to acquire a knowledge of every movement, even of every word of the baron, in his own establishment; and being near the spot, perhaps in the house, on the evening of the baron's rash ejaculation respecting a change of personal appearance, he had taken advantage of the circumstance when it was reported to him, to victimise De Cormann in a double and truly diabolical way. By the connivance of the treacherous servants, and one or two other persons, Mademoiselle de Reischberg included, the poor baron had been thoroughly imposed upon, and, in some respects, he was not undeserving of it, seeing that he credulously consented to attempt success in his suit by such means as those described. The conspirator of a cousin, it is probable, imagined that the baron would pay the sum rather than incur the ridicule of a full disclosure.

The affair, says our French authority, came to a trial, and a celebrated Parisian advocate was engaged for the baron, the note for 120,000 francs being lodged, in the interval, in the safe hands of Messrs Rotheschilde. We regret that we have heard nothing of the issue of the case, and can only hope that the law prevented the poor credulous baron from being ultimately tricked out of his money by the unscrupulous young lady and her cousin. The moral seems to be—never sign any document of whose purport you are not fully acquainted.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

It was on a winter evening, in the year 18—, that in the small parlour of a small house, in a narrow and confined street of the dense metropolis of Great Britain, was seated a very everyday sort of group. It consisted of Mr Beaufort Dawkins and his family, the latter comprising a lady who certainly considered herself a 'better-half,' and two daughters of the respective ages of seventeen and fifteen. An important event had that day taken place—nothing less than the formal and legal admission of Mr Dawkins as junior partner in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, and Jones, to whom he had been confidential clerk for more than twenty years. The five o'clock dinner was finished, and a bottle of wine was being discussed, the whole party having drawn round the fire, while in the manner of each were many signs of complacency. There is vast expression in the figure—in attitude, ay, even in a finger—and the most uninitiated would never have mistaken the prevailing sentiment, as Mr Dawkins leaned back in his arm-chair, stretching a very dirty pair of boots towards the fender, and slightly compressing his lips as he brought a glass of ruby wine admiringly between his own vision and the bright flame. He felt that he had achieved greatness, and it is very doubtful whether Newton, after one of his profound discoveries, or Shakspeare after the embodiment of some everlasting truth, evinced so much self-satisfaction. Neither was there much likelihood of any error about the lady's feelings. She had disdained, on this important evening, to ply her needle, as she was in the habit of doing; so, for want of better employment, she twirled her restless fingers in the faded strings of a very fine but rather dirty cap; and in her endeavours to assume a dignified deportment, fidgeted about in a manner which would have been very trying to nervous persons. But dignified repose is

difficult for the unaccustomed to assume. Of the two girls, Matilda, the elder, was acknowledged to be the more attractive. Already of a commanding height and figure, with features beautiful and finely chiseled, she was indeed eminently handsome; though perhaps a physiognomist would have regretted a certain vacancy betrayed by the mouth. Yet, withal, there was that self-possession which, with mind and decision, would have formed pride, but, as it was, only constituted vanity. Susan, the younger, formed a perfect contrast to her sister, for her features were anything but regular, and her figure *petite*. Still, there were people who had the extraordinary taste to admire her; who forgave a mouth they acknowledged was too large, in consideration of the teeth it revealed, and the dimple a smile displayed; and who thought a pair of soft hazel eyes, shaded by a jetty fringe when they were raised and did sparkle, were not to be exchanged for Matilda's dazzling complexion. Susan was the only one of the party who was occupied, and she was hemming diligently a gentleman's silk handkerchief. Matilda was the first to break a short pause, by exclaiming: 'Well, now, papa, I hope you will let me have some lessons in singing.'

'Wait, my dear, till we have got into the new house,' observed Mrs Dawkins. 'I should not choose Signor Crocchini to attend you here;' and the lady looked round with considerable scorn on the house of the last ten years, where she had drudged, and coaxed, and scolded by turns, but where she had passed, notwithstanding, a very happy period of her life.

'And my dear Dawkins, my dear Beaufort,' she continued, 'do not let us think of staying here until the notice expires. What *is* a quarter's rent compared to the appearance of the thing. Now that you are really in the firm, it is due to yourself and your family that you consider these things. And, my love, I have been thinking a great deal of the new house and all our fresh arrangements, and I am sure we must have a man-servant.'

'My dear, I cannot afford it.'

'Well, at anyrate, a boy—really a youth—tall of his age, of sixteen or so, in a good livery, gives the same air of respectability to a family that a man-servant does.'

Mrs Dawkins knew her own power. From long experience, she was aware that in arguments with her spouse perseverance was the one thing needful. True, she did not generally gain entirely the point from which she started, but for this, of course, she made all due allowances. In suggesting the necessity of a man-servant, therefore, she only expected to gain Mr Dawkins's consent to her hiring 'a youth;' and had she lived in the later days of 'pages' and biped 'tigers,' she might with yielding amiability have suffered her aspiring desires to dwindle from six feet two to four feet nothing. Thus a quarter of an hour was well bestowed in settling this important question, and about as much time was devoted to arranging some comparatively trifling matters in a similar diplomatic fashion. A visitor, however, disturbed the party.

'Why, that is Herbert Forster's knock, I declare!' exclaimed Mrs Dawkins; 'who would have thought of his coming on such a wet night; did you expect him, my dear?'

'Not I; though, by the way, I have not seen him to-day, and perhaps he has brought me some papers I asked him yesterday to arrange.'

Meanwhile, Matilda, with rather a sharp 'give it me,' had taken the work from her sister's hand, and in twenty seconds had arranged herself with wonderful composure at the table, with the whole apparatus of scissors and threads, &c., before her, a very pattern of neatness, precision, and industry. Susan said not a word, though the faintest smile in the world might have been observed on her countenance, as she raised her large eyes to her sister's face. A slight blush suffused Matilda's cheeks; but as she knew this was very becoming, she did not by any means withdraw from the light which fell full upon her, and she was the last to rise and greet the visitor.

Herbert Forster, though only a clerk in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, *and* Dawkins, was an orphan, distantly related to several noble families, and had passed the years of childhood amid all the tenderness of affection and the luxury of affluence. His father had been Mr Dawkins's earliest benefactor, and on the severe reverses which preceded Mr Forster's death, Mr Dawkins was in some measure enabled to return the obligations he was under, by procuring for Herbert, at a good and increasing salary, the situation of foreign correspondent, for which his knowledge of languages qualified him, in the mercantile house to which we have alluded. Though humbled in fortune, he was in every other respect so greatly superior to the circle in which the Dawkinses moved, that there is no wonder that Matilda—a coquette by nature—was willing to try what power she could gain over him; indeed, he was nearly the first 'quarry' for whom she prepared the manifold weapons contained in a coquette's quiver. Latterly, however, he had, to her great dismay, transferred to Susan all those trifling attentions which are felt rather than described, for whom, of course, she, as an elder sister, entertained a due degree of contempt.

So much for the relative positions of the younger members of the party. As for the lady-mother, she liked Herbert Forster pretty well; though, notwithstanding his frequent visits and extreme intimacy, she had not as yet dreamed of any falling in love, either on his part or that of her daughters. The feelings of Mr Dawkins, however, were of a much warmer character; for he loved him almost as well as his own children, and though not a man of talent himself, he had sufficiently the power of appreciation to recognise the superior mind and acquirements of Herbert, and to feel a strong confidence that he would be successful in life. Perhaps the only one talent in which Mr Dawkins excelled, and which, indeed, had been the means of raising him to his present exalted position, was the one in which Herbert Forster was most deficient—namely, what phrenologists call the organ of Number.

He was, indeed, a first-rate accountant—a talent, by the way, which seldom accompanies a brilliant and imaginative mind, though if it do, it makes the intellect stupendous. Even on that memorable evening the bent of his mind might have been observed when he interrupted an animated conversation between Herbert and Susan on a point of history, to request the former to go over with him some abstruse calculations; and when these were finished, he proposed a family 'rubber'—more, it is not uncharitable to presume, to enjoy the often-repeated triumph of astonishing the uninitiated, by calling the last cards from every hand, than from any other motive.

Kind reader, pass over with me all the bustle, and excitement, and confusion of the Dawkinses removal to the 'new house.' I must beg you even to imagine their first immersion into a new sphere of society. By small degrees, and in the short space of three years, so great a change was effected in the Dawkins family, that they seemed to form quite a new species of the genius to which they belonged. It is true Dawkins *père* was still an 'everyday person,' for the lion changes not his skin, nor the leopard his spots; yet, from the friction of more refined society, into which he and his had struggled, he had acquired some polish, but being naturally a reserved man, circumstances had rendered him less communicative than ever. Assuredly there was a mystery connected with him. Some people talked figuratively of a mine he had discovered, and others of a lottery-ticket turned up a prize. These rumours might be nonsense; but the world always looks with suspicion on unaccounted-for wealth.

But where did the money come from? Ah! that is the question. The Dawkinses now had a really good house, well furnished, and with family arrangements better conducted than might have been expected. The 'boy' had long since made room for a substantial full-grown servitor; dashing parties were given; and even a carriage was kept exclusively for the ladies. And all this was to be supported by the junior partner in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, and Dawkins, whose share of the

profits averaged something less than L.500 a year. When his partners asked questions, they were satisfied by the rather *un*satisfactory answers he gave, implying that his long head enabled him to make fifty per cent. of his own money.

Meanwhile, three years had added many graces to Susan, and had certainly not taken from the personal attractions of her sister; but the mind of each had advanced, and their faint and childlike shades of character had assumed a deeper and more decided hue. They were consequently more different than ever. And Herbert Forster!—— But he shall speak for himself.

The scene was no longer the small parlour, but a handsome drawing-room in G—— Street. The season the latter end of May, when the thermometer of London gaiety stands at the highest. The time was between three and four in the afternoon, the day, Sunday; Venetian blinds softened the bright sunshine which would otherwise have streamed into the room—a room altogether pervaded by an air of comfort, almost of luxury. Its only tenants were Susan and Herbert, and both had remained for some minutes so silent, so motionless, that they looked more like statues than breathing, feeling beings. Herbert's face was buried in his hands, while Susan, who sat at a little distance, gazed at him with an expression of fixed though tearless agony. At last she rose, and timidly threw one arm across his shoulder; he drew it round his neck, and pressed her yielding form in a long and passionate embrace.

'Dearest, you are right,' he exclaimed, after a moment's pause; 'while we are true to one another, we cannot be quite wretched. But then—ay, that is the thing that embarrasses me—I am poor!'

'Herbert, I do not feel that you are poor. Your small but certain income would suffice for more than my unambitious wants. Oh! if you knew how sick at heart I feel of the false and hollow life we lead, you would better understand how I yearn for quiet and content. But you do know; you must have seen the miseries which this

struggling life has engendered; the tempers and caprice with which I have to bear, and which have shaken my nerves and undermined my health. And really, dear Herbert, you owe it to me now to be my consolation, seeing that it must have been your love and your instructions which have made me think differently from Matilda, and have rendered me incapable of loving any one less noble, less *perfect*, than yourself.' She tried to be gay, though she was earnest; for hers was real woman's love, which cannot exist, in its depth and purity, without a large share of spiritual adoration to its object—the natural religion of a woman's heart. And perhaps when Herbert answered: 'Foolish girl, you make me angry,' he did not feel much displeased.

'And yet,' he continued, 'what avails it that I deserve you?' (She pressed his hand.) 'Not, dearest, for partly leading out of darkness the blossom which naturally struggled into light, but because my heart is so wholly, so unutterably yours, that it does deserve your own, yourself in return. But what avails it if they will not give you to me—if they have loftier views for you? How frequently do I feel that we were all happier when you lived in the old house, and your father was only a clerk!'

'Oh! how much happier! Even his countenance betrays that he is wretched. He looks a dozen years older; and in three years his hair has become perfectly white. I am sure there is some mystery. Where does the money come from which *is* spent, though we are so harassed by debts?'

'By debts?'

'Oh! yes; and by having everything on long credit we pay most dearly. Think, dear Herbert, of the delight of feeling we did not owe a penny; and you know we should manage that even on your two hundred a year.'

'I hope so; though not, I fear, without some self-sacrifices from you.'

'None—none—nothing would be too great a sacrifice by which to escape the horror of debt. But where does the money come from which, after all, is spent?'

'If I tell you, Susan, what the world says—it is that Mr Dawkins is a successful gambler.'

'A gambler! Why now, he seldom touches a card.'

'Not at home, perhaps, and this may well be the case. If the report be true, it is not surprising that sixpenny whist should have lost its interest, or that he refrains from joining a card-table even at your parties.'

'Oh! what a dreadful life!—and what a false and wretched family we are! But do you believe it, Herbert?'

'I fear I must. It is better, Susan, with your energy and strength of mind, that you know the truth, at least as much as I can tell you. This very day, while loitering till the hour I knew your mother and Matilda would be out riding, I saw Mr Dawkins enter a well-known gambling-house.'

'What! in the daytime—on a Sunday?'

'Even so. And, trust me, I would be the last to tell you such things are; for I deeply feel, that to the innocent and pure vice should still retain the veil with which shame has covered it; but there are circumstances to which "nice customs must courtesy," and I think ours are of the number.'

'It is all true—I feel it is all true,' exclaimed Susan, bursting into tears; 'and it accounts for so much misery—for the care-worn brow and irritable temper—for our uncertain means and our wretched existence. And yet, Herbert, he can be kind, and just, and right-thinking too; and on his consent I rest all my hopes. And Matilda, I wish she would choose one of her lovers. I think she would be much happier than she is at present.'

'Or rather you wish,' returned Herbert, 'that one of them would choose her.'

'Choose her! why, she says there are three or four anxiously and ardently awaiting her decision.'

'She says—but I fear we must not quite believe her—though I will grant that she is so blinded by vanity that she is the victim of self-deception, and really does consider herself the irresistible being she describes. It is a

very common delusion, I assure you. Matilda is admired for her beauty, but, I fear, little respected.'

This was indeed too true. Neither was Matilda nor her mother surrounded by any adventitious circumstance or connection that could lend to either of them a borrowed lustre. As for Susan Dawkins, she was like a sweet violet, not really the less to be prized because rank weeds grew around; or like a pure gem, not the less precious because fate had cast it among a heap of rubbish. The rest of the family were deceived precisely as persons so acting and so circumstanced almost always are. Now, in English society—even in what we may only call the upper grade of the middle classes—there are circles within circles, each progressively more picked or sifted than its predecessor. Talent *with* character, or wealth *with* character, may pierce to the very centre; and there will be found a sweet and full reward for any exertion the endeavour may have cost—a full and sweet reward which, once tasted, will always be recognised, though perhaps it is not very easily to be described. Certainly the outer circle is a very wide one. It consists of folks who are called 'dashing,' who accomplish that feat which, taken literally, is an achievement at least as prodigious as would be the discovery of the philosopher's-stone; namely, they spend twice their income. In this circle may be included often people of talent, but with soiled reputations, and the riffraff of many grades and descriptions of people; and it is remarkable that the members of this circle seldom or never advance to the inner and more select ones, though they occasionally drop off into the immensity of space beyond. The next circle is less brilliant but more solid, for it is capable of being cemented by honesty and friendship; and altogether, between the two extremes, there is about as much difference as between the sweet walnut and its outer soiling shell. Surely there is no need to hint that the Dawkins family, neglecting the real respectability and quiet happiness which might have been within their reach, had stepped, instead, into the dangerous vortex of that

meretricious circle to which I have alluded. So much for the slippery path of error; for perhaps it was not among the least mournful results, that 'Matilda was but little respected.'

But the half-sweet half-bitter tête-à-tête of the lovers was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Dawkins. Not that he entered the drawing-room, but they knew he had come home, and that he had ensconced himself in his own sanctum, a room called, by courtesy, the library. To their anxious hearts, the present moment seemed a very favourable one, the absence of Mrs Dawkins and Matilda being extremely propitious. To seek Mr Dawkins at once, and to rely on the force of truth and the eloquence of sincerity, was a plan so natural and simple, that they felt it did not deserve to be called a scheme; and strong in their own deep feelings, and believing that the realisation of their dreams was at stake, five minutes more found them, certainly with changing cheeks and quickened pulse, at the door of 'the library.' Susan knocked lightly, but almost before she could listen to the anticipated 'come in,' her hand had turned the lock. For a moment she was startled by the scene which met her view. A heap of sovereigns, seeming to her an unimagined sum of money, was only partially covered by open papers, with which her father appeared in the act of concealing it. Writing materials were before him, and something like a check-book in his hand, while his countenance was so livid, and his eyes so glassy, that Susan involuntarily started forward, believing he must be ill. In a few minutes, however, he recovered his composure, and listened with even more patience and kindness than his daughter had dared to hope for, to the entreaties and arguments of Herbert Forster. Susan had seated herself on a low stool beside her father, as if thus placed, her agitation would be less perceptible; while with one hand she grasped that of his, and with the other pressed against her brow, she in some measure shaded her face. It was Herbert who chiefly spoke, but a pressure of the hand may be very eloquent! That was a strange and

ever-to-be-remembered interview, during which, in truth, though unprofessedly, the young were monitors of the old; for they talked of principle to him who had been found wanting, and of contentment, and moderate desires, and truth, to a parent who for long years had scarcely recognised one of them.

That brief half-hour was a golden one to Herbert and Susan, for in it they won a father's consent to their union. And when, shedding grateful happy tears, she threw herself into his arms, he strained her to his heart, more fondly, more proudly, with more self-satisfaction, than he had done for years. But he bade them leave him, and be happy, for he had writing to do, letters to transmit, and at six they would meet again at dinner. They left the room, and Herbert quitted the house, for he felt it would be scarcely delicate to meet Mrs Dawkins until she had been apprised of the happy determination in his favour. For a short interval we must return to the library. The door was now locked; but no matter through what crevice we peep. Again Mr Dawkins was seated at the table, again was his face livid and his eye glassy, though fixed intently on some strips of paper which lay before him. He then wrote slowly, with precision, carefully as ever school-boy penned a copy; but the writing did not please him, for, after a moment's hesitation, it was torn into innumerable fragments and cast aside. Again and again the attempt, whatever it might be, was made, and at last, we may presume, he was successful, for some scraps of paper he put contentedly into a note-case, and others he locked up in his *escritoire*. Then placing the sovereigns in a canvas-bag, and the canvas-bag in his pocket, he took up his hat, stepped softly along the hall (just noticing the dial, which pointed to a few minutes past four), and stealthily opening the street-door, went out, closing it by means of a latch-key also, without noise. Neither Susan nor any of the servants had the slightest suspicion of his absence, though, by a singular accident, Herbert Forster saw him a second time enter the house to which he had before alluded.

The life of Dawkins was a mystery which seemed to warp the fate of all about him, and his increasing distresses delayed the marriage of the amiable Susan. Six months after the explanations in the library, Mrs Dawkins died; and shortly afterwards, a still greater blow overtook the family, in the elopement of the elegant and heartless Matilda with a personage, an occasional companion of the father; in short, no less dignified a being than the Count de Truccelini.

Alas! for the bereaved father. The wretch who had called himself the Count de Truccelini Mr Dawkins knew to be a gambler and swindler, besides more than suspecting him to be already a married man! And this was the associate to which vice had linked him—the man he had suffered to pollute his pure domestic hearth. With a handsome person and specious address, there could be very little wonder at his gaining influence over the weak minds of Matilda and her mother, to whose ears, also, the empty title he possessed *or* assumed had a strange fascination. Oh! ye ignorant few, whose band, thank Heaven, is every day decreasing; ye who dread enlightened minds in women, and would keep them in darkness akin to your own, will ye not understand that the mind requires light and nourishment, and that if ye will not give it wholesome food, it must grovel in the mire, or seek at best the flaunting weeds which have root there! The wretched father felt that his child was lost, and yet was he fain to try by any desperate measure to save her. He thought he had a faint clue by which to trace the fugitives; and waiting only to write three or four letters on business, he started with post-horses in pursuit. One of these letters was addressed to Herbert; but when opened, he found it had been misdirected, being evidently intended for some one else, though whom he could not make out. At all events, it seemed unimportant, though naturally he was much annoyed at thus missing some instructions on business matters which must have been intended for him; but he felt that the haste and excitement under which Mr Dawkins had written, easily accounted for the mistake.

It is not worth while to follow Mr Dawkins closely on his journey. Enough, that with unwearied steps he pursued the pair, and, it would seem, did at last discover them in an obscure French town. His own movements were so rapid and uncertain, that he was unable to receive any intelligence from home, and the letters he addressed to poor Susan only served to confirm their worst fears. But at home, oh! how serious were the scenes enacted during the interval of that chase upon the continent.

It was a sharp frosty moonlight evening at the end of December, within a day or so of the close of the year, when a traveller alighted in the city from a Dover coach. He called a street-coach immediately afterwards, and ordered the coachman to drive quickly to —— Street. Mr Dawkins, for the traveller was our old acquaintance, soon reached the door of his home. To his surprise, however, he found some difficulty in getting an answer to his repeated summons for admittance. He began to tremble. Wayworn and depressed in spirits, he had expected to find the arms of one kind child at least open to receive him, and to meet from her with those consolations which the conduct of Matilda had rendered only too necessary. But in place of Susan, an old woman—the sole remnant, seemingly, of his lately well-served household—appeared at length in answer to her master's summons. 'Where is Susan?' cried Dawkins hastily; 'where is my daughter?'

The faithful old servant looked at him with anxiety, almost with fear, in her aspect. 'Oh! sir,' said she, 'have you just newly arrived?—have you heard nothing?'

'Nothing—not a word,' answered the alarmed Dawkins. 'Since my departure I have scarcely been an hour in one place, and have, therefore, not heard a syllable from England. No letters *could* reach me.'

He had entered the parlour by this time, and sunk into a chair. Some moments elapsed ere he could ask the question that most naturally formed itself in his mind: 'Is Susan ill—dead?'

'O no, sir,' answered the woman; 'Heaven be praised, she is well in health; but she has gone for some time to live with a friend. She has gone in order to be near the prison.'

'The prison!' repeated Dawkins, growing pale as death.

'Yes, sir,' continued the old woman. 'Oh! Mr Dawkins, have you not heard of the misfortune of poor Mr Forster? He has been accused and found guilty of forgery.'

'Forgery!' muttered Dawkins faintly as he started to his feet.

'Yes, sir; the firm—your partners—discovered that they had been defrauded, and they said, though he denies everything, that he had done it. But my dear young lady will not believe a word against Mr Herbert, and she is always with him when they will allow her.'

Dawkins stood for a time as if stupified. Suddenly, however, he changed his manner, and, with a hasty hand, took out and examined some papers from his bag. Placing these in his pocket-book, he seized his hat, and, without a word to the servant, quitted his now desolate house. When in the street, he again called a coach, and ordered the conductor to drive to —— Street, the site of the city mansion of the head partner of the firm of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, and Dawkins.

On that evening, Sir John Altamont was called from the presence of a party of his friends to witness a scene which the dullest brain was not likely to forget during a lifetime. The man who burst in upon him was his own partner, but so changed as scarcely to be recognisable. 'You have prosecuted Herbert Forster for forgery,' said Dawkins with agitated abruptness; 'for the love of Heaven fly without delay and liberate him! *I am the guilty man!* Here—here the proofs!'—and he took hurriedly from his pocket a mass of papers which the merchant, startled and confused as he was, soon recognised to be connected with the forgeries, and as supplying a missing link which had alone thrown doubt on Forster's criminality.

In short, the papers were convincing. Dawkins, meanwhile, watched the face of Altamont with eager anxiety; and when he saw that the other seemed to be satisfied, he again cried: 'Fly to save him! I have retained the coach for the purpose. There should be no delay in clearing the innocent. The life of my child—now my only child—hangs on that of the guiltless young man!'

The alderman, who was sheriff for the time, and was the very person to be of use in such a case, had risen to his feet, and Dawkins observed a confused glance cast on himself. He understood its meaning. 'In the name of our common Father,' he again cried, 'answer me—are you satisfied, from these papers, of that guilt which I again solemnly avouch and admit with my tongue?'

Altamont replied gravely in the affirmative.

'Then I know you to be a just and a merciful man; I know that you will do your duty,' said Dawkins. 'For me—may God forgive me! Oh, may God forgive me!'

With the words, and ere the alderman could interfere, the unhappy man drew out the hand which he had for some time held in his breast—it grasped a pistol; and in one instant he lay dead on the floor, shot through the heart!

We need not dwell on the consequences of this event. Sir John Altamont—for, as sheriff, he had been knighted—drove immediately to the Home-Secretary, whom he made acquainted with the important discovery related. The ultimate consequence, of course, was the complete exculpation and liberation of Herbert. The general public rejoiced deeply in the escape of the innocent young man. More deeply did they rejoice when the rumour afterwards went abroad that Herbert Forster had nourished vague suspicions of the truly guilty party, but that, being uncertain of the truth, he could not and would not step forward to throw a shade on the name of the father of her whom he loved.

Not long after the events related, Herbert Forster might have been found in the respectable situation of

British consul at a foreign port of some eminence. With him was his wife, Susan Dawkins, or she who had borne that name. While Herbert had lain in prison, with a sudden and shameful death before his eyes, she had been his constant attendant, his sole consolation, and he repaid her love by the after-devotion of a lifetime. The pair had the sad consolation of giving a refuge to the deserted Matilda, humbled by suffering into something better than she had been in her earlier years.

THE DUNNED POET.

GIAMBATTISTA CASTI, an Italian modern poet of celebrity —author of a whimsical production, entitled *Animali Parlanti*, which has been translated by Mr Stewart Rose into English, under the title of the *Court of Beasts*—had the misfortune one day to borrow three Giuli (pieces of the value of fivepence) from a Roman ice-dealer. It was stern necessity which reduced him to the act—he was a poor man, and had no other resource. If fortune had soon after begun to smile upon him, it might have been all very well, for then he should have been able to treat his creditor as creditors who wish their money back again ought to be treated—namely, to say to him: 'There's the paltry sum you have made such a racket about;' adding sundry expressions designed to shew how mean a wretch an importunate creditor is. But Casti continued poor, and was totally unable to indulge in this luxury of throwing the paltry coin back in the creditor's teeth; he was, on the contrary, exposed to a process of dunning, such as perhaps never debtor underwent before, insomuch that he became at length unable to think of anything but the Giuli Tre and the inexorable ice-dealer. In these circumstances, it was the sole relief available to his wounded mind to commit the various hardships of his case to verse in the form of sonnets, of which, at the last, he

compiled 200, all written in the purest of Italian. These have been published, and form one of the most favourite books in the light modern literature of Italy. It was a sweet revenge, and one with which the very victim of it might have been pleased rather than otherwise, if he had been a man of any soul—which the creditors of poets, however, never are. Thus the debt may be said to have been immortalised: we rather suspect it was never paid; at least the two-hundredth sonnet concludes without one word as to the forthcoming of the coin. Casti ultimately rose in the world, and was poet-laureate to Francis II. of Austria; but probably long ere then the ice-dealer had died with the debt in the same predicament as his wares —unliquidated. If so, we can only hope that his ghost has had many a pleasant day of it, reflecting on the mirth which the affair has excited in living men.

The Giuli Tre has never been fully translated into our language; but two attempts have been made to convey some idea of it to the English reader by means of extracts.* This is not the best plan for imparting the jest to any one, for much of that lies in the very profusion and protraction of it; but it is all which has yet been ventured on; and we, so far from doing more, can only propose to give a few specimens from the most amusing of those sonnets which have been translated.

Signor Casti thus begins to sing his woes :—

'I weep as I recall the day my Dun
Lent me those fatal *Giuli Tre*:† he stood
A full half-hour in shilly-shallying mood,
Poising them in his hand, and—one by one—
Counting them o'er, as first he had begun.
Even then I saw no human likelihood
Of my repaying them—and I still see none.
Small wonder, therefore, if I sometimes brood

* By Mr Leigh Hunt, and a writer of an article in the *Dublin University Magazine*. In the following extracts from these series, initials are used to distinguish the respective translators.

† The magazine translator makes this into three half-crowns—a bad change, we think, in as far as much of the humour of the whole affair lies in the smallness of the debt. Not only for that reason, but for uniformity, we assume liberty to restore the actual sum.

With bitter tears over my dismal fate,
Besonnetising and bewailing it;
Loathing my food, which at such seasons I
Exert myself in vain to masticate;
And suffering in such style as makes me fit
For nothing but to—go to bed, and—die!'—(D. U. M.)

In sonnet fifth, he complains that, having an ardent desire of renown, and of singing about arms and warriors, he is compelled to exchange those heroic subjects for the paltry Giuli Tre. Sonnet tenth is full of anger at his creditor—

'I've said for ever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day,
Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay
With your insufferable importunity,
And for those —— infernal Giuli Tre,
Haunt me without remorse or decency.
Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
You saw me *sus. per coll*—no, Giuli; no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
And drive *you*, Giuli, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.'—(L. H.)

He then says (sonnet eleventh), that if he is in the company of beautiful girls, who delight to be talking with him, or if he picks out some solitary and quiet spot to take his walk in—wherever he is, in short, morning or evening, he cannot wean his memory from the Giuli Tre. The image of his creditor comes before him, and haunts him worse than Asmodeus or Beelzebub. In sonnet twelfth, he recommends any one who wishes to meet with the ice-dealer, to inquire where the poet is; the former having no other thought or occupation than the business of the Giuli Tre.

'Never did beetle hum so teasingly
About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot;
Never did fly return so to one spot,
As comes my teasing creditor on me.
Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
The flies and beetles vanish like a shot;
But never comes the time—the day is not—
In which this vermin here will let me be.

> Perhaps, as bodies tend invariably
> Tow'rds other bodies by some force divine—
> Attraction, gravity, or centripathy
> (God knows, I'm little versed in your right line),
> So, by some natural horrid property,
> This petty satellite tends towards me and mine.'—(L. H.)

In sonnet sixteenth, tormented by the Giuli Tre as Orestes was by the Furies, he speculates, like him, upon seeking repose in some other country. But, in the next, while bidding adieu to his dear friends, he is accosted by his creditor, who says he will go with him. He therefore gives up the project in despair. By and by, things suddenly brighten up. The poet is transported (sonnet nineteenth) with the intelligence that his creditor is going out of town. Now he sees him put his boots and spurs on! Now he mounts on horseback! Now his horse is in motion! He is gone, and the poet feels like a mariner when the storm has cleared away. He walks (sonnet twentieth) with freedom and delight all over the city, knowing that he will not be molested. He hopes that Giuli Tre has gone towards the coast, and that the Turks may find an opportunity of carrying him into slavery. Not that he wishes him ill: on the contrary, he would rejoice in his being preferred to a viziership, which may have the effect of fixing him in Turkey for ever. Sonnet twenty-first contains an apostrophe to the Elements, entreating them to behave in their kindest manner, in order to facilitate the creditor's voyage. On the other hand, the voyage being finished, he trusts they may become extremely furious, so as to prevent him, like Noah's dove, from ever returning. In next sonnet, he feels like a city after the raising of a siege. But this halcyon period is soon to end. Sonnet twenty-third—a letter by post from the creditor, telling him to get ready the three Giuli, as he will be in town by Sunday or Monday at furthest. 'Poffareddio!' exclaims the ill-starred poet; 'the fellow has found out a way of tormenting me at a distance.' This he compares, in next sonnet, to a mode there is of conveying poison by letter.

In sonnet forty-sixth, he discusses the question whether his creditor be a greater scoundrel than an Algerine pirate; and thinks that he is, because the pirate is satisfied with robbing a man of what he has, whereas his creditor wishes to rob him of what he has *not*, and never can have—namely, three Giuli. Afterwards he goes on thus:—

'Some fine May morn you wake, and find a small
Pimple established on your neck—or nose—
Thereof at first you nothing think at all;
But weeks pass, and your jolly pimple shews
Itself a tumour, the which grows and grows,
Till, waxing bigger than a cannon-ball,
Like that, it lays you on your back—nor goes
Till you go with it—under plumes and pall.
'Twas thus, and 'tis with me in this case. When
I first incurred my debt, it seemed a trifle—
A nothing—a mere pimple, so to say:
Now 'tis a tumour—an enormous wen—
An incubus—a mountain—and will stifle
My very life and soul, I think, some day.'—(D. U. M.)

Can it be an influence of the nature of climate which makes his persecutor so troublesome?

'One fact, I'm very clear, I may set down
As proved—to wit, that, travel in what line
You please, you'll meet no creditor like mine,
Even though you ransack every land and town:
On which account I oftentimes opine,
That if clime, skies, and temperature combine
To make some nations black and others brown,
This people fierce, and t'other just as meek,
The Thracian proud and greedy of renown,
Th' Assyrian indolent, the Frenchman gay,
There may be in this Roman atmosphere
An influential something, so to speak,
Which renders debtors averse to pay,
And creditors remorselessly severe.'—(D. U. M.)

Thus he runs on from one thought to another, placing his case in every sort of light. Once happy, he wrote no verse: now miserable, his groans escape him in sonnets. His former stoicism long since gone, he feels like the lion with the gadfly in its ear. He envies the state of an infant, because it knows nothing of Giuli Tre. He

laments that early condition of the world in which there was a community of goods, and denounces the avidity which now deluges the earth with miseries, and subjects him, in particular, to all the evils of the Giuli Tre. He thinks of marrying, but is deterred by a conviction that his children would all resemble his creditor, so that he should see creditorlings constantly dancing about him. A friend takes him to see the antiquities in the Capitol, but he is put to flight by seeing a statue resembling his creditor. He wishes (79th) that some logician, who understands the art of persuading people, would be charitable enough to suggest to him some syllogism, or other form of argument, which may enable him to prove to his creditor the impossibility of paying money when a man has not got it. Science, learning, and ancient history, are all brought in to illustrate his unhappy predicament:—

'Let doctors dissertate about attraction,
And preach long lectures upon gravitation,
Indulging thereanent in speculation;
For which no human being cares one fraction—
'Tis all mere twaddle talk and iteration:
There never yet was any explanation
To anybody's perfect satisfaction.
However, this I stubbornly believe—
And, for the proof thereof, see no great need
To take down Isaac Newton from the shelf—
That, move whither I will, noon, morn, or eve,
I manage to attract, with awful speed,
My Giuli Tre tormentor tow'rds myself!'—(D. U. M.)

'Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,
That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
I know not: nor is this the best of places
For arguing on that matter, as I could.
All that I know is this, that Giuli Tre
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say,
Has, with one's blood, some strange affinity.'—(L. H.)

Thus he lectures on a well-known maxim of Juvenal :—

'The tinless traveller, as he jogs along
The highway on some fine September morn,
Strong in his pauperism, can laugh to scorn
The rich man's fears of robbery and wrong :
The footpad hears the rascal's merry song,
And lets him pass in peace, as one forlorn.
But you, oh, pitiless wretch ! with heart of horn,
Ring ever in my ears the dong-ding-dong
Of your vile Giuli Tre, albeit I hold
My shrunken purse before you upside down,
And turn my small-clothes' pocket inside out ;
And swear ten oaths that all my hopes of gold,
Silver, and copper, in the shape of crown,
Pound, penny, or pistole, are down the spout !'—(D. U. M.)

'They tell this most characteristic story
Concerning Cicero, called also Tully,
That he, in virtue of his oratory,
Would never pay a debt, however fully
Made out ; but that, when badgered by a bore, he
Would mount the rostrum, talk about his glory,
Protest that forking out the blunt would sully
His honour bright ; in short, so coax and bully,
That even his creditor walked off enchanted.
O happy Cicero, thrice-favoured man,
To whom this grand gift of the gab was granted !
Unlike to me, whose logic, for my sins,
Fails wofully ; for, twaddle all I can,
My creditor, the blackguard, only grins !'—(D. U. M.)

It occurs to our poet (128th) that, as Languedoc was so called from the use of the particle *oc* in that country, as writers in other parts of France used to be called writers of *oui*, and as Italy is denominated the land of *si* (all of these particles signifying *yes*), so his own language, from his constant habit of using the negative particle to his creditor, ought to be called the language of *no*. He afterwards hears that his creditor has taken to learning French, and surmises that the object must be to try the effect of a new language in the business of dunning. There is no trusting to first appearances in this man :—

'My creditor seems often in a way
Extremely pleasant with me, and polite ;
Just like a friend : you'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the Giuli Tre.
All that he wants to know is, what they say

Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
About the selling of the French that night;
Or what's the news of Hanover and D'Estrées.
But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and by little to's ancient pass,
And says: "Well, when am I to have the Giuli?"
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purred, and eyed, and tapped him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grace*.'—(L. H.)

One of the most ingenious of the scientific speculations is the following:—

'It seems that at the pole, in winter-time,
When days are shortest, anything you say,
It don't much matter whether prose or rhyme,
Dies on the frozen air unheard away,
Till summer comes, when, on the first fine day
That visits that most hyperborean clime,
Same air dissolves, and without more delay,
Out come the words of your past pantomime.
Pondering on this, I've sometimes fancied, if
My creditor and I were there together
Some winter, and his talk were frozen stiff,
How much it would astonish and astound
The polers, when they'd hear, in warmer weather,
Ten thousand calls for *Giuli Ive* all round!'—(D. U. M.)

And thus the bard might, to all appearance, have gone on rhyming for ever, if Apollo had not appeared to him in the 200th sonnet, and remonstrated against his wasting his time further on so trivial a subject. He ends, accordingly, bidding a friendly farewell to his creditor, but holding forth to him no prospect of reimbursement. It is to be hoped that the poet not long after found himself in cash, and satisfied the ice-dealer—an act which, we believe, must have conduced much to his comfort, however poorly it might have told in his verse.

AN INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE.

THE custom which our fashionable Englishmen have of flying to the coast of France, when debts and the like mishaps render their own country somewhat too hot to hold them comfortably, causes Boulogne and other towns forming the chief places of rendezvous on such occasions, to present, for the most part, a strangely assorted society, and to witness, at times, very curious scenes. We do not precisely ask our readers to believe the following romantic story in all its details, though there is nothing very improbable in any part of them.

Sir George Tindal was a young baronet of good English family, who came to Boulogne some years ago under rather peculiar circumstances. He had been left very young with command of a good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race-horses could carry it. He had still good expectations, however. A maternal relative, a merchant, and one of the richest in the metropolis, was likely, in the due course of things, to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond of the young man, but had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while meditating on this subject that an idea struck the nearly ruined baronet. 'How successful,' thought he, 'my uncle has been by his speculations in the funds! Might not I have a chance that way also? Might not I cast in my poor remnant of means into that great lottery, and pull out a prize? I may as well try it: all that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try at least.'

Poor Sir George! He forgot that though some seas may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there

is a chance of getting deeper. He *did* venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once, and even twice. Getting inspirited by his good-fortune, he thought he had but to venture further and win more. Alas! he was a novice, merely, in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculate in these matters got him into their hands; and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they lay, they led him on by a nibble or two, until, by a series of ruses, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's means would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited coolly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim also within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortunes. The young baronet was naturally possessed of good sense: he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair towards all men, under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had formed, had relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had acted within the law; his sense of honour said the same, for they had his bonds; 'but then,' said other internal arguers, 'they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article *experience* was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came no penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I shall be beggared.' The end of the whole was, that the

uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of an old monied hoarder, the young baronet was on his way with it to Boulogne. The creditors stormed and vowed revenge; but they at first knew not whither he might fly, and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the continent in any case.

Sir George fixed himself in a small country-house near Boulogne. He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency for permanent maintenance—above L.20,000, nearly the amount of his funded embarrassments, after what he called 'fair debts' were privately settled. He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he then met was not of a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time, always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honour, until love, the universal busybody, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's repose. A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of the Baroness d'Estival. Report said that she was an English woman by birth, and the widow of a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich. Ere long, such attractions brought all the danglers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the baroness, and among the rest, our baronet saw and admired the lady. For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any marked advances on his own part. An accident brought round an éclaircissement. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the calèche of the baroness was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. The young baronet sprung out; and the lady appearing faint and terrified, he entreated her to alight for a few moments. She complied. It was the hour of lunch, and they lunched together. Sir George begged her to view

his garden, and they walked together. When the lady was at last about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant, and escort her home in person. The result of all was, that the baronet became an established visitant of the baroness; and having declared his passion, received an answer which left him much to hope, while at the same time it promised nothing positive.

Sir George could not be long acquainted with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste: she was distractedly fond of angling—a perfect female Walton. She had hired for the season a large yawl, something between a fishing-boat and a yacht, and every morning, when the weather was good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself off the coast with the rod.

'I cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation,' said Sir George to her one day.

'It is a charming recreation,' answered she gaily; 'and, besides, my physicians have recommended to me to take as much air and exercise at sea as possible. I acquired the taste through this cause. It is sometimes dull, to be sure, for the sailors and my servants are no company. But I have been pressed by a certain gallant major, and a certain warlike colonel, to permit them to bear me company, and I think I must really consent some day.' How could a lover forbear to entreat permission to occupy the place of these rival suitors? Sir George could not. He begged and sued, and the fair lady gave her consent that he should accompany her next morning on one of her odd excursions to sea.

The day proved beautiful, and the pair went aboard at sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea, and along the coast, ere any desire for fishing was shewn by the lady. The water was not favourable, she said, at one place, and then she declared that she had no fancy on this morning for the exercise. Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination, which was owing, he flattered himself, to her being absorbed by his own

conversation; and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourse. At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small rude cabin, where a glass of wine and cake were offered to him. Here the pair sat, hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length, he pulled out his watch and started up. 'What!' cried he, 'the day is far advanced, and I don't think they have ever put about!' The wind, too, was blowing nearly direct from the coast. 'Come, madam, if you fish at all to-day, it is surely time to begin.'

The answer startled the poor baronet. 'I *have* angled,' said she quietly; 'and, what is more, I have caught my fish.'

'What mean you?' cried Sir George. 'What fish have you caught?'

'Twenty thousand pounds!' answered the lady, with coolness. Sir George grew pale, and stepped hurriedly on deck.

'Distraction!' cried he, as soon as he had looked around. 'Put about instantly, pilot; that is Margate!—we are off England!'

'Exactly so, Sir George,' said the lady at his back. He turned round and looked at her.

'Your purpose, then, is to take me'——

'To London, Sir George,' said the lady, interrupting him with calmness, though a gratified flush was on her cheek. Sir George turned to the sailors.

'My purse!' said he; 'twenty-five louis for you, if you put about for Boulogne!'

'Twenty-five louis!' said the lady disdainfully, 'when twenty thousand pounds are in the other scale!'

'Barbarous, treacherous woman!' cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in an instant his arms were pinned to his side by two pair of brawny arms. The baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and

he was only saved from the ignominy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but to submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor. She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him, but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion. 'Betrayed by you!' said the captive, 'you whom I loved so much!'

'You loved me!'

'Yes; well you knew it!' answered Sir George. 'Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?' The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George also held a scornful silence from that moment until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors, and conducted to a hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape. Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be relieved from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture.

It was night when this landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, moaning over that fate which his conscience told him was not unmerited. In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visitor was announced. It was his betrayer, the baroness.

'Wretched woman! what seek you?' said he sternly. 'Is not *your* task done? I have now to do with others.'

'With none but me,' said the lady in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment.

'What do you mean, madam?' asked Sir George.

'I am your sole creditor,' said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement. 'You had a cousin once, Sir George,' said the lady, with her eyes on the floor.

'I had—Anne Fulton,' said Sir George; 'we were playmates in childhood.'

'She went abroad, when a child, with her family?' continued the lady.

'She did,' said the baronet; 'and, I have heard, was married to a very wealthy planter in the island where they settled. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each other even when infants.'

'She wedded against her will,' continued the lady; 'for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow.' A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind. He started hastily forward, and took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her feet.

'You are'——

'I am your cousin Anne,' said the lady.

It is needless to carry our tale beyond the point when the imagination of the reader can do all that remains to be done. The lady had returned to England a rich widow; had learned the situation and embarrassments of her well-remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had contrived the overturn at his door, and made his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing scheme through a spice of romance in her temperament, and that she might get him to England, where she might have his debts paid. They wedded, and lived happily, like all lovers in stories; and we wish all were as true as the present one.

INSURRECTIONS AT LYON.

INSURRECTIONS, mobbings, and all other commotions for the purpose of raising the rates of wages, have invariably ended in misery and disappointment to the parties concerned; for the simple reason, that they discourage the adventuring of capital, and paralyse the very moving springs of employment. Their fatal effects have in no instance been seen more conspicuously than at Lyon some years ago. The history of the great insurrection at that city is interesting, and may yield an instructive lesson. It was originally told by M. Monfalcon, a physician of Lyon, whose narrative is here given in an abridged shape.

The silk manufacture, introduced from Italy in the fifteenth century, forms the great spring of industry and wealth in the city of Lyon, a town happily situated on a peninsula formed by the junction of the Saône and Rhône, in the south-east of France. It is the second city of that country, and contained, about the year 1830, a population of 140,000 persons. Of these, fully 30,000, including men, women, and children, may be computed to have been engaged, at the same period, in the silk manufacture; and the quantity of silk manufactured may be reckoned, in round numbers, at 700,000 kilogrammes—a kilogramme being equal to 2 lbs. 8 oz. and 3 dwts. of troy-weight. The money turned over at Lyon by the silk trade is estimated by M. Monfalcon at 200,000,000 francs annually. 'The exportation of the article is greater, by one-half,' he says, 'than the exportation of all the other manufactured productions of the whole of France put together.' As the great, though not the sole seat of a manufacture so important to the national wealth and welfare, Lyon, it may be imagined, is a place viewed with deep interest by the entire people of France.

The parties engaged in the silk manufacture may be

divided into two principal classes—namely, the masters, who have several silk-looms of their own, usually from three to eight, and have a fixed residence; and the class called *compagnons*, who work some of the looms of the masters, and receive half of the money gained by these looms, without having responsibility of any sort upon their heads. When the silk trade is dull, these latter persons turn their hands to something else, and the instability of their position forms a great evil in the manufacturing system of Lyon. Generally speaking, the compagnons are improvident persons, and their habits are immoral. They dissipate upon foolish or injurious luxuries much of the means which they gain by working five days in the week with diligence. They live poorly, their houses are crowded and unhealthy, and sometimes large families live together in single ill-ventilated apartments. Their children, boys and girls, are usually brought up to the silk trade, like their parents, and the youths of the male sex may be said to be the most dangerous portion of the population of Lyon. The elder among them, youths from fifteen to twenty, are called apprentices, and the younger are called *lancers*, their task being to throw (*lancer*) the shuttle in certain pattern-silks. For the most part, M. Monfalcon assures us, 'neither apprentices nor lancers have received the slightest education. They are turbulent on days of riot and revolt through a mere love of noise. But these boys were seen, during the days of disturbance, creeping among the horses, and aiming blows at the dragoons, which were so much the more dangerous, as it was impossible to foresee them.' They were even provided with firearms, he continues, and shewed an utter contempt of danger.

Such is the character of the class of artificers among whom, in 1831, a spirit of disorder insinuated itself, in consequence partly of the agitating influence of the Three Days of the preceding July, and partly from the effect on the French silk trade of the increasing competition of Prussia, Switzerland, and, above all, Great

Britain. The influence of the latter cause should have rendered them more prudent and industrious than formerly. Feeling a change for the worse, though to no great extent, they adopted a very opposite course, charging the evil upon their guiltless and equally suffering employers, and demanding terms which could never be acceded to. In the autumn of 1831, even while business was getting brisker, the workmen, or the agents of the unions which they had formed, required the adoption of an unvarying scale of prices, and resolved upon a general turn-out in the event of non-compliance. By this scale or tariff, the silk-weavers determined to stand, never reflecting, apparently, that it was absurd to call upon the employer, himself suffering from all changes in the market, to insure the workmen from the chances of suffering from the same cause. Early in October 1831, the weavers, pursuing their object, laid the scheme of a wage-tariff before the mayor and authorities of Lyon. The latter, intimidated seemingly by so numerous a body, received the application, and called on the master-manufacturers to send delegates to meet those of the workmen on a certain day. M. Dumolart, prefect of the Rhône, rashly yielded to this arrangement. 'The definitive convocation of the delegates of the working-men and of their employers took place in M. Dumolart's drawing-rooms. While the opposing interests were engaged in debate, an immense multitude of the workers in silk, organised in troops and cohorts, advanced from the suburbs to the square of Bellevue and the square of La Préfecture, immediately in front of M. Dumolart's house. They were then without arms, without sticks, and they marched in silence and in perfect order. Their chiefs carried wands in their hands as signs of their authority; and the multitude, rallying round the tri-colored flag, remained inoffensive and mute. That day (the 25th of October) presented a singular spectacle: a perfect order reigned in the disorder—there were no tumultuous cries—no provocations; the working-men satisfied themselves with making a demonstration of their

forces. A great number of them, however, penetrated into the courtyard of the Préfecture, and stationed themselves immediately under the apartment where the tariff was regulating. At last, one of their delegates left the assembly, walked down to the square in front of the Préfecture, and commanding silence, said: "My friends, people are busy up there about your interests—all goes on well—retire!" At the instant, all that host of working-men quietly retreated in the same order in which they had advanced. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the civil authorities of Lyon announced that the tariff was agreed upon and finally settled. This news was received by the weavers with the most lively demonstrations of joy. A tariff had been established on paper, but it remained to be seen if it would work. The men had fixed that work was only to be done at certain prices, but they could not compel masters to give them work at those prices, if the latter should find it ruinous to do so. Clearly, the right of considering whether they were to give work at the prices fixed upon remained with the manufacturers, if liberty and right were to be anything more than mere names in the country. To pursue the narrative of M. Monfalcon: 'Scarcely was the tariff promulgated in Lyon, when many commercial houses, alarmed at the prospect of the future, or finding it impossible to pay the high prices demanded by the weavers, came to a determination to suspend all their operations. The great fault of M. Dumolart had placed our capitalists in a frightful position—many thousand looms were at once left without work.

'A dreadful fermentation agitated the working-classes during the first weeks of November. They demanded the execution of the tariff, and shewed the most deadly animosity against the manufacturers. Mobs gathered in the streets, squares, and suburbs; La Croix-Rousse—a large dependent town, rather than a suburb—was up in arms, and a hostile collision seemed inevitable. A grand review of the national guard took place on Sunday, the 20th of November, for the installation of its chief, old

General Ordonneau. Ten thousand men were present beneath the national flag, and had these men been decided in their wish of maintaining order, no troubles could have happened. But it was easy to see, by the alarming countenances of all the companies from the suburbs, and by the apathy of the majority of that armed militia, that some great event was preparing. The citizens of Lyon were left a prey to the most acute anxiety, and people ran everywhere inquiring what would be the probable result of this cruel situation. They were not left long in this state of uncertainty.'

The result was a dreadful conflict, which lasted for three days, and watered the streets of Lyon with the blood of its citizens. Hundreds of lives were lost, and, as takes place in every similar scene of confusion, the innocent suffered alike with the guilty. It was on the morning of Monday, November 21, that the weavers of La Croix-Rousse placed themselves in an attitude of open insurgency, raised barricades, and planted above their heads a black standard, with the pointed inscription: 'We will live working, or die fighting!' They cut the silk from looms, and forced the peaceable to join them or perish. They had abundance of arms and ammunition, and even two pieces of artillery. The civil and military authorities knew all this, and they had force sufficient, of regular troops, to restore order; but they sent, at the outset, only sixty men of the national guard, with arms, but *without ammunition*, to march upon the barricaded position. 'A shower of stones gave them their welcome; many of them were wounded, and the detachment was compelled to make a hasty retreat. Then, indeed, some attacks were made by the troops of the line, but with feeble means, and not upon one but different points; thus they all failed. An officer was wounded in the thigh —a drummer shot through the shoulder. These first successes encouraged the insurgents; the working part of the population rose like one man.'

All classes of mechanics were now involved in the affair, and seized the opportunity to demand wage-tariffs.

Dumolart the prefect, and General Ordonneau, went to speak to the insurgents; they were seized and made prisoners. General Roguet, commander of the garrison, a veteran but invalid soldier, was the only man now found to direct a force against the insurgents. But the latter, secure in the lofty firm-built houses of La Croix-Rousse, repulsed all attacks, though at the cost of much bloodshed. On the second day, the soldiers were in possession of but one square, in the whole of the great city of Lyon. They had fought with courage; 'but what could cavalry do in a war of streets, under the fire of enemies that were carefully concealed behind gates and chimneys? Many of them were dismounted, wounded, or killed; and several, who were thrown or fell from their horses, were despatched by the women and children of the weavers.'

The insurgents fired on all flags of truce sent to them. True, they liberated the prefect and General Ordonneau, but only because they saw their victory almost secured. And in reality, the despairing magistrates thought it best to yield, and send away the soldiers. 'At two hours after midnight,' says our author, 'on the morning of the 23d of November, General Roguet yielded to the representations of the civil authorities, and resolved to quit the town with the remainder of the troops he commanded. .... He was followed and assisted by a few men of the national guard. But the insurgents were aware of his movements, and established a strong post at the barrier of St Clair, with the view of intercepting his retreat. A single piece of artillery, and a general fire from the troops of the line, presently forced a passage there. The soldiers, formed in close columns, then cleared with courage and rapidity three barricades that had been raised between St Clair and La Boucle, and beat and threw into perfect disorder the posts of working-men that guarded them; and in spite of a running-fire of musketry, and stones and tiles that rained upon them from the houses, they made good their retreat to Montessuy, Caluire, and La Pape, after having lost a number

of men. The dragoons, who performed several brilliant charges, suffered the most. A battalion of the 40th closed the retreat, and fought with courage for its protection. But the unfortunate wounded soldiers left behind were stripped, despatched, and thrown into the Rhône, by a set of weavers whose fury had obliterated every feeling of humanity. General Fleury was wounded and dismounted in the fatal retreat, and one of his aides-de-camp was killed by his side.

Intoxicated with their victory, the workmen now gave themselves up to riotous indulgence, and went about the streets, hugging one another, and crying: 'Les Braves!' ('The Heroes!') They were reeking even then with the blood of their countrymen. But the removal of all opposition restored them, in some measure, to reason. Much property was burned and destroyed; but at length they stood still, as if sensible that wanton destruction could do nought else than bring ruin and famine on themselves. The municipal authorities began to regain some portion of their authority. The population retired to their houses, and, willing to return to work, became aware of the obstacles which their own insane conduct had thrown in the way of their peaceful maintenance. On the 27th of November, four days after the retreat of the troops, General Roguet was asked by the authorities to return with them. He found a humbled population in Lyon. Men were praying for work and food. Revenge might readily have been taken upon them, but happily another course was pursued. Louis-Philippe's eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, was to visit the city with Marshal Soult, and he did so on the 3d of December, when he was received with great acclamations. A powerful force accompanied him; the citizens received all, not only without resistance but with joy. 'And thus,' says M. Monfalcon, 'finished the history of the three days of November, and such was the winding-up of the working-men's victory. Much blood was shed; brave French soldiers received their death; the first manufacturing city in France was a prey to the most frightful disorder:

and for what end? Had the condition of the working-classes been improved? Had they succeeded in forcing their employers to adopt the tariff? No. The principle of that scheme was absurd, and could never be acknowledged by the government. Had they succeeded in raising the price of their labour? No. Trade can flourish only when no blows are aimed at the liberty and tranquillity of its transactions; and their revolt paralysed it, and condemned the silk manufacture to a long period of inactivity. Had their easy and short triumph attracted the public interest to their cause? Was their country indebted to them for what they had done? Alas! no. They attacked with an armed hand the institutions of their country—trod her laws under foot, expelled the legitimate authorities, and threw our city into an abyss of misery. The brutal employment of force to resolve a question of trade and industry is equally absurd and criminal, whether it proceed from the working-man, his employer, or the government. But some will say, the insurgents did not abuse their victory. Yes; we must, without doubt, to a certain point, be grateful to them for not having proceeded to extremes and the most horrid excesses, which, however, would have brought down a fearful and inevitable vengeance on their own heads. They did not do to Lyon, and to the capitalists and manufacturers of Lyon, all the mischief that they might have done; but ought this negative merit to make us forget the crime of their impious aggression, the horrors of a civil and civic war of three days, and the deplorable consequences that resulted therefrom?'

Notwithstanding the lesson given by the results of this senseless resort to violence and bloodshed, the workmen of Lyon did not then learn the wiser part. We shall now advert to the scenes which were presented in that city in 1834, originating in the same, or nearly the same cause.

Circumstances soon occurred to prove that the working-men of Lyon had derived no effective warning from

their futile and blood-spilling outbreak in November 1831. The miserable tariff for which they had held out having been given up at the time with perfect indifference, a new plan was tried, with full consent of both masters and men. This consisted in the establishment of a tribunal, called *L'Institution des Prud'hommes*, and composed of an equal number of manufacturers and delegated workmen, whose business it was to arrange the scale of wages for regular periods. It was hoped that this council would be one of amity and concord; but it speedily proved to be a very pandemonium of confusion and anarchy. The representatives of the working-men carried their prejudices and passions with them, and acted not as the colleagues, but as the constant and bitter rivals of the master-deputes, interrupting debates, and annulling decisions at will. A mob was, moreover, admitted to the place of meeting, and there hooted and threatened all who displeased them. Harmony was further distant than ever.

Nor did the evil rest here. The disturbances of 1831 had drawn upon Lyon the attention of all the wild speculators in politics, morals, and religion, whom Paris or France contained; and preachers and lecturers of all denominations accordingly flocked to the unfortunate city. Before the outbreak of 1831, the weavers of Lyon had been remarkably indifferent to all sorts of politics and political discussions. A few months sufficed to change their feelings. As was to be expected in a place where so much ignorance prevailed, the adventurers who preached republican opinions found most converts in the workshops of Lyon, outstripping all their competitors, from Carlists to Saint-Simonians. Ere long, the workmen chose to have a newspaper purposely for themselves; and this journal, called the *Echo de la Fabrique*, had for its auxiliaries other papers, which openly advocated a revolution and a republic. By such combined causes were the uninstructed weavers of Lyon worked up to, and kept continuously in, a state of frenzy. 'The great weapons of the publications described were, of course,

calumny and personal defamation. Any manufacturer or merchant who did, or even said, anything considered unfavourable to the cause of the people, was at once accused of every vice and crime, and held up as a monster to popular execration.'

M. Monfalcon, the writer now quoted, states that, during the thirty months intervening between November 1831 and April 1834, 'Lyon never at any time enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity.' The numerous and sometimes conflicting sources of agitation tended, for a part of that period, to prevent any great or combined movement towards a new insurrection. But at length certain gentlemen calling themselves Propagandists of the Society of the Rights of Men of Paris, came to the city of Lyon to lend their generous assistance in throwing the confused mass of mischief into a proper shape, and in giving it an impulse toward its destined end. Under their auspices, unions were formed, and laws and by-laws concocted. The two great unions were, that of the *Mutuellistes*, or weavers who had looms of their own; and that of the *Ferrandiniers*, or weavers who had no looms. The constitution of these unions was nearly the same. The Mutuellistes had 122 lodges, of twenty members each, and with a president in each. From the united body of presidents were formed twelve central lodges, each of which named three members to form an executive commission, which thus consisted of thirty-six members. This commission again resolved itself into a permanent directory of three members. Each member of the union paid five francs on admission, and one franc per month regularly. The money here was the important matter, fine though the lodge-scheme looked. The money was the thing which sustained such men as struck or wanted work; and the money kept up the *Echo de la Fabrique*, as well as the *Echo des Travailleurs*, a rival which sprang up in due time.

Though dissensions soon occurred among these unions, yet they so far worked out their unhappy ends as to give a stronger aim to the mischievous elements existing in

Lyon. From the middle of 1832, the city not only never enjoyed fifteen days of peace, but a month never passed without an open attempt at insurrection. These would have been much more quickly and decisively destructive than they really were, but for the wise measures taken by the French government immediately after November 1831. They then commenced to fortify the city, and in less than two years a number of forts, connected partly by intrenchments, had arisen around Lyon, while a strong barrack was built in the square of the Bernardines, commanding the always turbulent quarter of La Croix-Rousse. The erection and completion of these works, with the number of forces in the city, doubtless kept down the insurrectionary spirit to a certain extent. But it grew in strength and audacity till it became ungovernable. At the close of 1833, scarcely a day passed without a riot, more or less serious. Mingling political with commercial matters, the weavers publicly sang republican hymns at the same time with psalms about the tariff, the cry for which revived in double force; and 'Down with Louis-Philippe!' 'Long live the guillotine!' 'Down with the aristocrats!' were also common cries on the streets of Lyon.

In consequence of these mad dissensions, the silk trade was in a languishing state in February 1834. The natural result was, an inability on the part of the manufacturers to pay the wages given before. Blind to the fact that their own previous insane conduct had the inevitable tendency to cause this fall, the Mutuellistes, by a majority of 2341 over 1290, resolved on a strike. Next day not a loom in Lyon was at work, the minority remaining idle under compulsion. From the 12th to the 22d, the weavers held out, making senseless and vain demands; but after the eight days had elapsed, they returned to their work, having gained nothing. But it was calculated *one million of francs* (L.40,000 sterling) *was lost to Lyon during these eight days.* And, moreover, a 'great number of families left the town, and terror became general among the manufacturers. Most of them

concealed their goods, or packed them up and exported them; and then getting their own passports, hurried from Lyon as fast as they could. Considerable amounts of capital thus left the city. Some first houses were shut up and abandoned.'

It seemed, however, as if nothing but bloodshed—bloodshed once more—could quell the mad spirit of insurgency in these ignorant and misguided men. On Saturday the 5th April, six men belonging to the Mutuelliste Society were to be brought to trial for various acts of riot. An enormous multitude of the weavers assembled in and around the court, and the result was an attack upon the assembled officials, from which the judges, the attorney-general, and the commissaries of police, only escaped by making their exit through a concealed door and a hayloft. A body of sixty foot-soldiers marched out to check the riot; but though the weavers parted without further mischief, the discovery that the muskets of the soldiers were unloaded did much harm, leading the people to believe that the soldiery would not act against them.

Next day, 8000 weavers turned out to attend a workman's funeral, and in the evening the streets were crowded with men singing the Marseilloise hymn, and shouting republican and seditious cries. This state of things led to the instantaneous departure of many other capitalists and manufacturers from the city. It was now evident that Lyon was clearing, to become once more a field of battle. In the weaving-lodges, the question was openly debated—how and when a revolt, political and commercial, might be best effected. The actual determination to revolt was taken, and the workmen were confident of success, though the troops in the city amounted to 10,500 men. The rioters deemed the troops friendly, however, and there committed a great and fatal mistake. The 9th of April, the day fixed for resuming the trial of the six Mutuellistes, was looked on by the authorities as the perilous moment, and justly, as it proved. 'On Wednesday, the 9th of April,' says M. Monfalcon, 'at seven o'clock in the morning, the soldiers were at their

pots with loaded muskets, cartridge-boxes filled, their knapsacks on their shoulders, and with rations for six days. They were disposed in four separate divisions. General Perry was at La Croix-Rousse; Colonel Dieuman at the Hotel de Ville: General Buchet at the archbishop's palace; Lieutenant-General Aymard, the commander-in-chief, at the square of Bellecour. At eight o'clock, M. B—— informed M. Gasparin, the prefect, that the chiefs of the section of the Society of the Rights of Man were assembled at a house close by. He, moreover, brought a heap of republican proclamations wet from the press. A member of the municipality proposed the immediate arrest of men whose intentions were no longer doubtful to any one: but another member of the same body shewed the disadvantage there would be in commencing such an act of authority before the commencement of hostilities by the insurgents in the public streets. It was therefore agreed that the republicans should be left to act.

At half-past nine o'clock, the mob began to fill the streets and squares. The authorities were again asked to order the arrest of some of the chiefs of the insurrection who were abroad with the crowd. The answer was: 'No as yet they have committed no disorder, and the authorities ought to avoid even the appearance of aggression—they must not be struck before they strike.' A man placed himself in the midst of the square of St Jean, and read a republican proclamation addressed to the soldiers and the working-classes. The colonel of the gendarmes, passing at the moment, tore the proclamation from his hands, and arrested the reader. Shortly after, the crowded square of St Jean was suddenly and completely evacuated; not a republican, not a single workman was to be seen. The most absolute solitude and perfect silence reigned there.

But the insurgents had begun to raise their barricades in the street St Jean, and in all the streets and lanes that opened upon the square. The scaffolding and materials of some houses that were building—beams, planks, stones,

carts, and overturned carriages—served to form these lines of defence, and the pavement was taken from the streets to be thrown at the soldiers. When informed that a second, a third, and a fourth barricade was thus rising, General Buchet ordered half a battalion of infantry and a platoon of gendarmes to clear the public way, but to refrain from firing until an act of open hostility was committed. A few soldiers and some policemen rushed against the first barricade, and attempted to overturn it; they were instantly assailed by heavy stones, thrown by the insurgents from the gates, windows, housetops, &c. Here, then, was not only a resistance but an aggression—a carbine was discharged from the detachment of troops—the gendarmes commenced the fire.

During this time, the trial of the six Mutuellistes had begun. At the report of the first shot, the advocate for the accused, M. Jules Favre, stopped short; he could not, he said, continue to plead whilst the citizens were slaughtered in the streets. The whole audience was violently excited. M. Pic, the president, broke up the court. The next moment, judges, magistrates, advocates, officers, and all, rushed pell-mell out of court, and endeavoured to gain their different homes before the scene of warfare should have time to extend itself.'

A fearful combat now began. Barricades rose in all directions, and the soldiers fought hand to hand, with shot and steel, against the insurgents. The latter enjoyed, as formerly, great advantage from the shelter of the houses, till the soldiers began to blow up the doors with petards. The city was soon set on fire in various places. Hundreds of peaceable citizens perished in consequence, and, when artillery began to play on the strong positions of the workmen, then the aged and the young fell alike. The insurgents were driven, on the first day, into the long narrow streets of the interior of the city, the soldiers, by whose side the authorities fought on foot, having carried every position attacked by them.

But the spirit of the misguided workmen was unbroken. 'On the second day, they challenged a renewal of the

combat at six A.M., by ringing the tocsin from St Bonaventure and other churches. The firing, however, did not begin till eight o'clock. The street warfare presented much the same character as the preceding day; but at La Guillotière the battle became still more furious. A multitude of working-men, placed on the roof-tops and behind chimneys, fired incessantly on the troops; consequently whole batteries of artillery thundered on that populous suburb, and soon wrapped many houses in flames. The main street was literally swept by the cannon. A large and beautiful house, situated at one corner, was set on fire—the flames rapidly spread from house to house, and in a short time all that part of La Guillotière was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. At another point near the hospital, the troops kept up a tremendous fire of musketry against a party of working-men who lay there in ambush behind a barricade. The balls rebounding (*par ricochet*), entered in at the windows of the houses, and wounded many females. At noon, the black flag floated over the church of St Polycarpe at L'Antiquaille, at Fourvières, at St Nizier, and at the Cordeliers. The stunning tocsin resounded on all sides. Colonel Mounier, at the head of some grenadiers, ordered the destruction of a barricade in the street of St Marcel. The colonel directed the attack in person. He wanted to shew his men how easy it was to carry such a defence; he jumped upon the barricade, and was shot dead by a musket fired point-blank. The death of that brave officer infuriated the grenadiers; they threw themselves upon the barricade, scaled it, beat it to the ground, and pursued the insurgents, who fled in all directions. A few of the soldiers saw some of the republicans seek refuge in a corner house; it was from that direction that the fatal shot which killed poor Mounier was fired. With blind fury the grenadiers rushed into the house, ran up the stairs, forced open the room-doors, and discharging their pieces, killed, among others, one of the most honourable and esteemed citizens of Lyon—M. Joseph Rémond. Thus the death of the brave Colonel Mounier was followed

by a not less deplorable accident! Mournful results of civil wars are these, where the lives of so many innocent persons expiate the offences of the factious, who themselves often escape unpunished! During this day, the buildings of the College were set on fire three times, and three times the fire was extinguished; the library was threatened with destruction, but fortunately that rich literary treasure did not sustain the least injury. At the end of this day, if the garrison had obtained no decisive success, it had at least lost none of its advantages. The insurgents had nowhere gained ground, though they had fought with more obstinacy than had been expected.'

It would be painful to follow this insurrection through all its details. The plan of action pursued by the military consisting chiefly in discharges of artillery, was prudent as regarded themselves, but awfully destructive as respected life and property in the insurgent streets. The soldiers took care not to enter the long narrow streets, where escape with life was almost impossible. Four days the warfare continued unabated. On the evening of the fourth day (12th of April), however, the troops were in possession of nearly the whole city, and peaceful citizens began to breathe freely. Physicians for the first time dared to visit the sick and wounded. Still there was a little fighting on Sunday the 13th, but on the 14th the contest ended. On that day, the last lanes in La Croix-Rousse were taken, and nearly every insurgent in them was shot or bayoneted by the troops. It was only then that the true authors of the evil were exposed to and met the fate which they had provoked.

By these six days of commotion, Lyon was left nearly in ruins. The destruction of property was enormous, and the loss of life also very great, though not proportionate. The results of the whole was an almost total stoppage of the silk trade in Lyon. Capital was taken from it to an immense amount, and its owners settled in more tranquil scenes. For years after, the effects of these riots were felt in the trading concerns of the city.

STAYS AND SLIPPERS:

A TALE.

'SHOULDERS, Jemima!' said Miss Partington to her niece, who had been just admitted to the dessert with her two younger sisters. 'Shoulders, miss!' repeated the ancient damsel, thrusting back her elbows, and drawing up her head for the young lady's especial imitation; 'shoulders once more, and pray do not lean back in your chair! Really, General Phillips,' she added, addressing her brother-in-law, 'I must get *you* to speak to Miss Crampton about the slovenly carriage of your eldest daughter. I have addressed her so often on the subject, that I am tired of the office.'

The general turned himself in his chair, pettishly exclaiming: 'I will, I will;' but the promise of a man who speaks in a half-doze can hardly be held binding. He attempted to resume his doze, but in vain. Miss Partington, as commander-in-chief of the general's household, had to consult him continually respecting an important event which was daily anticipated. The Earl of Laxington and family had promised a visit to Primley Hall on their way to the Highlands, and Miss Partington—overwhelmed as she was with preparations—had scarcely slept since receiving the news of the intended honour, and she seemed determined that her brother should have no rest either.

'I am most fearful,' she continued, 'lest anything should go wrong, and that his lordship should leave with bad impressions respecting our management—(Janet, my dear, I am shocked! Cut it, miss! How could you think of *peeling* an orange?)—for of course, general, the high rank of his lordship insures the utmost precision and exactitude in his own establishment.'

This sentiment conveyed Miss Partington's confession

of faith respecting virtue and dignity. A rigid adherence to forms and ceremonies constituted, according to her notions, the highest of human excellences. Possessing a great veneration for nobility, she imagined that the higher the rank of individuals, the greater share they possessed of her favourite formality. These notions she had never mixed sufficiently with the world to correct, and thus she was, on the death of her sister, intrusted with the management of General Phillips's family in a remote country-house.

Exactly at a quarter to seven o'clock, Miss Crampton, the governess, entered the dining-room to lead the young ladies to the school-room, where they were to be entertained by learning their various tasks for the next morning; and from which they were never allowed to rise till the clock struck nine, when they retired to rest. On this occasion Miss Partington announced, that next morning, after lessons, it was her intention to speak to the ladies respecting the great event which was expected shortly to take place. The three Misses Phillips then rose from the table, and advancing in succession to the spot where their governess stood, placed their arms before them, made a polite courtesy to their father and aunt, and left the room in single file, headed by Miss Crampton. Shortly after, Miss Partington retired to the drawing-room, at the door of which the still-room maid awaited her orders. These having been given, were promptly obeyed; and soon afterwards, the footman was sent with 'Miss Partington's compliments to General Phillips—— and coffee;' whereupon the general arose and adjourned to the drawing-room with military promptitude. These events happened, with very few exceptions, exactly at the same points of time, in precisely the same manner, three hundred and sixty-five times in every year.

The school-room at Primley Hall was a cold-looking apartment, without carpet or draperies. At one end was a long table, surrounded by several chairs, placed exactly equidistant by the correct eye of an esteemed housemaid. A perpendicular book-case stood between the

windows, in each of which was placed a globe, carefully covered with brown Holland. An embroidery-frame and work-table adorned each side of the fireplace. Back-boards, stocks, and other old-fashioned implements of physical education, were hung up in various parts of the room; for calisthenic exercises were pronounced, both by Miss Partington and her ally the governess, to be quite improper for young ladies in their station of life: they were vulgar and unfeminine. A writing-desk, covered with green baize when out of use, and a high-backed chair, placed at the head of the table, formed Miss Crampton's post of honour, and completed the furniture of the Primley Hall seat of learning.

Next day, precisely at the appointed hour of twelve o'clock, and not above a minute after Miss Crampton had closed the geographical class-book with 'That will do for this morning, ladies,' Miss Partington entered the school-room. The governess abdicated her seat immediately, and the aunt, with stately step, advanced and took it, Miss Crampton standing reverentially by her side. There was for a time a dead silence, to render what was to follow the more impressive. In due time Miss Partington broke it, and commenced by informing her nieces that the Earl of Laxington, with his son, Lord Augustus Montgomery, his daughter, Lady Belinda Montgomery, and his niece, the Honourable Miss Pelham, were about to honour them and Primley Hall with a visit. She cautioned the Misses Phillips in regard to their carriage and conduct, that it should be rigidly correct in every particular: she anticipated they would find little difficulty in behaving with strict propriety; as, to do that, they would only have to copy the actions of their guests, who, from their high rank, were of course models of undeviating regularity and strict etiquette. She hoped her nieces would demean themselves with that gravity which was so estimable in ladies of their age; but addressed herself more especially to the youngest auditor, Georgina, who had occasionally betrayed symptoms of levity, which, considering her age (quite eight years), had

surprised and sometimes shocked her. The pupils promised obedience and the most exemplary demeanour; Miss Partington patted each affectionately on the head in order of seniority, and left the room; while Miss Crampton, placing a puzzle-map of Asia upon the table, bade the young ladies 'play' while she retired to put on a walking-dress. About an hour after, all four were seen marching with measured steps in the grounds, till the nursery dinner-bell should summon them to the house at five minutes to two o'clock.

On the following morning, a servant, belonging to the family with whom the noble guest was making a temporary sojourn, rode up the avenue with a letter announcing that the earl would arrive in an hour. So well had every plan been laid, that this somewhat short notice scarcely disconcerted the household in the least. Before the hour had elapsed, the young ladies were dressed in prim demi-toilet, awaiting the summons to appear for introduction to their coming companions; but exhibited signs of impatience which drew forth several severe rebukes from Miss Crampton. General Phillips betook himself to the dining-parlour, so as to be ready to receive Lord Laxington in the hall. The comely porter was at his post, and the servants lined the entry. It was not until she had satisfied herself that all these arrangements were perfected, that Miss Partington retired to her allotted place and position: she at length perched, rather than sat, herself upon a chair in the drawing-room—her countenance expressive of the calmest patience, her mind without a care, her dress without a wrinkle. The dearest hopes of the last three weeks of her life were soon to be realised—a peer of the realm was about to witness the effects of her clock-work management—to behold the perfectitude of her rigid regularity. It was not, therefore, without feeling all that emotion which she ever allowed herself to give way to (and that was not much), that Miss Partington heard the carriage-wheels sound their gritty way along the avenue. Curiosity—that single feeling which the most severe discipline is not able to

banish from the female breast—induced her to look out of the window to view the stately procession which would, she expected, pass before it. Conceive her disappointment, therefore, when, in its stead, she beheld a dusty travelling-carriage, occupied by the earl in a plain Macintosh, and his daughter in a very plain dress. A lady's-maid sat in the dickey, and a couple of road-begrimed grooms rode in the rumble. But where were the son and the cousin? This question was ocularly answered in a manner which increased the old lady's astonishment tenfold. While the general was receiving his guest in the hall, up galloped Miss Pelham upon a Shetland pony, in a state of high exultation at having beaten her cousin in a race. But a more extraordinary spectacle next presented itself to the aunt's wonderment; for Lord Augustus Montgomery soon after made his appearance upon neighbour Mactaggart's donkey.

Miss Partington was petrified! How happy she was that the school-room window looked out upon the lawn instead of towards the avenue, and that the dangerous example of her noble visitors had been hidden from her innocent nieces' eyes. But could she believe her own? Was it possible that titled personages could be guilty of such extravagances? Surely there must be some mistake. That ill-dressed man in the dusty carriage could not be General Phillips's brother-officer, the earl, of whose high birth and breeding she had heard so much? But in the very midst of these reflections, Miss Partington was undeceived: the door opened, and her brother entered with his noble guest. The earl, a frank but well-bred man, saluted his hostess in a manner which put everything out of Miss Partington's head except his rank and title. He soon made her forget the dusty carriage and the donkey; for, with the unerring tact of good-breeding, his lordship deported himself in a way which would, he knew, be most agreeable to the maiden aunt, and consequently appeared to her as a person, stately, after her own heart.

Meanwhile the occupants of the school-room had to

endure the torments of impatience before the bell rang for them to be presented to the earl and his family. They had heard, poor creatures, all the bustle which the arrival had occasioned, without being able to participate in the general satisfaction of the establishment. They sat motionless upon their chairs, strictly watched by their grim governess. They did not dare to move for fear of tumbling their muslin frocks, or creasing their dove-coloured waist-ribbons. After enduring this demure suspense for half an hour, the door suddenly opened, and in came a young gentleman in a round jacket, flourishing a stick, and inquiring for his sister Bel. Miss Crampton screamed; but the young ladies vented their surprise in a more prudent manner: they turned their eyes slowly towards each other, and then returned them upon their governess, with the slow motion of puppet Turks worked by machinery.

'I trust I have not alarmed you—I beg pardon, are you Miss Phillips?' inquired the intruder, stepping up to that young lady, and offering his hand. Jemima looked towards her governess to see if she might take it. An approving nod followed, the instant the juvenile gallant announced that he was Lord Montgomery, and the three girls held out their hands one after another, courtesied, and resumed their seats, with uniform exactitude, but without speaking; after this the young lord retired to continue his search for his sister, leaving Miss Crampton in a state of extreme perplexity. She knew that this accidental mode of introduction was not in Miss Partington's programme, and that it superseded the formal meeting which was to have taken place in the 'blue parlour,' and which she had frequently rehearsed with her pupils.

When, alas! it was too late, the bell rang, and the governess and her girls made their progress to the blue parlour. But on entering it, instead of finding their three young guests drawn up in a row to receive them, as their aunt had arranged—the room was empty! The fact was, the earl's daughter and niece were superintending the

unpacking of their toys—without which they never travelled—and when the Misses Phillips turned to the window, they beheld to their extreme astonishment the Honourable Miss Pelham on the lawn bowling a hoop! Miss Crampton was only awakened from her wonderment by the entrance of the aunt and Lord Laxington. Miss Partington was much mortified on perceiving the young guests absent, and her careful arrangements utterly disregarded. The earl, however, adroitly patched up the disappointment, by complimenting the aunt on the personal appearance of her nieces, and congratulating the nieces upon their being cared for by so accomplished an aunt. All this would have passed off satisfactorily, had not his lordship concluded his introduction to the Misses Phillips by an unlucky proposition. He begged that, by way of a treat, the young ladies and his own children may be allowed to dine with the family! So unheard-of a suggestion more than surprised the girls—it frightened them! and they cast a simultaneous look of terror upon their aunt. With her, however, the word of an earl was law, and she gave a bewildered consent. 'Lunch for children!' she inwardly exclaimed. 'Dangerous indulgence!' Besides, she reflected that they had never been instructed in the proper behaviour for dinner—had not, in short, been put through their state-dinner-table exercise.

It happened, therefore, that when the dressing-bell rang, Miss Partington—who had already made her own toilet—was employed administering to her nieces such weighty instructions as the urgent necessity of the case demanded. They were told what to eat, and how to eat it; their drink was prescribed after the manner of the faculty—one sip of sherry and water about every fifteen minutes. In fact, so minute and various were Miss Partington's directions, that, as she followed them to the dining-room, she congratulated herself on having left nothing whatever to her nieces' discretion.

Fortunately, the early courses of the feast passed off to Miss Partington's satisfaction; for her beloved charges

ate but little, by reason of an ample lunch they had made; it having been a part of their instructions to leave themselves, during dinner, as little to do as possible. Indeed, she secretly congratulated herself on the favourable contrast which their demeanour presented to that of the young guests. The latter actually ate as if dining were not a mere formal duty, but a necessity; her own young ladies, Miss Partington was glad to remark, betrayed not the smallest symptom of gratification at what they were doing, not even while the pastry was in course of mastication. The contrast, however, gave rise in Lord Laxington to far different reflections. He saw that the minds of the girls were tied and bound by rules and regulations: that they were constrained into an unnatural, and therefore unhappy mode of existence. He pitied them, and determined that, while he stayed at Primley Hall, they should enjoy as much relaxation as it was in his power to create. With this view, he proposed an excursion for the next day to a celebrated scene in the neighbourhood. Miss Partington hesitated; Lady Belinda and her brother declared it was a delightful proposition; and at length it was decided that the excursion should take place.

The period had now arrived when, according to the instructions given to the Misses Phillips, they were to rise from the table of their own accord, make one, two, three courtesies, in order of seniority, and to leave the room. But the thoughts of the promised excursion affrighted their minds. Miss Partington's patience was losing the even tenor of its way, when a diversion was effected by Lord Montgomery. That young nobleman having got tired of building houses with ratafias, and manufacturing pigs out of orange-peel—after-dinner arts, in which he was a great adept—proposed that they should change the scene for a romp on the lawn! Miss Partington turned pale! 'A very good thought,' added the Honourable Miss Pelham; 'and as we have brought the sticks and strings, suppose we commence with a game at —Devil!' At the mention of that horrible word, Miss

Partington sunk back in her chair, like to a person who had been suddenly wounded. Her head swam, and she had the utmost difficulty in preventing herself from further disarranging her own programme for the day, by fainting. When she returned to her ordinary state of sedate consciousness, the whole of the juveniles had departed; perhaps her own nieces were—agonising thought!—playing at that unmentionable game; and etiquette forbade her retiring to forbid them!

The next morning there was a bustle in Primley Hall, such as had not occurred under its venerable roof since General Phillips retired from active service. The carriage stood at the door, together with Farmer Mactaggart's donkey, and one of the post-horses saddled, for the especial equestrianism of Lord Augustus Montgomery. The Misses Phillips stood in the hall dressed exactly alike in slate-colour pelisses and poke-bonnets. Upon Miss Crampton's gaunt figure hung her outdoor apparel, a never-absent reticule swinging from her arm. When the whole party had assembled, they were called into the breakfast-room. 'I am told,' said Lord Laxington, 'that although the waterfall you are going to visit can be seen without danger, yet the approach to the hermitage is extremely perilous. I must therefore request of you, young ladies,' he continued, addressing himself to his daughter and niece only, 'not to make any attempt to enter it. As for Augustus, being a boy, he may run into whatever dangerous adventures he chooses: if he get off with impunity, well; if not, he must abide the consequences.'

'But, papa,' remarked Lady Belinda, 'they tell us the hermitage is by far the most interesting thing of the whole.'

'And I am an excellent climber,' rejoined Miss Pelham.

'You really must promise what I ask,' said the earl.

The young ladies knew another word would be useless, and gave the required pledge.

Miss Partington, who stood by, mentally congratulated

herself that no such caution was necessary for the young ladies under her and Miss Crampton's care and pupilage. They, the well-behaved darlings, were never let out of her or their governess's sight. Hence, for any accident to befall them from their own heedlessness, was utterly impossible.

The well-looked-after girls having severally courtesied, according to their age, entered the carriage with Lady Belinda, followed by Miss Crampton. The family vehicle rolled away in advance; the rear being brought up by Lord Montgomery on the post-hack, and the Honourable Miss Pelham on the borrowed donkey. The destination was not far distant, and the steady coachman—an old trooper in the corps of which General Phillips had been colonel—drove his precious charges deliberately and safely to the spot. The equestrians, however, made several excursions to view the beautiful scenery which presented itself in the neighbourhood of their route. On joining the Misses Phillips, they spoke raptures of what they had seen, and wondered their young friends, natives of the place, were not equally charmed; but the governess explained that they were never allowed to go out without proper superintendence, and that it had never been convenient till now to spare sufficient time from their scholastic studies to visit the celebrated scenes of their native parish. Miss Pelham exclaimed: 'How odd!' and tried to pull away Georgina from the firm grasp of her governess, who was leading her, but without success. Miss Phillips, however, was free, the conductress not having three hands for all her three pupils, and Lady Belinda, taking her round the waist, half-enticed and half-forced her to the bottom of the hill, to the utter dismay of the governess and the trembling sisters. Lord Montgomery and his cousin followed, and all four diving into the woods, were soon out of sight. Indeed, by the time Miss Crampton reached the spot where they had disappeared, the truants were at least half a mile distant.

'O how beautiful!' exclaimed Lady Belinda, when the first view of the waterfall burst upon them; 'it is like

fairy-land. One almost expects to see little elves peeping forth from between the rocks. *You* do not seem pleased, though, Miss Phillips!'

'Why—why,' said that young lady with hesitation, 'I've lost my governess, and aunt will be so angry!'

'Oh, never mind your governess!' Lord Augustus replied; 'she is far enough away—out of sight and hearing.'

'And a good thing, too,' interrupted Miss Pelham. 'I am sure her very look is enough to spoil one's pleasure. She is so stiff, and looks uncommonly cross.'

Miss Phillips had thought the same thing of Miss Crampton a thousand times, but had never dared to express it. She did not, therefore, contradict the opinion, but addressed herself more earnestly to inquiring whether it was perfectly certain that the governess was quite too far away to hear or see what was going on. Having been conclusively satisfied on this point, Miss Phillips's manner changed with extraordinary celerity. The long-pent-up animal spirits of the pupil found full vent in the unrestrained delight of the girl.

Living, speaking, and acting by rule being a perfectly unnatural condition for children, they are, whenever drilled into that mode of existence, studiously and effectually taught to become hypocrites. This was the case with Miss Phillips. Naturally, her disposition was lively, and her spirits so high, that all the rigid schooling she had been subjected to could not break them; consequently, when the barrier of restraint was removed, they completely overflowed, and to the amazement of her companions, she laughed, talked, and romped with much less reserve than either of the more volatile young ladies; so much so, that Belinda took occasion to remark to her cousin, that 'she thought Miss Phillips sometimes went too far.'

'And oh, Bel,' was the reply, 'if her aunt were to see her now! Poor old lady, the consequences would be really shocking!'

Augustus was amazed, and apologised to Jemima Platt for

having so entirely mistaken her character. 'Why,' said he, 'I thought you the primmest, most disagreeable, icy person I ever met with. Didn't you, Fanny?'

'As for me,' remarked Fanny Pelham, 'I had an idea you all lived upon starch, and had been taught that to be dumb was an accomplishment.'

By this time the party rambled to the path which led to the forbidden hermitage, and they all wondered where the danger could possibly be. It was broad as far as they could see it, and, to all appearance, as easily traversed as any other path. Augustus suggested, however, that the point of danger might be where it turned abruptly upon the overhanging cliff. 'At all events,' he continued, 'I can cross the stream a little above the fall, and see the whole thing.' Accordingly, he soon appeared on the other side, and reported he could see the mouth of the cave, and that the path seemed as safe as possible.

'Then I wonder,' said Miss Pelham, 'why we were forbidden to go.'

'That is no affair of ours,' replied Belinda; 'we are not to visit this mysterious hermitage, and there is an end of the matter.'

'But cannot Augustus go? He was not restricted; and then he can describe it to us. I'll ask him.'

Miss Pelham called across, and her cousin replied that he would not go; for although his father did not expressly forbid the adventure, it was evident he did not wish it. 'And so you see, cousin,' said the sister, turning to Miss Pelham, 'we must give it up entirely.'

Miss Phillips wondered at all this hesitation, and at the coolness with which so desirable a project was abandoned. *She* had not been instructed either one way or the other. Governess could not see, and if her companions would promise not to tell, *she* would go and see the hermitage. Lady Belinda would give no such promise; 'for,' she said, 'half the pleasure consists in telling papa all we have seen and done after we get home. Besides, I am quite sure I could not keep a secret.'

Miss Phillips, however, determined to venture, arguing

that although it was likely her papa and aunt would be angry, yet they had not expressly forbidden the attempt; and, above all, governess was not there to interdict her. Nevertheless, she felt perfectly certain that Miss Crampton would do so were she present.

'Hallo!' shouted Augustus from the other side, 'are *you* going, Miss Phillips? But I would advise you to turn back; I am sure they won't like it at home.' He saw, however, that she was resolute, and advised her to take unusual care when she turned the corner, for the path sloped a little, and being bare rock, might be slippery.

This part of the path was cut upon a rock which overhung the basin into which the water fell. Jemima felt not the smallest apprehension till she arrived at the projecting point where the path turned suddenly round towards the entrance of the cave. It was only at this point that the dizzy height above the water could be distinctly seen. At the sight of it, she turned giddy, her foot slipped over the edge of the sloping path, the unfortunate girl uttered a piercing scream, and the next audible sound was the splash of her body in the water below! Augustus being directly opposite, was the only person who saw the accident; and though terribly shocked, lost no time in useless reflection. He was an expert swimmer —he clambered over the rocks with the celerity of a chamois, and when sufficiently near the river for a safe plunge, dived into the water as near to the sinking object as possible. He soon seized it. Luckily, the shock had stunned the girl; hence the rescuer was not embarrassed by that convulsive grasp of the drowning which so often proves fatal to both. He held her by the hair, keeping her head above water, and allowed the stream to carry him down to a safe landing-place.

The cousins on hearing Jemima shriek, hastened, in an agony of dread, to an opening where they could see what had happened. Lady Belinda outstripped Fanny, and her first view of the accident shewed her beloved brother striking out gallantly to a shelving part of the

bank. She rushed down the hill with the speed of a fawn, and was soon at the water's edge. Meantime, Miss Crampton and her two pupils arrived in their search for the lost sister at the same spot, and were so completely overpowered at what they saw, as to be totally deprived of motion, and unable to render assistance; but their shrieks were prolonged and piercing. The other young ladies, on the contrary, uttered no sound, but employed themselves more usefully. Miss Pelham having taken hold of her cousin's hand as she had requested, Belinda walked far enough into the stream to catch Jemima's dress, as she and Augustus were sweeping past, borne rapidly along by the current. By this means they were dragged on shore. In a moment the senseless girl was laid on the bank, and stripped by her female friends. Augustus galloped as fast as possible to Primley Hall. Jemima having been properly dried by Lady Montgomery and Miss Pelham, was reclothed with the superfluous garments of the rest of the party.

In all these proceedings, Miss Crampton and the two young sisters were unable to afford the smallest assistance. They stood inactive, looking on and shrieking. All Miss Crampton did was in the way of expostulation on the indelicacy of her ladyship's operations. The cousins were, however, deaf to the governess, and on their way to the carriage, had the happiness to find their efforts rewarded by Miss Phillips's partial recovery. The old coachman was ordered to drive home considerably faster than he came.

It is now necessary for us to outstrip the carriage, to note what was going on at Primley Hall while these events were taking place. General Phillips, accompanied by his sister, was shewing the noble guest over their grounds, and explaining the exact regularity of all their arrangements; when having sought rest in a mathematically-contrived summer-house, the earl exclaimed: 'Well, general, of the kind, I must say yours is the most complete house and grounds I have seen; but to my own taste—which may be very bad—a little less formality

in your domestic arrangements would be far more agreeable.'

'But where there are children, you know, Lord Laxington, it is positively necessary to keep up a system of order.'

'True, but even that may be overdone. I knew, to my cost, when cornet in your regiment, my dear general, that you were a strict martinet. Yet, despite your severity, we subalterns were noted for being the wildest set of fellows in the whole army. Depend upon it, young people too rigidly brought up, turn out in the end the very opposite of what was intended. When once they burst the bonds of pupilage, they abuse rather than enjoy the sweets of liberty.'

'But girls, Lord Laxington'—— suggested Aunt Partington.

'Belong to human nature as well as boys, and being more delicate, should be even less severely treated. Children of either sex should not be used like machines, but as intelligent beings.'

'They have so little discretion.'

'Indeed! then my young folks must be prodigies; for I can confide anything to their discretion, and it occasionally astonishes me to observe how well they exercise it. But they have plenty of liberty; the only restrictions I place upon them are verbal ones, and I cannot bring a single act of disobedience against them.'

'But that system, carried too far, might, I imagine, make girls unfeminine,' said the general.

'Very true, and an instance exists in my niece, who had, before coming under our charge, a little too much liberty. In spite of all, however, I think of the two systems, the liberal one is the better. If you will pardon the metaphor, I prefer seeing children at ease in their slippers, than continually pinched up in stays.'

Lord Laxington had scarcely uttered these words before a servant brought a message from his son, that he wished to see him immediately. Augustus having ridden the post-horse at a gallop, was in his dressing-room, and

when his father entered, was changing his wet clothes for dry ones. The earl, on hearing the story, congratulated him on his narrow escape, concealing with difficulty the agitation which he strongly felt. A more affecting scene immediately ensued. Lady Belinda rushed into the room, and, falling on her brother's neck, gave way to those emotions which she had mastered so long as they would have interfered with her usefulness in assisting to restore Miss Phillips. 'And are you quite safe and unhurt, my dear brother?' she asked.

Augustus kissed his sister, and tried to laugh at her fears; but his heart was too full of affection, and of thankfulness to Providence for having escaped with a fellow-creature from the danger that had passed. Meanwhile, Jemima was conveyed to bed, under the superintendence of Miss Pelham, she being the only person in the house who had the full use of her wits. The truth is, that the whole of the Primley Hall establishment, from Aunt Partington to the stable-boy, were quite unequal to a sudden emergency—it threw them out of their daily routine, and they became bewildered and useless.

In a few days Miss Phillips completely recovered. The cause of the accident having been minutely investigated, was traced by Aunt Partington to Miss Crampton's neglect in losing sight of her pupil. 'One cannot,' she remarked, 'leave them safely for a moment. Children have no discretion.'

Lord Laxington suggested a different cause, mainly arising from the manner in which the young lady's mind and actions till the day of the accident had been 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.'

'Then what would your lordship recommend?' asked General Phillips.

'In the first place,' was the reply, 'I would allow Miss Crampton to retire upon full-pay. In the next, I recommend a long visit to Laxington, and I hereby invite you all to spend the ensuing winter under my roof. Miss Partington will, I am sure, get on amazingly well with the countess; and the Misses Phillips shall take their

lessons from our governess with my daughter and niece.'

Though, like most maiden ladies of her age, Aunt Partington was firmly wedded to her own opinions, yet so intense was her veneration for the peerage, that she really felt she could not take upon herself to differ from his lordship. It is due, however, to her discretion to add, that no one under the rank of an earl could have possibly convinced her.

Miss Crampton *was* discharged upon a pension. Lord Laxington paid a second visit to Primley Hall in his way back from the Highlands, and the whole family joined him in the journey to Laxington.

It was not till late in the spring of the following year that the return-visit was concluded; but before General Phillips's family had again settled themselves in Primley Hall, Lady Laxington's governess had been induced to become a member of it—the countess's health having sufficiently recovered for her to travel. She accompanied her lord to the continent, with Lady Belinda and Miss Pelham. Meanwhile, the general's daughters improved rapidly under the care of the new instructress. Their intellects expanded, their dispositions improved, and although Miss Partington kept up her much-loved rigid order in the domestic arrangements, she was at length obliged to acknowledge the superiority of the *slipper* over the *stay* system of education.

SINGULAR LETTERS.

NO. I.—LETTER FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF AN OLD ATTORNEY, TO WHOM, IT IS PRESUMED, IT HAD BEEN HANDED TO BE COPIED AND FORWARDED TO THE PARTY.

SIR—As I am informed that you live in good circumstances at Plymouth, I have drawn upon you for the sum of 12s. 6d., payable to Mr Grinsell Thomson. But as it is a debt of old standing, you may have perhaps forgot the circumstances, though, when I mention the particulars, you may recollect the truth of the charge.

It happened, in the year 1741, that you were tried and condemned to death, at the March assizes at Shrewsbury, for the murder of your wife. In such a dreadful situation, you stood in need of a coffin, as the surgeons in those days had no legal right to the body, as they now have.

I sold and delivered you a coffin, handsomely mounted with brass-nails, in the jail-yard. Some time after this, your good friends procured you a respite, and you, though alive, made use of the coffin by dressing up a fellow in a white sheet, and shewing him as representing yourself after you were hanged. After that play was over, by way of farce, you converted the coffin into rackets, and used them at play, till such time as you were transported, and so made a very pretty hand of my coffin.

As you have now returned, and in good circumstances, I have drawn upon you for the said 12s. 6d., and hope you will consider me something for interest.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant and coffin-maker,

EDWARD LUKE,

NO. II.—SINGULAR LETTER, BEING A SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

PARK PLACE, *No.* 2*d*, 1716.

To Mr Paul Pettiward, Penny-post paid.

SIR—Persuaded of the pleasure you will partake in being put in possession of the particulars of my pleasant progress into Pembrokeshire, I here present you an account of my proceedings, principally a visit to the picturesque park of Mr Pritchard, M.P. for Portmain, purely to procure a peep of that paragon of places.

I proceeded on a party of pleasure with Mr Pratt of Picton Castle, Mr Powell of Pembroke, and Mr Pugh of Penley—all particularly pleasant people; and who, when the party was proposed, readily put it in practice. I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to prepare Mr Pritchard, that he might provide for us, and we proceeded presently after. His house is in the prettiest part of Pembrokeshire, and almost a princely palace. His parlour is of lofty pitch, and full of pictures of prime painters. He has a pompous portico or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to a parterre from whence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly Hill, which Mr Pritchard has planted, and where he propagates a parcel of Polish and Portuguese poultry, principally precious for their finely-pencilled plumage. It has pleased Mr Pritchard to call his place Pendynrhys Park, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly.

He received us very politely, and placed before us a plentiful dinner. At the head of the table was a pike, with perch and plaice; at the lower end, pickled pork, pease-pudding, and parsnips; in the middle, a pigeon-pie with puff-paste; on one side potatoes, on the other, pig's pettitoes. The second course consisted of pheasants, poults, and partridges, pastry in profusion, prawns, and plover's eggs. For dessert we had a prodigious pine-apple, and perfect pyramids of pears, peaches, plums, and pippins.

After dinner, port and punch were passed profusely, which proved too powerful for poor Mr Peter, the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down in pints, which made him prate in a pedantic pragmatical manner. This piqued Mr Pratt, a parliament man, and a profound politician; but the parson persisted, and made a prolix Philippic, which proved him prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr Pratt, who is a potent party man, peppery, and soon provoked, called him a popish priest, and said he prayed privately for the Pretender; and that he was very presumptuous to promulgate such pestilent principles publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr Pratt was his patron, but presently losing patience, he plucked off Mr Pratt's periwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr Pratt, perceiving a pewter porter-pot in the passage, presented Mr Peter with the contents of it in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium.

This put a period to our pugilistic proceedings, and patched up a peace—for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had the prudence to prevail on himself to cry *peccavi*, and in a penitent posture plaintively petitioned for pardon. Mr Pratt, who, though proud of his performance, is a placable person, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had passed in his passion; pleading the provocation given him by Peter's preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to publish again in his presence. Mr Pugh, a practitioner of physic, prescribed phlebotomy to the parson, but he preferred brown paper to any plaster.

This pother put an end to party politics; but we panegyrised the king of Prussia, protested against the partition of Poland, laughed at Pulteney, the patriot's patent for a peerage, talked of Prague and the Palatinate, and the presumption of Privatus picking up prizes in our very ports.

Mr Pritchard would hardly part with us, and placed a padlock on the stable, to prevent our proceeding; but perceiving we were peremptory, at length permitted us to pass. We pricked on our palfreys at a good pace, though it was pitch dark, and some of us rode plump against the posts placed to prevent passengers from riding on the path for pedestrians. Mr Pratt, who was our pilot, providentially escaped, by his pad's penetration, being plunged down a perpendicular precipice. These perils put us in a palpitation, and persuaded us to plod on as slow as a procession, *pian piano*, as the Piedmontese say, or *pas à pas*, as the French phrase is. I shall postpone other particulars till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which I propose as soon as possible. PHILIP.

NO. III.—LETTER FROM THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR, MIRZA ABUL HASSAN, TO AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT, WHO, BEFORE HE LEFT ENGLAND, REQUESTED HIM TO GIVE HIS OPINION OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN THERE.

To the lord or gentleman without name, who lately write letter to him, and ask very much to give an answer.

SIR! MY LORD!—When you write to me some time ago, to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well; now, I speak, I write much little better; now I give you my think. In this country bad not very much; everything very good; but suppose I not tell something little bad, then you say I tell all flattery; therefore I tell most bad thing. I not like such crowd in evening party every night; in cold weather not very good, *now* hot weather much too bad. I very much astonish every day now much more hot than before, evening party more crowd than before; I always afraid some old lady in great crowd *come dead*, that not good, and spoil my happiness. I think old lady after 85 years not come to evening party, that much better; why for take so much trouble? Some other thing little bad. Very beautiful young lady she

got ugly fellow for husband ; that not good ; very shocking. I ask Sir Gore Ousely why for this? He say me perhaps he very good man, not handsome, no matter ; perhaps he got much money, perhaps got little. I say I not like that ; all very shocking.

This all bad I know—*now* I say good. English people all very good people, all very happy ; do what like, say what like, write in newspaper what like. I love English people very much. They very good, very civil to me. I tell my king English love Persian very much. English king best man in the world. He love his people very much ; he speak very kind to me. Queen very best woman I ever saw. Prince of Wales, such a fine, elegant, beautiful man ! I not understand English enough proper to praise him ; he is too great for my language ! I respect him the same as my own king, his manner all the same as talisman and charm ! All the princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words and affable. I like all too much.

I think the ladies and gentlemen this country most high rank, high honour, very rich (except one or two), most good, very kind to inferior people ; all this very good. I go to see Chelsea ; all old men, sit on grass in shade of fine tree ; fine river run by ; beautiful place, plenty to eat, drink, good coat, everything very good. Sir Gore he tell me of King James and King Charles. I say Sir Gore, 'They not Mussulmans, but I think God love them very much. I think God love the king very well for keep up that charity.' Then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner. One small boy he say thanks to God for meat, for drink, for clothes ; other little boys all answer Amen : *then I cry a little my heart too much pleased !* This all very good for two things : one thing, God very much please ; two things, soldiers fight much better when see good king take care of old wounded fathers and little children. Then I go to Greenwich ; that, too, good place ; *such a fine sight make me a little sick for joy !* All old mans so happy ! eat dinner so well, fine house, fine beds, all very good ; this very good country ! . . . . .

English ladies very handsome, very beautiful. I travel great deal, I go to Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar. I see best Georgian, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies; but nothing not so beautiful as the English ladies. All very clever, speak French, speak Italian, play music very well, sing very good. Very glad for me if Persian ladies like them; but English ladies speak such sweet words, I think *tell a little story*, that not very good.

One thing more I see, but I not understand thus thing good or bad. Last Thursday, I see some fine carriages, fine horses; thousand people go look that carriage. I ask why for? They say me that gentlemen on boxes they drive their own carriage. I say why for take so much trouble! they say me he drive very well; that very good thing. It rain very hard, some gentleman he get very wet; I say why for he not go inside? They tell me good coachman not mind get wet every day—will be much ashamed if go inside. This I not understand.—Sir, my lord! good-night. ABUL HASSAN.

THE END.

JAN 18 1926

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.